

LVIS DE

CAMOENS



SPAINE gave me noble Birth: Coimbra, Arts:  
LISBON, a high-plac't loue, and Courtly parts:  
AFFRICK, a Refuge when the Court did frowne:  
WARRE, at an Eye's expence, a faire renowne  
• TRAVAYLE, experience, with noe short sight  
Of India, and the World; both which I write  
INDIA a life, which I gave there for Lost  
On Mecons waues (a wreck and Exile) tost  
To boot, this POEM, held up in one hand  
Whilst with the other I swam safe to land:  
TASSO, a sonet; and (what's greater yit)  
The honour to giue Hints to such a witt  
PHILIP a Cordiall, (the ill Fortune see!)  
To cure my Wants when those had new kill'd mee  
My Country (Nothing — yes) Immortall Prayse  
(so did I, Her) Beasts cannot browse on Bayes.

THE <sup>1/8</sup>  
LUSIAD,  
OR,  
PORTUGALS  
Historicall Poem:

WRITTEN

In the PORTINGALL Language

BY

LVIS DE CAMOENS;

AND

Now newly put into ENGLISH

BY

RICHARD FANSHAW Esq;

HORAT.

*Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori;  
Carmen amat quisquis, Carmine digna facit.*

LONDON,

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To the Right Honorable

WILLIAM

EARL of

STRAFFORD, &c.

My good Lord,



Can *not* tell how your Lordship may take it, that in so *uncourted* a language, as *that* of PORTUGALL, should be found extant a *Poet* to rival your beloved TASSO, How *himself* took it, I *can*; for he was heard to say (his great JERUSALEM being *then* an *Embrio*) HE FEARED NO MAN BUT

CAMOENS: Notwithstanding which, he bestow'd a *Sonet* in his praise. But, admitting the TUSCAN Superior; yet, as *He* (with some anger) of GUARINI, when he saw, by the unquestionable *Verdict* of all ITALY, so famous a LAUREATE as *himself* by that man's PASTOR FIDO outstript in the *Dramatick* way of *Poetry*; SENON HAVUTO VISTO IL MIO AMINTA — (because indeed the *younger*, for a *Lift* in this kind, was *beholding* to the *Elder*): So, and for the same

## The Epistle DEDICATORIE.

cause, might my PORTINGALL have retorted upon Him with reference to his own *Epick* way; IF HE HAD NOT SEEN MY LUSIAD, HE HAD NOT EXCELL'D IT.

Since then I find, HORACE, in the days of old, held himself accountable to his potent friend LOLLIO for the profits of those vacant hours, which he past in his proper *Villa*, whilst LOLLIO lay *Ledger* in ROME about that which was the great *Domestick* glory of the ROMAN NOBILITIE of those Times;

Hor. lib. 3.  
Epist. 2.

*Trojani belli Scriptorem, maxime Lolli,  
Dum Tu declamas Romæ, Præneste relegi:*

Whilst thou (Great LOLLIO) in ROME dost plead,  
I, in PRÆNESTE, have all HOMER Read:

How much more obliged am I to bring unto your Lordship this TREASURE-TROVE, which (as to the second *life*, or rather *Being*, it hath from me in the *English-Tongue*) is so truly a *Native* of YORKSHIRE, and bolding of your Lordship, that, from the hour I began it, to the end thereof, I slept not once out of these Walls?

And, if the same HORACE proceed;

*Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid Turpe, quid utile, quid non,  
Plenius ac melius Chrysippo & Crantore, dicit:*

Who, what is Right, what not, what brave, what base,  
Clearer and better then the STOICKS, says:)

Whether this Poet also (however *disfigur'd* in the translating, yet still retaining the old materials, both *Politick* and *Moral*, on a truer and more Modern Frame of Story and Geography then that of HOMER

— *Et, quamvis plebeio tectus Amicu,  
Indecilis privata loqui)*

Shall

## The Epistle DEDICATORIE.

shall not be valuable upon the like account, I appeal to your Lordship, whose devoted (since he turn'd *Englishman*) he is, by the title I have already mentioned, and by as many more, as I am

MY LORD,

*From your Lordships  
Park of Tankersley  
May 1. 1655.*

Your Lordships

*humble servant*

RICHARD FANSHAW.

*Petronii*



*Petronii Arbitri SATYRICON:*  
pag. 48.



Multos, inquit *Eumolpus*, O juvenes, *carmen* decepit. Nam ut quisque versum pedibus instruxit, sensumque teneriorem verborum ambitu intexuit, putavit se continuo in *Helliconem* venisse. Sic forensibus Ministeriis excercitati, frequenter ad carminis tranquillitatem, tanquam ad portum faciliorem refugerunt: credentes facilius *Poema* extrui posse, quam *controversiam* sententiolis vibrantibus pictam. Cæterum neque generosior spiritus vanitatem amat, neque concipere aut edere partum mens potest, nisi ingenti flumine literarum inundata. Effugendum est ab omni verborum (ut ita dicam) utilitate, & sumendæ voces à plebe summotæ, ut fiat, *Odi profanum vulgus & arceo*. Præterea curandum est, ne sententiæ emineant extra corpus rationis expressæ, sed intexto Vestibus colore niteant. *HOMERUS* testis, & *Lyrici*, *Romanusque VIRGILIUS*, & *HORATII* curiosa felicitas. Cæteri enim aut non viderunt viam quâ iretur ad carmen, aut versum timuerunt calcare. Ecce *belli civilis* ingens opus! quisquis attigerit, nisi plenus literis, sub onere labetur. Non enim res gestæ versibus comprehendendæ sunt (quod longè melius historici faciunt) sed per ambages Deorumque ministeria, & fabulosum sententiarum tormentum præcipitandus est liber spiritus: ut potius furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religiosæ orationis sub testibus fides: Tanquam si placet hic impetus etsi nondum recepit ultimam manum.

Orbem jam totum victor Romanus habebat:  
Qua mare, qua terræ, qua fidus currit utrumque:  
Nec satius erat. Gravidis freta pulsa carinis  
Jam peragrabantur. Siquis Sinus abditus ultra,  
Siqua foret tellus quæ fulvum mitteret aurum,  
Hostis erat: fatisque in tristia bella paratis  
Quærebantur opes. Non vulgò nota placebant  
Gaudia: non usu plebeio trita voluptas.  
Æs Ephyræum laudabat miles: in udâ  
Quæsitus tellure nitor certaverat ostro:  
Hinc Numidæ lapides, illinc nova vellera feres,  
Atque Arabum populus sua despoliaverat arva.  
Ecce aliæ clades, & læsæ vulnera pacis.  
Quæritur in Sylvis Mauris fera: & ultimus Hammon  
Afrorum excutitur: ne desit bellua dente  
Ad mortes pretiosa: fames premit advena classes:

Tygris



Out of the Satyr of *Petronius Arbitr*, pag 48.

YOUNG men, young men, (said *Eumolpus*) this same thing called Poetry hath deceived many: for if a man have but set a Verse upon it's feet, and swathed his weaker matter with a winding about of words, he thinks himself presently over head and ears in *Helicon*. Therefore, those who have got the practice of pleading or declaiming in publick, have frequently fled to the tranquility of versifying, as to a gentler port: believing it easier to compile a Poem, than an Argument embelish'd with little sparkling Sentences. But neither doth a more generous spirit affect a tympany, nor a mind conceive, or can be delivered of this birth, that overflows not with a mighty torrent of learning: There must be a flying all cheapness (as I may say) of words, and such language cull'd out as is above the common people. This is to hate the lay vulgar, and to make them know their distance. Moreover there must be a Care that the Sentences do not hang out like tassels from the body of the matter, but shine woven thereinto like gold into a silken-garment; witness *HOMER*, and the *Lyrics*, and *Roman VIRGIL*, and *HORACE* his curious felicity. For others either saw not the way of Poetry, or (seeing) feared to tread it. Behold a great Task, THE CIVIL WAR? Whoever will touch that burthen (unless abounding with letters) shall sink under it. For not things done should be comprehended in verse, (which is much better performed by Historians) but the free spirit must throw it self headlong in digressions, and in personatings of Gods, and in fabulous ornaments upon the rack of invention: that it may seem rather an ebullition of some prophetic truths, amidst a world of pleasant extravagancies, from a breast inflamed with fury; than a deposition, as of sworn witnesses to tell the truth, all the truth, and nothing but the truth: As for example, this rapture, though it have not received the last hand.

Now conquering Rome did all the world controule,  
From East to West from one to th' other pole:  
Yet was not satisfied. The plough'd-up Sea  
With brazen keels, was made her common way.  
If any nook were hid, if any Land  
(Which yellow Gold afforded) lay beyond,  
It was a foe, and covetous anger seiz'd  
Whatever wealth. No vulgar pleasure pleas'd:  
No worn plebeian joy. The Soldiers dight  
Their meat in Silver: and (from Rivers fish)  
The Purple of the Land rivall'd the Sea's.  
Here Lybian stones, there silks (the new disease)  
And their perfum'd fields, ARABIANS fleece.  
No other spoils and wounds of injur'd Peace!  
In woods is sought the Mauritanian beast,  
And AFRICKS farthest Hammon hunted, lest

That



Tigris, & auratâ gradiens veſtatur in aulâ,  
 Ut bibat humanum (populo plaudente) cruorem.  
 Heu pudet effari, perituraque prodere fata !  
 Perſarum ritu male pubeſcentibus annis  
 Sunipueri viros, exectaue viſcera ferro  
 In venerem fregere : atque ut fuga mobilis ævi  
 Circumſcripta mora properantes differat annos :  
 Quærit ſe natura, nec invenit : omnibus ergo  
 Scorta placent, fractique enervi corpore grefſus  
 Et laxi crines, & tot nova nomina veſtis,  
 Quæque virum quærunt. Ecce Afris eruta terris  
 Citrea menſa, greges ſervorum, oſtrumque renidens  
 Ponitur, ac maculis imitatur vilibus aurum :  
 Quæ turbant cenſum, hoſtile, ac male nobile lignum  
 Turba ſepulta mero circumvenit, omniaque orbis  
 Præmia correptis miles vagus extruit armis.  
 Ingenioſa gula eſt : Siculo ſcarus aquore merſus  
 Ad menſam vivus perducitur : inde Lucrinis  
 Eruta littoribus condunt conchyliæ cænæ :  
 Ut renovent per damna famem : jam Phafidos unda  
 Orbata eſt avibus, multoque in littore cantum  
 Solæ deſertis aſpirant frondibus auræ.  
 Nec minor in campo furor eſt : emptique Quirites  
 Ad prædam ſtrepitumque lucri ſuffragia vertunt.  
 Venalis populus : venalis curia Patrum :  
 Eſt favor in pretio : ſenibus quoque libera virtus  
 Exciderat : ſparſiſque opibus converſa poteſtatas :  
 Ipſaque majeſtas auro corrupta jacebat.  
 Pellitur à populo victus Cato : triſtior ille eſt  
 Qui vicit, faſcesque pudet rapuiſſe Catoni.  
 Namque hoc dedecus eſt populi, morumque ruina.  
 Non homo pulſus erat, ſed in uho victa poteſtas,  
 Romanumque decus : quare tam perdita Roma  
 Ipſa ſui merces erat, & ſine vindice præda.  
 Præterea gemino deprenſam gurgite prædam,  
 Fænoris ingluvies, uſuſque exederat æris.  
 Nulla eſt certa domus : nullum ſine pignore corpus :  
 Sed veluti tabes tacitis concepta medullis,  
 Intra membra furens, hiris latrantibus errat.  
 Arma placent miſeris, detritaue commodo luxu  
 Vulneribus reparantur : inops audacia tuta eſt.  
 Hoc merſam cæno Romam, ſomnoque jacentem  
 Quæ poterant artes ſanâ ratione movere,  
 Ni furor, & bellum, furoque excita libido ?  
 Tres tulerat fortuna duces, quos obruit omnes  
 Armorum ſtræ diverſâ feralis ſcavo.  
 Craſſum Parthus habet : Libyco jacet æquore Magnus :  
 Julius ingratham perſudit ſanguine Romam.  
 Et, quaſi non poſſet tot Tellus ferre Sepulchra,  
 Divicit cineres : hoſ gloria reddit honores.

That Monster ſhould be wanting, which is ſlain  
 Becauſe his tooth ſells dear, inſtead of Grain.  
 Armenian Tigers our Corn-fleets import,  
 To be led ſtalking in a gilded Court :  
 And quaffe (the people clapping) humane blood.  
 I bluſh to ſpeak, and broach Fates violent flood.  
 In Perſian guiſe (yeares ripening to their harm)  
 They grub man up, and with a knife diſarme  
 The apt for Venus wars : and, whiles this checks  
 Time's horſe in his full ſpeed, loſt nature ſeeks  
 And cannot find her ſelf : ſo all approve  
 Male Concubines, and which, like Geldings move  
 Broke to a pace : Love-locks and Cloaths which ſpeak  
 All Countreys, and no man. Behold they break  
 Numidian ground ! a Citrian board comes out  
 On painted Carpets plac'd, and round about  
 A Troop of waiters ſtand : and, drown'd in wine,  
 Upon the floore wallows an herd of Swine.  
 A Tree which did a Patrimony coſt,  
 Fetcht (for the ruine of a Land) to boaſt  
 A new Nobility, did counterfeit  
 With ſpots the cheaper gold : On which were ſet  
 By the Earth-rounding-Soldier (that now hurl'd  
 His Arms aſide) the ſpoils of all the world.  
 His throat had wit. A Terbot, that did dive  
 In Corſick Seas, roſe at his Board alive,  
 There Oyſters pull'd out of the Lucrine lake,  
 Onely for Sawce to lure his hunger back.  
 Now Phafian waves are of their birds bereft :  
 And the dumb banks (ſave winds) have nothing left  
 To ſing amongſt the widowed leaves : As dire  
 Is the field's fury : The baſe Romans hire  
 Their votes out for the chime, and touch of Gold :  
 A venal people : venal Senate ſold  
 Favour : even Age let her free vertue fall  
 And right by bribes was juſtled to the wall  
 And Maſtey lay flat, with gold ſought out,  
 Cato himſelf repulſ'd was by the rout.  
 He that o'recame more ſad, who bluſht to ſee  
 That Cato ſhould have fewer votes than he  
 For 'twas the people's, and the time's diſgrace :  
 'Twas not a man, but virtue loſt the place,  
 And the old Roman honor : here then lyes  
 Rome her own Merchant, and own merchandiſe :  
 Beſides now uſe on uſe, mens principals  
 So ſwell'd, it overwhelm'd them. No man calls  
 His houſe his own. None anning'd : but debt  
 Like to a lingering diſeaſe, doth ſtrew  
 Into their barking bowels, being pain'd  
 They cry to Arms : and wealth with tyot drayn'd  
 Muſt heal with wounds : ſafe W A N T ſets on fire.

Est locus exciso penitus demersus hiatus,  
Parthenopen inter, magnæque Dicharchidos arva,  
Cocytâ perfusus aquâ, nam spiritus extra  
Qui furit effusus funesto spargitur æstu.  
Non hæc Autumno tellus viret, aut alit herbas  
Cespitem lætus ager: non verno persona cantu  
Mollia discordi strepitu virgulta loquuntur:  
Sed chaos, & nigro squalentia pumice saxa  
Gaudent ferali circumtumulata cupressu;  
Has inter sedes Ditis pater extulit ora,  
Bustorum flammis & canâ sparsa favillâ:  
Ac tali volucrem Fortunam voce laceffit.

Rerum humanarum, divinarumque potestas,  
Fors cui nulla placet nimium secunda potestas,  
Quæ nova semper amas & mox possessa relinquis:  
Ecquid Romano sentis te pondere victam?  
Nec posse ulterius perituram extollere molem?  
Ipsa suas vires odit Romana Juventus,  
Et quas struxit opes, male sustinet, aspice latè  
Luxuriam spoliolum & censum in damna furentem.  
Ædificant auro sedesque ad sidera mittunt.  
Expelluntur aquæ fax: mare nascitur arvis,  
Et permutatâ rerum statione rebellant.  
En etiam mea regna petunt, professâ dehiscit  
Molibus infans tellus, jam montibus haustis  
Antra gemunt: & dum varios lapis invenit usus,  
Inferni manes cœlum sperare jubentur.  
Quare age, Fors, muta pacatum in prælia vultum  
Romanosque cie, ac nostris da funera regnis,  
Jam pridem nullo perfundimus ora cruore,  
Nec mea Tisiphone sitientes perluit artus,  
Ex quo sullanus bibit ensis & horrida tellus  
Extulit in lucem nutritas sanguine fruges.

Hæc ubi dicta dedit dextræ conjungere dextram  
Conatus, rupto tellurem solvit hiatus.  
Tunc Fortuna levi defudit pectore voces:

O genitor, cui Cocyti, penetralia parent  
Si modo vera mihi fas est impune profari,  
Vota tibi cedent, nec enim minor ira rebellat  
Pectore in hoc, leviorque exurit flamma medullas.  
Omnia quæ tribui Romanis arcibus, odi;  
Muneribusque meis irascor: destruet istas  
Idem, qui posuit moles Deus, & mihi cordi  
Quippe cremare viros, & sanguine pascere luxum.  
Cerno equidem geminâ jam stratos morte Philippos,  
Thessaliæque rogos, & funera gentis Iberæ.  
Jam fragor armorum trepidantes personat aures.  
Et Libyæ cerno tua Nile gementia claustra  
Actiacosque Sinus, & Apollonis arma fremmentis.  
Pande age terrarum sitientia regna tuarum;

Atque

*Cast in this sleep, and rowling in this mire  
What reasons can make Rome, but war and blood?  
Which till th'are felt, are never understood.*

*Fortune had rais'd three Captains, all which feel  
In several ways Enyo's mortal steel.*

*In Asia Crassus; Affrick Pompey slain:  
Ingrateful Rome great Julius blood did stain  
And Earth, to poize her load by portions just,  
(Greatness found this respect) divides their dust.*

*A wide-mouth'd vault descends to Hell's black-hall,  
'Twixt great Dicarchis fields, and Naples wall,  
Lav'd with Cocytus streams, whence all the heath  
About is blasted with a Sulph'rous breath:  
Where Autumn is the mother of no fruits,  
Out of the Summers Turf no glad herb shoots,  
No tender sprigs, inspir'd by vernal songs,  
Are heard to warble with melodious tongues:  
But Chaos, and rocks sweating with black dew,  
Delight in Canopies of fatal hue.*

*Here Pluto rose in funeral flames and smoke,  
And with these words light Fortune did provoke;  
Divine-and-humane-things-commanding-Power,  
Fortune, that likest no height that's too secure,  
That lov'st new things, and (gain'd) discard'st them straight,  
Shrink'st thou not yet beneath the Roman weight,  
Unable longer to support the Tower*

*Of Romes recov'ring Greatness: Their own Power  
The Roman youth abhor, nor bear the piles  
Of wealth they rais'd. See their vast Lux of spoiles,  
And riches curs'd into a punishment!  
They build in Gold, and to the Firmament  
Exalt their seats. Here Seas with stones expel,  
There let them in with Sluces; and rebel  
Against inverted Nature. Not I'scape:  
The earth delv'd through for their wild Heaps doth gape;  
The Mountains shovell'd down: the caves now groan  
There, whilst for several uses they dig stone.*

*Th'Infernal Ghosts are bid to hope for day:  
Then Fortune turn thy smiles to dreadful frow:  
Possess with rage the Roman breasts, and throng  
Our Realms with funerals. Methinks 'tis long  
Since these black jaws have been with Gore imbrew'd,  
Since my Tisiphone hath bath'd in blood  
Her thirsty limbs: since Sylla's sword was drunk,  
And horrid Earth nurs'd fruits from humane trunk.*

*This said, and striving to give her his hand,  
With reaching up he brake the cleaving Land:  
Then Fortune thus from fickle bosom says,  
O Sire, whom all on that side Styx obeys,  
If without danger I the truth may tell,  
Thy wish is granted thee: nor to rebel*

Atque animas arcesse novas. Vix navita Porthmeus  
Sufficiet simulacra virum traducere cimba,  
Classe opus est. Tuque ingenti satiare ruina  
Pallida Tisiphone, confisique vulnera mande.  
Ad Stygios manes laceratus ducitur orbis.

Vix dum finierat, quum fulgure rupta corusco  
Intremuit nubes, elisosque abscidit ignes.  
Subsedit pater umbrarum, gremioque reducto  
Telluris, pavitans fraternos palluit ictus.  
Continuo clades hominum venturaque damna  
Auspiciis patuere Deum, namque ora cruento  
Deformis Titan vultus caligine texit.  
Civiles acies jam tum spirare putares.  
Parte alia plenos extinxit Cynthia vultus,  
Et lucem sceleri subduxit. rupta tonabant  
Verticibus lassis montis juga, nec vaga passim  
Flumina per notas ibant morientia ripas.  
Armorum strepitu coelum furit & tuba Martem  
Sideribus transmissa ciet; jamque Aetna voratur  
Ignibus insolitis, & in æthera fulmina mittit.  
Ecce inter tumulos atque ossa carentia bustis  
Umbrarum facies diro stridore minatur.  
Fax stellis comitata novis incendia ducit;  
Sanguineoque retens descendit Juppiter imbre.  
Hæc ostenta brevi solvit Deus. Exiit omnes  
Quippe moras Cæsar, vindictæque actus amore  
Gallica projecit, civilia sustulit arma.

Alpibus acriis, ubi Graio nomine pulsæ  
Descendunt rupes, & se patiuntur adiri,  
Est locus Herculeis aris sacer; hunc nive dura  
Claudit hiems, canoque ad sydera vertice tollit:  
Coelum illinc cecidisse putes. non solis adulti  
Mansuescit radius, non verni temporis aura:  
Sed glacie concreta rigens, hiemisque pruinis  
Totum ferre potest humeris minitantis orbem.  
Hæc ubi calcavit Cæsar juga milite læto,  
Optavitque locum, summo de vertice montis  
Hesperia campos late prospexit, & ambas  
Intentans cum voce manus ad sidera, dixit:

Juppiter omnipotens, & tu Saturnia Tellus  
Armis læta meis, olimque onerata triumphis:  
Testor ad has acies invitum arcessere Martem,  
Invitas me ferre manus, sed vulnere cogor,  
Pulsus ab urbe mea, dum Rhenum sanguine vinco,  
Dum Gallos iterum Capitolia nostra petentes.  
Alpibus excludo: vincendo, certior exul:  
Sanguine Germano, sexagintaque triumphis,  
Esse nocens coepi, quanquam quos gloria terret,  
Aut qui sunt, qui bella volunt: mercædibus emptæ,  
Ac viles operæ; quorum est mea Roma noverca,

Have I less mind than thou: or boyles my womb  
With a less rage. All I bestow'd on Rome  
I hate, and am fallen out with my delight:  
The God that rais'd these walls, the same shall slight.  
The sweet of burning Towns, of sucking blood,  
Is by me also fully understood.  
I see Philippi with two Chiefs there slain:  
Thessalian tombs: and funerals of Spain.  
The clash of Arms now strikes my trembling ear:  
The groans of Libya: and her Nile I heare:  
And Aetian waves: and So I cry, on. Expand  
The thirsty Kingdoms of thy silent Land:  
And get more Furys help. A boat's too small  
For Charon to waft o're his souls withal:  
It asks a FLEET: and pale Tisiphone  
With the great ruine do thou gorged be:  
With ragged tusshes chaw the tender wounds:  
The mangled world descends to Stygian sounds:

Scarce had she spoke, when (cleft with lightning sheen)  
Trembles a cloud, and darts squeez'd, fire between.  
The King of Shades into earth's bosome sunk:  
And from his Brother's thunder frighted, shrunk.  
Forthwith the fates of men, and ills to come  
Heaven shows by signes: for the deformed Sun,  
Veils with a mist his blushing face, as far  
From giving count'nance to a civil war.  
The Moon at full (to leave them groaping) pops  
Her light out too. The palsy'd Mountain-tops  
(Supported with weak necks) come thundring down.  
Nor wand'ring Rivers run in channels known,  
To dye a natural death. Armies appeare  
In th'Ayre, and Trumpets (even in his own spheare)  
Alarm Mars. Now hotter Aetna burns,  
And thunderbolts for thunderbolts returns.  
Lo! ' Amongst the Tombs and disinterred bones,  
The Gasty shadows send up baleful groans!  
A blazing-Star draws an unusual train:  
And a new Jove descends in bloody rain:  
Heav'n soon these signes expounds: for Cæsar drove  
With his own speed, and sweet revenges love,  
Threw down the Gallick, Civil Arms took up.  
On cloudy Alps, where, winding to the top,  
The rocks made passable by Græcian hands,  
A Temple sacred to Alcides stands.  
'Tis thatch'd with crufted Snow, and blends its gray  
Head to the Stars: how like the milky way!  
It thaws not with the Sun's Meridian rays,  
Nor with the Spring's warm breath: but pav'd with lays  
Of Ice and feathered Rain, the Heaven it beares:  
For it both threatens and supports the spheares.  
When He (the Soldier glad) these cliffs did tread,

Ut reor, haud impune; nec hanc sine vindice dextram  
Vinciet ignavus. victores ite ferentes,  
Ite mei comites, & causam dicite ferro.  
Namque omnes unum crimen vocat, omnibus una  
Impendet clades. reddenda est gratia vobis:  
Non solus vici. quare, quia poena trophæis  
Imminet, & sordes meruit victoria nostra,  
Judice fortuna cadat alea sumite bellum,  
Et tentate manus, certe mea causa peracta est.  
Inter tot fortes armatus nescio vinci.

Hæc ubi personuit, de cœlo Delphicus ales  
Omnia læta dedit, pepulitque meatibus auras.  
Nec non horrendi nemoris de parte sinistra  
Insolita voces flamma sonuere sequenti.  
Ipse nitor Phœbi vulgato lætior orbe  
Crevit & aurato præcinxit fulgure vultus.  
Fortior omnibus movit Mavortia signa  
Cæsar; & insolito gressu, prior occupat haustus.  
Prima quidem glacies, & cana juncta pruina  
Non pugnavit humus, mitique horrore quievit:  
Sed postquam turmæ nimbos fregere ligatos,  
Et pavidus quadrupes undarum vincula rupit,  
Incaluere nives, mox flumina montibus altis  
Vndabant modo nata: sed hæc quoque iussa putares.  
Stabant & vineta fluctus stupuere pruina:  
Et paulo ante lues jam concidenda jacebat.  
Tum vero malefida prius vestigia lufit,  
Decepitque pedes. passim turmæque virique,  
Armaque congesta strue deplorata jacebant.  
Ecce etiam rigido concussæ flamme nubes  
Exonerabantur, nec rupti turbine venti  
Deerant aut tumida contractum grandine cœlum:  
Ipse jam nubes ruptæ super arma cadebant,  
Et concreta gelu Ponti velut unda ruebat.  
Victa erat ingenti Tellus nive, victaque cœli  
Sidera, victa suis hærentia flumina ripis:  
Nondum Cæsar erat: sed magnam nixus in hastam  
Horrida securis frangebatur gressibus arva:  
Qualis Caucaſea decurrens arduus arce  
Amphitryoniades, aut torvo Juppiter ore,  
Quam se verticibus magni demisit Olympi,  
Et periturorum disjecit tela Gigantum.  
Dum Cæsar tumidas iratus deprimat arces:  
Interea volucer motis conterrita pennis  
Fama volat, summique petit juga celsa Palati:  
Atque hoc Romano attonito fert omnia signa:  
Jam classes fluitare mari, totasque per Alpes  
Fervere Germano perfusas sanguine turmas.  
Arma cruor, cædes, incendia, totaque bella  
Ante oculos volitant, ergo pulsata tumultu

And touch'd his wishes, from the Mountains head  
Stretching his voice, (the Latian fields survey'd)  
And both his hands to Heav'n, thus Cæsar said.  
All powerful Jove, and thou Saturnian Land  
Triumphant oft, safe always by my hand,  
Witness I come unwilling to this warre,  
Unwilling Clash: but such my proud wrongs are,  
Expuls'd my Country, whilst I paint with blood  
The Rhine, whilst I the Galls the Alps exclude,  
Threat'ning again the Capitoll. Exil'd  
Farther by conquering more: the Germanes foil'd,  
And sixty triumphs are my crime. But who  
Denounce this war? Blind with our beams a crew  
Of trading Soules step-children to my Rome,  
But they (I think) shall know too upon whom  
Nor shall mechanick hands bind these with cords.  
Go mine: Go victors: plead the Cause with Swords.  
We all are in one fault: one shame threats all:  
You conquer'd too. If punishment must fall  
On them that beat, if this our triumph be,  
Let the Dye fall, and Fortune judge for me.  
Take up the war they throw you: try your force:  
If overcome, my case can be no worse.  
But arm'd, and with such men, that ne're can hap.  
This said, the Delphick bird her wings did clap,  
(An Omen good) and in a wood beside  
A Bay-tree crackling in strange fire was spy'd.  
APOLLO's self shone brighter then he us'd,  
And had a golden glory circumfus'd.  
Stronger then Omens, Cæsar did advance,  
And with unwonted pace first snatch'd a Lance.  
First bound with ice, and candied with the drisse  
The earth was quiet with dull horror stiffe:  
But when the Troops the clouds gives off, did take,  
And trembling horses the waves feters brake,  
The heat snows melted; streight new rivers burst  
Out of the hills: these also streight were forc'd  
To make a stand: whilst (lo) new ice appeares,  
And liquid late make work for Pioneers.  
Then first deceiv'd the feet the slippery ground,  
And tript them up, Men, Arms, and whole Ranks, (round,)  
In heaps deplor'd: big clouds with tempest's stroke,  
Their burthens threw. Nor blasts with whistle-winds broke,  
Were wanting there, or volleys of gross haile.  
The concrete raine fell rattling on the Mayle,  
Like showres of arrows from a Parthian bow.  
The Earth was overcome with a deep snow:  
The Lamps of heaven o'come; with Chrystal bit  
The Rivers overcome; Cæsar not yet:  
But leaning on his speare, That would not yield,  
With secure steps he brake the horrid field:

Pectora per dubias ſcinduntur territa cauſas.  
 Huic fuga per terras illi magis unda probatur.  
 Et patria eſt Pontus, jam tutior eſt magis arma  
 Qui tentata velit: ſatisque iubentibus actus.  
 Quantum quiſque timet, tantum fugit: ocyor ipſe  
 Hos inter motus populus, miſerabile viſu,  
 Quo mens iſta iubet, deſerta ducitur urbe.  
 Gaudet Roma fugâ, debillariſque Quirites  
 Rumoris ſonitu mærentia teſta relinquunt  
 Ille manu trepidâ natos tenet, ille penates  
 Occultat gremio, deploratumque relinquit.  
 Limen, & abſentem votis interficit hoſtem.  
 Sunt qui conjugibus mærentia pectora jungant,  
 Grandævoſque patres: oneriſque ignara iuuentus  
 Id pro quo metuit tantum trahit omnia ſecum  
 Hic vehit imprudens, prædamque in prælia ducit.

Ac velut ex alto quum magnus inhorruit Auſter,  
 Et pulſas evertit aquas non arma miniſtris,  
 Non regimen prodeſt: ligat alter pondera pinûs,  
 Alter tuta ſinu tranquillaque littora quærit:  
 Hic dat vela fugæ Fortunæque omnia credit.  
 Quid tam parua queror? Geminum cum conſule Magnus  
 Ille tremor Ponti, ſævi quoque terror Hydaſpis  
 Et piratarum ſcopulus: modo quem ter ovantem  
 Juppiter horruerat, quem fracto in gurgite Pontus,  
 Et veneratus erat ſubmiſſâ Boſphorus undâ  
 Proh pudor! Imperii deſerto nomine fugit,  
 Ut Fortuna levis Magni quoque terga videret.

Tergo tanta lues Divum quoque numina vidit;  
 Conſenſitque fugæ cæli timor, Ecce per orbem  
 Mitis turba Deum, terras exoſa furentes  
 Deſerit; atque hominum damnatum avertitur agmen  
 Pax prima ante alias niveos pulſata lacertos  
 Abſcondit galeâ victum caput, atque relicto  
 Orbe fugax Ditis petit implacabile regnum.  
 Huic comes it ſyncera Fides, & crine ſoluto  
 Juſtitia, & mærens lacera Concordia palla.  
 At contra, ſedes Erebi quâ rupta dehieſcit,  
 Emergit latè Ditis chorus horrida Erynnyſ,  
 Et Bellona minax, facibuſque armata Megæra:  
 Læthumque Inſidiæque, & lurida mortis imago.  
 Quas inter Furor, abruptis ceu liber habenis  
 Sanguineum latè tollit caput, oraque mille  
 Vulneribus conſoſſa cruentâ caſſidè velat.  
 Hæret detritus lævâ Mavortius umbo,  
 Innumerabilibus telis gravis: atque flagranti  
 Stipite dextra minax terris incendia portat.  
 Sentiſſe terra Deos, mirataque ſydera pondus  
 Quæſivère ſuum, namque omnis regia cæli  
 In partes diducta ruit: primumque Dione

*As when Alcmena's ſon march'd apace,  
 Down Caucasus: or with an angry face  
 When Jove deſcended the Olympian hill,  
 With Giants blood Phlegrean plains to fill.  
 Mean while ſwift Fame is born with frighted wings,  
 And perching on the Capitol, ſad things  
 Tells the affrighted Romans: that the Maine  
 Is ſwarm'd with ſhips: The Alps of a light flame  
 With Troops, yet reeking with Sicambrian gore,  
 Arms, Blood, Death, Fire, and War is drawn before  
 Their eyes from head to foot: which makes them erre,  
 And ſee their danger double through their feare.  
 This flies by land, this by, and that to Sea,  
 So for no land his native changes he.  
 He's ſafeſt now, the Chance of war that tries,  
 And follows fates inſtinct: He fartheſt flies  
 Whoſe feare is longeſt winged: (A grief to ſay!)  
 The people led by wild amazement, ſtray  
 They know not whither: Rome delights in flight;  
 And ſcar'd Quirites their ſad manſions quite;  
 At the bare rumour of approaching Arms,  
 Thoſe claſſ with trembling hand their tender barnes:  
 Theſe in their boſomes hold their Houſhold-Gods:  
 And hurry from their deſolate aboads:  
 And in their prayers kill the abſent Foe:  
 There are that to their wives ſad boſomes grow,  
 And bedrid parents: youths impatient heat  
 Takes onely her, on whom his ſoul is ſet.  
 Some all, and to the war unwiſely ſweep  
 The prey, for which 'tis made. —*

— *As when the deep  
 Is plough'd up by Northwinds, and her rould hills  
 Are knock'd together: And the Seamen's ſkills  
 Avail not now, one binds the ſplitting maſt,  
 Another to the quiet ſhore doth haſt,  
 A third to Sea and Fortune truſts with all.  
 What talk I of ſmall things: the Generall  
 With both the Conſuls The great Pompey, He  
 Terror of dire Hydaſpes, and the Sea,  
 The Pyrates rock, whom (thrice triumphing late)  
 Jove trembled at, leſt he ſhould ſhake his ſtate:  
 Whom Pontus (having cruſh'd it's watry braves)  
 And Boſphorus ador'd with crouching waves:  
 (Oh ſhame) deſerting the State's rudder, fled:  
 That ſickle Fortune might 't have ſeen be ſed  
 Ev'n Pompey's back. A flight authoriſ'd ſo,  
 Involv'd the Gods, and Heaven his back did ſhow:  
 See a mild troop of Gods (loathing the rage  
 That regins in mortals) take a pilgrimage,  
 From a damn'd crew of Earthlings: And fiſt Peace  
 (Beating her ſnowy Arms) her vanquiſh'd face*

Cæsar's acta sui ducit. comes additur illi  
Pallas, & ingentem quatiens Mavortius hastam:  
Magnaque cum Phœbo soror, & Cyllenia proles  
Excipit, ac totis similis Tyrinthius actis.  
Infremuere tubæ, ac scisso Discordia crine  
Extulit ad superos Stygium caput. hujus in ore  
Concretus sanguis, contusæque lumina flebant.  
Strabant ærati scabra rubigine dentes;  
Tabo lingua fluens, obfessa draconibus ora  
Atque intertorto laceratam pectore vestem  
Sanguineam tremula quatiebat lampada dextra.  
Hæc ut Coccyi tenebras, & Tartara liquit,  
Alta petit gradiens juga nobilis Apennini,  
Unde omnes terras, atque omnia littora posset  
Aspicere, ac toto fluitantes orbe catervas:  
Atque has erumpit furibundo pectore voces:  
Sumite nunc gentes accensis mentibus arma;  
Sumite, & in medias immittite lampadas urbes.  
Vincetur quicumque latet, non foemina cesset,  
Non puer, aut ævo jam desolata senectus.  
Ipsa tremat Tellus, lacerataque tecta rebelle.  
Tu legem Marcelle tene: tu concute plebem  
Curio, tu fortem ne supprime Lentule Martem.  
Quid porro tu Dive tuis cunctaris in armis?  
Non frangis portas? non muris oppida solvis,  
Thesaurusque rapis? nescis tu Magne tueri  
Romanas acies? Epidauria moenia quære,  
Thessalicosque sinus humano sanguine tingue.  
Factum est in terris, quicquid Discordia jussit.

Hides with a cask, and flying from the light,  
Seeks the hush'd mansions of eternal Night:  
With Her pure FAITH, and JUSTICE, (her sword broke)  
And CONCORD in a rent and mourning Cloak.  
On th' other side where Hell's wide jaws respire,  
Grim Pluto's train springs rise: Erinny's dire,  
And fierce Bellona, and flame-girl Megeare,  
And Death, and Fraud, and multiplying Fears.  
Amongst whom Rage, like Bacchus (his reins broke)  
Runs headlong, and with bloody helm doth Cloak.  
A thousand ugly faces digg'd with wounds  
With heavy shafts: a Martial Target sounds  
Worn with his left, and from his right hand hurl'd  
A blazing fire-brand terrifies the world.  
The stars are pos'd: light-headed Atlas reels;  
Wond'ring to miss the weight that pos'd heaven's wheels.  
The fæstious Gods come down on earth to side.  
And Venus first her Cæsar justify'de,  
Pallas with her, and Mars that shakes a whole  
Oak for a spear; and with his Sister, SOL:  
And ATLAS GRANDSON and Alcides (found  
Like him in all his acts) The trumpets sound,  
And DISCORD with torn hair, her Stygian head  
Advances from a dell, her dim eyes shed  
Instead of tears a blotted show'r of blood:  
Two tire of brazen grinders rusty stood:  
Her tongue o'reflows with gore: her snaky locks  
Hang down over her face: and through her Frocks  
Wide-gaping Rent, thrusting a bloody hand  
About her head she tost a flaming brand.  
She leaving Hell, and where sad rivers joyne,  
Touch'd the high top of noble Appennine:  
From whence each realm and sea she might command,  
And view the Troops that roule on every Land:  
Then burst into these words, with fury warm,  
Arm all the world with fell intentions: arm:  
Shoot flames in midst of Towns (who e're he be  
That stands a Newter, is the Victor's fee.)  
Fight Boys, fight Maids, fight Old men neer your end.  
Quake Earth, and shattered stones rebel. — Defend  
The laws Marcellus. — Do thou Curio preach  
Up tumults. — Lentulus do not impeach  
Thy Martial spirits working. — What mak'st thou  
Julius the while freezing in Armour? now  
Enter the gates, or scale the walls, and break  
The Roman Fisk. — Pompey art thou too weak  
To keep Rome's Towers? to EPIDAMNUM pass  
The Ominous Scene, and dye Thessalian grass  
With Roman blood. To all that DISCORD said,  
EARTH cry'd 'Tis done: and her command obey'd.



*The Translator's POSTSCRIPT.*

**H**ERE PETRONIUS breaks off abruptly, *thereby* as well as in many *imperfect places* of his own Copy, proving as good as his word, that he had *not added thereto the last hand*. In which thing alone I have translated him to the life, for neither have I added *mine* to the *English*: onely making so much use thereof, as to shew the *Rule and Model*, which (*indubitably*) guided our CAMOENS in the raising his GREAT BUILDING, and which (except *himself*) that I know of, no POET ever followed that *wrought in great*, whether *ancient*, or *modern*. For (to name no more) the Greek HOMER, the Latin VIRGIL, our SPENCER, and even the Italian TASSO (who had a *true, a great, and no obsolete story*, to work upon) are in effect wholly *fabulous*: and LUCAN (though *worthily admired*) is as much censured by *some* on the other side, for sticking too close to *truth*. As FABIUS for one; — LUCAN full of *flame and vigour*, and most *perspicuous in his Sentences*: yet (*that I may speak what I think*) rather to be reckoned amongst the ORATORS than the POETS. And SERVIUS for another, with less manners in his expression; *That which I said, that the Art of Poetry is forbidden to set down a naked story*, is certain: for LUCAN deserved not to be in the number of POETS, because he seems to have compiled a HISTORY, rather than a POEM. Amounting to the same which is objected above in the Introduction to this Essay (which glanceth particularly at LUCAN) and mended (as the Author thereof conceived) by the Essay it self, which is of a *mixt nature* between *Fable and History*.



TORQUATO TASSO. in his 6 Part.  
fol. 47.

**V**ASCO, te cui felici ardite Antenne  
Incontro al Sol, che ne riporta il giorno,  
Spiegar le vele, e fer colà Ritorno,  
Dove egli par che di cadere accenne:  
Non piu di Te per aspro mar sosteme  
Quel, che fece a CICLOPE oltraggio, & scorno:  
Ne chi turbo l'Arpie nel suo soggiorno,  
Ne diè piu bel Subgetto. a Colte penne.  
Et hor quella del colto, e buon LUIGI  
Tant' oltre stende il glorioso volo  
Che j tuoi spalmati Legni andar men lunge.  
Ond' a quelli, a cui S'alza il nostro polo,  
Et a chi ferina incontra j suoi vestigi,  
Per lui del corso tuo la fama aggiunge.

**V**ASCO, whose bold and happy ships against  
The Rising Sun (who freights them home with day)  
Display'd their wings, and back again advanc'd  
To where in Seas all Night he steeps his Ray:  
Not more then Thou on rugged Billows felt,  
He that bor'd out the Eye of POLYPHEME;  
Nor He that spoyl'd the HARPYES where they dwelt,  
Afforded Learned Pens a fairer Theam.  
And this of Learn'd and honest CAMOENS  
So far beyond now takes it's glorious flight,  
That thy breath'd Sailes went a less Journey, Whence  
To Those on whom the Northern Pole shines bright,  
And Those who set their feet to ours, The boast  
Of thy Long Voyage Travails at his Cost.









THE  
L V S I A D  
OF  
Lewis Camoens.

First Canto.

STANZA. 1.



*Rmes, and the Men above the vulgar File,  
Who from the Western Lusitanian shore  
Past ev'n beyond the Trapobanian-Isle,  
Through Seas which never Ship had sayld before;  
Who (brave in action, patient in long Toyle,  
Beyond what strength of humane nature bore.)  
Mongst Nations, under other Stars, acquir'd  
A modern Scepter which to Heaven aspir'd.*

2.

*Likewise those Kings of glorious memory,  
Who sow'd and propagated where they past  
The Faith with the new Empire (making dry  
The Breasts of ASIA, and laying waste  
Black AFRICK's vicious Glebe; And Those who by  
Their deeds at home left not their names defac't,  
My Song shall spread where ever there are Men,  
If Wit and Art will so much guide my Pen.*

B

Cease

3.

Cease *man* of TROY, and cease thou *Sage* of GREECE,  
To boast the *Navigations* great ye made;  
Let the high Fame of ALEXANDER cease,  
And TRAIAN'S Banners in the EAST display'd:  
For to a *Man* recorded in this *Peece*  
NEPTUNE his *Trident* yielded, MARS his *Blade*.  
Cease *All*, whose Actions *ancient Bards* exprest:  
A brighter *Valour* rises in the *West*.

4.

And you (*my* TAGUS'S *Nymphs*) since ye did raise  
My *Wit* t'a more then ordinary flame;  
If I in *low*, yet *tuneful* Verse, the praise  
Of your sweet *River* always did proclame:  
Inspire me *now* with *high* and *thund'ring* lays;  
Give me them *cleer* and *flowing* like *his* stream:  
That to your Waters PHEBUS may ordaine  
They do not envy *those* of HYPOCRENE.

5.

Give me a *mighty Fury*, Nor rude *Reeds*  
Or rustick *Bag-Pipes* found, But such as *War's*  
Lowd Instrument (the noble *Trumpet*) breeds,  
Which fires the *Breast*, and stirs the *blood* to *jars*.  
Give me a *Poem* equal to the *deeds*  
Of your brave *Servitors* (Rivals of MARS)  
That I may sing them through the UNIVERSE,  
If, whom *That* held not, can be held in *Verse*.

6.

And you, a present *Pawn* to PORTUGALE  
Of the old *Lusitanian-Libertie*;  
Nor the less certain *Hope* r'extend the *Pale*  
One day, of narrow CHRISTIANITIE:  
New *Terrour* of the *moorish Arsenale*:  
The foretold *Wonder* of our *Centurie*:  
Giv'n to the World by GOD, the World to win,  
To give to GOD much of the World agin.

7.

You, fair and tender *Blossom* of that *Tree*  
Belov'd by *Him*, who dy'd on *One* for *Man*,  
More then whatever *Western* MAJESTIE  
Is styl'd MOST CHRISTIAN, or CÆSAREAN.  
Behold it in your *Shield*! where you may see  
ORIQUE'S *Bataille*, which ALPHONSO wan,  
In which CHRIST gave for *Arms*, for you *tembofs*,  
The same which *He himself* bore on the *Cross*.

You

8.

You (*pow'rful King*), whose *Empire* vast the *Sun*  
Visits the *first* as soon as he is born,  
And eyes it when his Race is *half-way* run,  
And leaves it *loath* when his tyr'd Steeds *adjourn*.  
You, who we look should clap a *yoak* upon  
The brutish ISHMAELITE, become your scorn;  
On th' *Eastern* TURK, and GENTIL who still lies  
Sucking the *stream* which water'd PARADISE.

9.

That *Majestie* which in th's *Brow* appears  
(This *tender* one) suspend for a small time,  
Already such, as in your perfect years  
When FAME'S immortal *Temple* you shall climb  
Those *milder* eyes, with which you banish *Fears*,  
Bend to the *ground*: on which, by num'rous *Ryme*,  
You'll see in *me* a *Passion* overgrown,  
To make the *Portugal-Atchievements* known.

10.

You'll see a strange love to my *Native-soyle*,  
Not mov'd with *Vile* but high *immortal Meed*:  
For, to be compted is a Meed not vile  
The *Trumpet* of the *Nest* where I was bred.  
By *That*, their names drawn great, and laid in oyl  
You'll see, of whom you are the *Sov'raign Head*:  
And judge, which is the greater *Honour* Then  
To be *King* of the *World*, or of *such Men*.

11.

Hear *me*, I say, for not for Actions *vaine*,  
*Fantastick*, *Fabulous*, shall you behold  
*Tours* prais'd, though *forraigne Muses* (to obtaine  
*Name* to *themselves*) have ev'n *feign'd names* extold.  
*Your* Subjects *true* Acts are so great, they *staine*  
And *credit* all the *Lyes* of *others* told.  
Stain RHODOMONT, that puffed ROGERO too,  
And MAD ORLANDO, grant their deeds were true.

12.

For *These*, I give you a fierce NUNNIO  
Who *King* and *Country* propt, almost alone.  
AN EGAS, a DON FUAS, whose worths to show  
I wish my *Voice* could reach great HOMER'S tone.  
For the *twelve Peers*, I other *twelve* bestow  
That past to ENGLAND, and MAGRIZZO one.  
Th' *illustrious* GANIA in the Reare I name,  
Who rob'd the *wandering Trojan* of his *Fathe*.

B 2

Then

13.

Then (if to Match with CHARLS THE GREAT of FRANCE,  
Or one you seek to rival CÆSAR'S name)  
The first ALPHONSO see, who with his Lance  
Eclipses whatsoe're *outlandish* Fame!  
And Him, who by successful Valiance  
Rescu'd and snatcht his Realm from civil Flame!  
The second JOHN, unconquer'd by the sword!  
The Fourth and Fifth ALPHONSO, and the Third!

14.

Nor shall my Verses in Oblivion leave  
Those CHIEFS, who, in the Kingdoms of the Morn,  
Their name in *Armes* unto the *starres* did heave,  
By whom your ever-conqu'ring Flag was born:  
Matchless PACHECO: TWO ALMEYDA'S brave,  
Whom weeping TAGUS will for ever mourn:  
Terrible ALBURQUERQUE: CASTRO bold:  
And more, whom *death* had not the pow'r to hold.

15.

And whilst I *These* do sing, and dare not you,  
Great King (for I aspire not to that height)  
Take you your Kingdoms reynes your Hand into,  
And furnish matter for a loftier flight,  
Whilst your new worth may meet a *Vein* as new.  
Your num'rous Fleets, and Armies pond'rous weight,  
Let the World groan with, and their terror seize  
The AFRICK-Land's, and ORIENTAL-Seas.

16.

On you with fixed eyes looks the cold MOORE,  
In whom he reads his ruine prophecy'de:  
The barb'rous GENTILE (viewing you) is sure  
You'll yoke his neck, and bows it to be ty'de.  
The silver THETYS offers you in dow're  
All her *blew* Realm, and doth the same provide.  
Took with your Face (where love is mixt with Awe)  
She seeks to buy you for her Son-in-Law.

17.

In you, out of their Blissful Bow'rs Above  
Your Grandfires souls (both famous in their way,  
The one in golden peace, which Angels love,  
T'other in bloody War) themselves survey.  
In you they hope their glories shall improve,  
Their Vertues be recoynd with less Alay:  
And wide they sit, to keep for you a roome  
In Heav'n's eternal Temple 'gainst you come.

But

18.

But now, because your time creeps slowly an  
To rule your People, who much wish it so;  
Play with the new Attempt of a bold man,  
That up with you this Infant-muse may grow;  
And you shall spye ploughing the Ocean  
Your ARGONAUTS, that they may also know  
You see them tost upon the angry Brine:  
And use your self to be invok'd betime.

19.

They now went sayling in the OCEAN vast,  
Parting the snarling Waves with crooked Bills:  
The whispering Zephyre breath'd a gentle Blast,  
Which stealingly she spreading Canvass fills:  
With a white foam the Seas were overcast,  
The dancing Vessels cutting with their Keels  
The Waters of the Consecrated DEEP,  
Where PROTHEUS'S Flocks their Rendezvous keep.

20.

When in the HEAV'N OF HEAV'NS the Deities,  
That have of humane things the Government,  
Convene in glorious Council, to advise  
On future matters of the ORIENT.  
Treading in Clusters the Diaphane skyes  
Thorough the Milky way their course they bent,  
Assembled at the THUNDERER'S command  
By Him That bears the Caduceian Wand.

21.

They leave the patronage of the Sea'n spheres  
Which by the HIGHEST POWER to them was giv'n:  
The HIGHEST POWER, who with an eye-brow steers  
The Earth, the raging Ocean, and the Heav'n.  
There, in a moment, every one appears,  
Those, where BOOTES'S waine is slowly driv'n,  
Those, who inhabit South, and where the Sun  
Is born, and where his golden Race is don.

22.

With an austere and high Majestick grace  
Upon a Christal Throne, with stars imboist,  
Sublime THE FATHER fate (worthy that place)  
By whom the Bolts, dire VULCAN forg'd, are tost.  
An Oderiferous Ayre blew from his face,  
Able to breathe new life in a pale Ghost:  
A Scepter in his Hand, and his Head crown'd  
With one stone, brighter than a Diamond.

On

23.

On glitt'ring *chairs* (imbroyd' red richly o're  
 With infinite of *Pearles* and finest *Gould*)  
 The other *Deities* were placed low'r,  
 As *Reason* and the Herald *Order* would:  
 The *Seniours* first, to honor them the more,  
 And after *them* those who were not so ould:  
 When thus the most high *JOVE* the silence brake,  
 With such a voice as made *OLYMPUS* shake.

24

*Eternal dwellers* of the *Tow'r* divine,  
 And *Impirean*-Hall with *starred Vault*;  
 If the much *Vertue* of the valiant *Line*,  
 Of *LUTUS* be not worn out of your *Thought*;  
 You needs must know what the *great FATES* design  
 To crown the former *Wonders* *Those* have wrought,  
 That they shall darken with their *evening-Glory*  
 Th' *Affyrian*, *Persian*, *Greek*, and *Roman* story.

25.

*Your selves* were witnesses, with what a poor  
 And naked *Army* it was giv'n to *Them*  
 To take from the well-fix't, and num'rous *MOOR*  
 All that sweet *TAGUS* waters with his stream.  
 Then 'gainst the stout *Castilian-Warriour*  
 Heav'n still beheld them with a fav'ring beam:  
 And still in fine with glory and Renown  
 The *hanging Trophies* did their *Churches* crown.

26.

I speaknot (*Gods*) of that more ancient name  
 Which with the *Queen of Nations* they did get  
 When (led by *VIRIATUS*) so great fame  
 They wan, whilst *They* and *hostile ROME* were met.  
 I pass their other *Clash* with that proud *Dame*  
 (Which 'tis impossible you should forget)  
 When a *Bandito* did their *Truncheon* bear,  
 Who feign'd himself inspir'd by a *tame Deare*:

27.

See now, how trusting to uncertain *Waves*  
 In a fraile *Barke*, through ways untrod before  
 (Fearless of horrid *Boreas*, and the *Braves*  
 Of the fierce *Southern wind*) they throw at more!  
 How (having yoakt before that *Sea* which laves  
*AFFRICK'S North-side*, and yoakt her *Southern-shore*)  
 They bend their purpose and their forces turn  
 To win the *Cradle* of the budding *MORN*.

To

28.

To *Them* is promis'd by eternal *FATE*  
 (Whose high *decrees* no *Power* can ere revoke)  
 To be perpetual *Porters* of that *Gate*  
 Through which the *Sun* first guides his silver spoke.  
 They've spent at *Sea* the bitter *Winter's date*;  
 The men are harast, and with *Travaile* broke.  
 'Tis now high time (as it appears to *me*)  
 To shew them that new *Land* where they would be.

29

And therefore, since they have (as you have seen)  
 So many *dangers* in this *Voyage* past;  
 Toft through so many *Seas* and *Clymates* been;  
 Of so sharp adverse *Winds* felt many a *Blast*;  
 I purpose now they shall as friends be in  
 The *AFFRICK-Land* refresh't with some *Repast*;  
 And, having victual'd there their wearied *Fleet*,  
 Proceed in their long course as it is meet.

30.

Thus *JOVE*: when in their course of *Parliament*  
 The *Gods* reply'd in order as they Sate,  
 And to and fro by way of *Argument*  
 Upon the matter calmly did debate.  
 Then *FATHER BACCHUS* stiffly did dissent  
 From what great *JOVE* propos'd; As knowing, that  
 His *Fame* ich' *EAST* must suffer an eclipse  
 Should there arive the *Lusitanian-ships*.

31.

He of the *FATES* had understood, from *SPAIN*  
 How that a *warlike People* was to come  
 Thorough the middle of the *OCEAN*,  
 Which all the *Indian-Coast* should overcome,  
 And which, with *modern Victories*, should stain  
 All *old ones*, whether *forraign*, or their *own*.  
 It griev'd him fore, those *Actions* should be drown'd  
 Which still in *NYSA* made his name resound,

32.

He looks on *INDIA* as his old *Acquest*,  
 From whom nor *Time*, nor *deeds* by *others* don,  
 Had robd the stile of *CONQ'ROUR OF THE EAST*,  
 By All That taste the streams of *Helicon*.  
 But now he fears that *Glorie's* neer it's *West*,  
 In the black *Water* of *oblivion*  
 To set, should their desired *Port* obtain  
 The valiant *PORTINGALLS* That Plough the *Main*.

Faire

33.

Fair VENUS holds up the contrary Theam  
Affected to the *Lusitanian-Nation*,  
For the much likeness she observ'd in Them  
To her old ROME, for which she had such passion,  
In their great hearts, in the propitious beam  
Of their to-AFFRICK-fatal constellation,  
And in the charming musick of their *Tongue*,  
Which she thinks *Latine* with small *drofs* among.

34.

These things did CYTHEREA move: But more  
Because from FATE of truth she heard it sed  
That at those LANDS her *Altars* should adore  
Where this Victorious *People* should be spred.  
So one, to keep what was his own before,  
T'other, to gain new honors to her head,  
Contest and stickle for their *several* ends,  
And Both are backt and favour'd by their Friends.

35.

As when the fierce *South-wind*, and fiercer *North*,  
Have got into the thickest of a WOOD,  
Breaking the Boughs to force a passage forth  
Through matted shades, impetuous and wood;  
The Air that yells, and all the *mountain* roar'th,  
The *Leaves* are scattred, and the strong *Rocks* mov'd:  
Such was the tumult which amongst the GODS  
Was raised then in the *Supream Abodes*.

36.

But MARS, who, with more cordialness did take  
Then any of the rest, the GODDES's part;  
Whether it were for old *Affection*-sake,  
Or for this valiant *People's own* desert  
(His look confest him vext before he spake)  
Amongst the GODS upon his feet did start.  
His heavy *Target*, at his shoulder hung,  
(Displeas'd, and dreadful) he behind him flung.

37.

Lifting a little up his *Helmet*-sight  
(Twas Adamant) with confidence enough  
To give his Vote himself he placed right  
Before the Throne of JOVE, arm'd, valiant, tough:  
And (giving with the butt end of his Pyke  
A great thump on the floor of purest stuffe)  
The *Heav'ns* did tremble, and APOLLO's light  
It went, and came, like colour in a fright.

And

38.

And thus he said; O *Sire*, whose will (whate're)  
All which thou hast created must obey:  
If *These*, who seek another *Hemisphere*,  
Thou wouldst not have to perish in the way,  
Whose deeds and Valour once thou heldst so deare,  
And did'st of old ordain what they assay:  
Then hear no more (since thou'rt a *Judge* upright)  
Reasons, from one who sees by a false light.

39.

For if sound *Reason* did not plainly show  
It self here vanquish't by excess of *Fear*,  
'Twere proper BACCHUS should his pains bestow  
For LUSUS's Race, who was his *Minion* deare.  
But let this spleen of his at present goe;  
"Tis an *ill stomach* rising at *good cheare*:  
"And *envy* never found the way in fine  
"To do *Man* right, or what the GOD's designe.

40.

And Thou (the Father of great *Constancy*)  
From the determination thou hast tooke  
Recoyle not. "It is imbecility  
"When once a Thing's begun, then back to looke.  
But since in speed the winged MERCURY  
Outstrips the *Winds*, a *Shaft*, the swiftest *Brooke*.  
Let Him now shew them to some *Countrey*, where  
They may refresh, and news of INDIA heare.

41.

The pow'ful *Father* having said the same,  
Gave with a nod the SOVERAIGN *Assent*  
To that which MARS said here with greater flame,  
And over *All* his holy *Nectar* spent.  
Streight through the *milky way*, by which they came,  
The GODS to their respective *Stations* went,  
Making a low obeysance to the *Throne*  
As they past by in Order one by one.

42.

Whilst this in the HIGH-COURT is passing now  
And beautiful OF HEAV'N Omnipotent;  
The *warlike People* the salt *Ocean* plough  
Leaving the *South*, and face the *Orient*,  
'Twixt MADAGASCAR's Isle, where all things flow,  
And ETHIOPIA's barren Continent.  
'Twas in that month, when SOL the *Fishes* fries  
To which fear'd BRONTES turn'd two DEITIES.

C

So

43

So pleasantly they went before, a Wind  
As those That now had got the *Heav'n* to friend.  
Serene the Ayre was, and the Weather kind:  
No Clowd, nor ought that danger might portend.  
The PROMONTORY PRASSUS left behind,  
Which antient ETHIOPIA doth defend,  
NEPTUNE disclos'd *new Isles* which he did play  
About, and with his billows danc't the *Hay*.

44.

VASCO DE GAMA (a most valiant Guide,  
Born and pick't out for that great *Enterprise*,  
Of a high Soul, and strongly fortify'de,  
Who FORTUNE to him by his *Boldness* tyes)  
Stands off, to leave this *Land* upon one side,  
Thinking, that uninhabited it lies;  
And on his course determines to proceed:  
But otherwise the matter did succeed.

45.

For streight, out of that *Isle* which seem'd most neer  
Unto the *Continent*, Behold a number  
Of little *Boats* in companie appeer,  
Which (clapping all wings on) the long *Sea* sunder!  
The *men* are rapt with joy, and, with the meer  
Excess of it, can onely look, and wonder.  
*What Nation's this* (within themselves they say)?  
*What Rites? what Laws? what King do they obey?*

46.

Their coming, thus: in *Boats*, with finns; nor flat,  
But apt t'o're-fet (as being pinch'd and long)  
And then they'd swim like Rats. The *Sayles*, of Mat  
Made of *Palm-leaves*, wove curiously and strong.  
The Mens *Complexion*, the self-same with *that*  
HEE gave the *Earth's* burnt parts (from *Heaven* flung),  
Who was more brave, then wise; That this is True  
The Po doth know, and LAMPETUSA rue.

47

The *Cloaths*, they came in, were a Cotton-Plad  
With divers *Colours* strip'd, and *white* the ground;  
Which *some* cast queintly under one *arm*, had;  
*others*, about their *Middles* streightly bound;  
All else from the waste up remain'd unclad:  
Their *weapons*, *Skeyns*, and crooked *Faulchions*: Round  
*Terbants* upon their heads; and, as they row'd,  
Refounded *Timbrels* in an *antick Mode*.

Waving

48.

Waving their hands and kerchers, *These* made signe  
To those of LUSITANIA to stay:  
But the swift *Prows* already did incline  
To come to Anchor in the *Island's* Bay.  
*Land-men*, and *Sea-men* in this work *All* joyne,  
As all their labours should have end that day.  
They haule the Roapes; *strike, strike*, the crew resounds:  
The salt *Sea* (stricken with the Anchor) bounds.

49.

They were not Anchor'd, when the uncouth Folke  
Already by the Cordage did ascend.  
Their jovial countenances *wellcome* spoke,  
To whom the Lordly *Chiefe* did (courteous) bend.  
Bids streight the *Boards* be spread, the *Bottles* smoke,  
With that rich juice which is the *Poet's* friend.  
*Ours* pow'r it into Bowles; and All *They* fill  
The burnt by PHAETHON spare not to swill.

50.

They ask (and still the cheerie Bowle goes round)  
In the *Arabick-language*, WHENCE THE FLEET?  
*Who*, and of *whence*, the *men*; and WHITHER BOUND,  
And through what *Seas* It came where now they see't?  
Hereto the valiant LUSITANIANS found  
Such answers as were proper, and discreet:  
We are the PORTUGHESES of the WEST,  
We go to seek the Countreys of the EAST.

51.

All the great OCEAN have we sail'd, and crost,  
To the *Antartick* from the *Artick* Strand  
Gone all the Round of AFRICK's spacious Coast;  
We have felt many a *Clyme*, seen many a *Land*.  
We serve a potent *King*, who hath ingroft  
His *Peoples* loves so, that, at his command,  
With cheerful faces, not vast *Seas* alone,  
But we would pass the Lake of ACHERON.

52.

And 'tis by *that comand* we travel now  
To seek the *Eastern Land* which INDIES laves:  
By *that* this distant *Ocean-Sea* we plough,  
Where none but *Monsters* sayl'd the horrid Waves.  
But now 'tis reason, *We* should likewise know  
(If *Truth* have found a Harbour in your Caves)  
Who *you* are? what this *Land* in which you dwell?  
Or, if of INDIA you can Tydings tell?

C 2

We

53.

We are (one of the *Isle* replying said)  
Strangers unto this *People*, *Law*, and *Place*;  
The *Natives* being such, as *Heav'n* hath made  
Without the light of *Reason*, or of *Grace*.  
We have a *Law* of *TRUTH*, which was convey'd  
To *Us* from that *New-light* of *ABRAM's* Race,  
Who houlds the *World* now in subjection due,  
By *Father*, *GENTILE*; and, by *Mother*, *JEW*.

54.

This little *Isle* (a barren healthless Nook)  
Of all these *Parts* is the most noted *Scale*  
For such as at *QUILOA's* Traffick look,  
Or to *MOMBASSA*, and *SOFALA*, sayle.  
Which makes *Us* here some inconvenience brook,  
To gather, for a mortal life, and frayle:  
And (to inform you in one word of *All*)  
This little *Isle* Men *MOZAMBIQUE* call.

55.

And now (since you come seeking through long toyle  
*INDIAN-HYDASPES*, and the *Spicy Strand*)  
You shall have such a *Pilot* from this *Isle*,  
As through the waves the way doth understand.  
'Twere also good, you here repos'd a while,  
And took in *fresh provisions* from the *Land*;  
And that our *Governour* did come Aboard,  
To see what else may need for Him t' afford.

56.

This the *Barbarian*, and retreated then  
Into his Boates with all his companie,  
Departing from the *Captaine*, and his Men,  
With demonstrations of due Courtesie.  
Mean time *APOLLO* in the *Sea* did pen  
The golden day, and down to sleep doth lye  
Leaving his *Sister* so much Torch to burn  
As may suffice the *World* till he return.

57.

With unexpected joy their hearts on floate,  
Blithely they pass the Night in the tyr'd *Fleet*;  
To think that in a Country so remote  
The news so long desired they should meet.  
Within themselves they ruminat, and noate  
The mens odd fashion, and admire to see't,  
Or how a *People* of their damned way  
Could take such root, and bear so vast a sway.

The

58.

The silver *Moon's* reverberated Ray  
Trembled upon the *Chrystal Element*;  
Like *Flow'rs* in a great *Meade*, at middle *May*,  
The *stars* were in the azure *Firmament*.  
The furious *Winds* all hush'd and sleeping lay  
In drowzy *Hyperborean* Caves dark-pent  
Yet those of the *Armada* do not sleep,  
But in their turns accustom'd watches keep.

59.

And when *AURORA* left her Spicy Bed,  
Shaking her deawy locks the Earth upon;  
And drawing, with a lilly-hand, the red  
Transparent Curtains of the waking *Sun*,  
To work go *All*, over the Decks to spread  
The shadowing *Sailes*, and all their Streamers d'on,  
To entertain with feasting and with joy  
(Advancing in his Barge) the *Isle's* *VICER-OY*.

60.

Merrily sayling he advanc't, to see  
The *Lusitanian-Frigates* in the Road,  
With fresh provisions from the *Land*: For *Hee*  
Still hopes, they are of that inhumane Brood,  
Which, from their mountains near the *CASPIAN SEA*,  
The fruitful *Lands* of *ASIA* overflow'd;  
And, by permission of the *POW'R DIVINE*,  
Usurpt the *Empire* of *GREAT CONSTANTINE*.

61.

The *Captaine*, with a meen benevolent,  
Receives the *MOORE*, and all his company.  
Things of great price he doth to *Him* present,  
For such Occasions carryed purposely:  
Gives him *Preserves*, and gives him of that quaint  
Unusual liquor which gives jollity.  
The *MOORE* receives it all in courteous part,  
But what he *Eats* and *Drinks* most glads his heart.

62.

The nimble *Lusitanian* Mariners  
Upon the shrowds in admiration hung,  
To see a *mode* so different from theirs,  
And barb'rous gibbrish of that broken *Tongue*.  
No less confus'd the subtle *MOORE* appears,  
Eying their colour, habit, and ships strong.  
Then, asking all things; This, amongst the rest,  
If happily they came from *TURKIE*, prest.

Moreover,

63.

Moreover, to behold desireth Hee  
The *Books* of their *Religion*, *Law*, and *Faith* :  
To see, if with his *own* the same agree  
Or that of *CHRIST* (as he suspects) he faith.  
And (that he *All* may note, and *All* may see)  
He prays the *Captain*, shew him what he hath  
Of *Armes*, which by his *Nation* used are  
When with their *Enemies* they go to War.

64.

To *whom* the valiant *Captaine* made reply  
By one well versed in that *Bastard-Tongue* :  
*Illustrious Lord*, I shall to thee descry  
My *Self*, my *Faith*, and th' *Armes* I bring along.  
Neither of *Turkish-blood* nor *breed*, am I ;  
Nor of a *Countrey* that delights in wrong.  
In fair and warlike *EUROPE* was I born,  
I seek the famous *Kingdoms* of the *MORN*.

65.

We worship *HIM*, who is by *every* Nature,  
(*Invisible*, and *visible*) obey'd,  
*HIM*, who the *Hemispheres*, and *every* Creature,  
(*Insensible*, and *sensible*) hath made :  
*Who* gave Us *his*, and took on Him *our* feature :  
Whom to a shameful death *his own* betray'd :  
And *who* from *HEAVN* to *Earth* came down in fine,  
That *Man*, by *HIM* from *Earth* to *HEAVN* might climbe.

66.

Of this *GOD-MAN* sublime, and infinit,  
The *Books* which thou desir'st I have not brought,  
For that in *Books* we need not bring that Writ,  
Which (written in our *Hearts*) we have by rote.  
For th' *Arms*, whereof thou hast desir'd to git  
A fight, with all *my* heart I do allow't,  
To see them as a *Friend* ; For well I know,  
Thou ne're wilt wish to see them as a *Foe*.

67.

This having said, the ready-*Officers*  
He doth command to shew the *MagaZeen*.  
Out come the *Backs*, and *Breasts*, glittering and terse ;  
Fine *Mayles*, safe *Coats*, with quilted plates between ;  
*Bucklers*, where various *Imagerie* appears ;  
*Ball*, *Lead*, and *Iron* ; *Muskets* of *Steel* shewn ;  
Strong *Bows*, and *Quivers* with barbd *Arrows* wedg'd ;  
Sharp *Partesans* ; and *Halberts* double edg'd.

The

68.

The *mortar-pieces* come ; and with *them* came  
(Confounding where they light) *Granadoes* dire ;  
Yet would he not permit the sons of *Flame*  
Unto the dreadful *Cannon* to give fire.  
For *valiant spirits* (which are still the same  
With *generous*) to boast their utmost Ire,  
To few, and timid *soules*, cannot indure  
" To be a *LYON* among *Sheep*, 'tis poor.

69.

But now the *MOORE* from what he heard and view'd,  
(All which he did observe attentively)  
Conceiv'd within his *Breast* a certain *feud*,  
A root of *Envy*, and *Malignity* ;  
Yet no such thing his outward gestures shew'd :  
But, with a smiling hollow *Courtesie*,  
He with himself resolves to treat them faire,  
Till he his purpose may by deeds declare.

70.

*Pilots* the *Captain* at his hands doth pray,  
His *Ships* as far as *INDIA* to guide :  
Assuring him they shall with ample pay  
For all their pains therein be satisfy'de.  
The *MOORE* consents ; but still the *poysen* lay  
Close, where it was, invenoming his side :  
For, had he pow'r of blasting with his breath,  
Instead of *Pilots*, he would give him death.

71.

So great the *hate* was, and so great the *spight*,  
Which to the *strangers* suddenly he took ;  
Knowing they follow that *unerring light*,  
The *SON OF DAVID* holds out in his *BOOK*.  
" O the deep secrets of that *INFINITE*  
" Into the which no mortal eye can look !  
" That *They*, whom *THOU* to be thy *friends* hast chose  
" Should never be without perfidious *Foes*.

72.

The trech'rous *MOORE*, when he his fill had seen,  
Departeth from the *Frigates* with his *Crew*  
(As false in heart, as flatt'ring in his meen)  
And feign'd *Regards* on all the *Sea-men* threw.  
Through the short *Traverse* of the *humid Green*  
The *Boats* had quickly cut, when, wellcom'd to  
The shore, and met by an obsequious *Train*,  
To his known *House* they wait him back again.

The



73.

The famous THEBAN from th' *athereal Hall*  
 (He, in his Thigh, whom JOVE his Father bore)  
 Seeing this meeting with the PORTINGALL  
 Is an abomination to the MORE;  
 Hath in his Brain a *Stratagem*, which shall  
 (He hopes) destroy him quite upon that score.  
 Now whilst this plot is forging in his head,  
 Unto himself these angry words he fed;

74.

Is it already then by FATE ordain'd,  
 That so great *Victories*, and so renown'd,  
 Shall by the men of PORTUGAL be gain'd  
 On *warlike* People, and on *Indian* Ground?  
 And I (son of the HIGHEST, unprofan'd  
 With *carnal* mixture, and in whom are found  
 Such rare *Indowments*) must I suffer FATE  
 To a meer man *my* honors to translate?

75.

Unto the son of PHILIP it is true  
 Such pow'r the GODS did in those parts afford,  
 'Twas one with Him, to See, and to *subdue*,  
 And MARS himself did homage to his *Sword*.  
 But can it be indur'd, that to so Few  
 FATE such stupendious puissance should accord,  
 That *that* of MACEDON, of ROME, and MINE,  
 The LUSITANIAN GLORY should *out-shine*?

76.

It must not, nor it shall not. For before  
 This *Swabber* shall arrive the wished Land,  
 I'll spin him such a Webb on yonder shore,  
 That he shall never see the *Eastern*-strand.  
 I'll down to *Earth*, and spur th'inraged MORE:  
 "The Iron cooles that suffer'd is to stand."  
 "And who so means a business sure to make,  
 "He by the foretop must occasion take.

77.

Thus saying (vext, and little less then mad)  
 Upon the *Affrick*-shore he did descend,  
 Where, in a humane shape and visage clad,  
 To neighb'ring PRASSUS he his course doth bend.  
 The shape he took on him (thereby his bad  
 And false *designie* the better to commend)  
 Was of a MOORE in MOZAMBIQUE known,  
 Old, wise, and with the GOVERNOUR all one.

And

78.

And (entring to his *Patron* when he spy'de  
 The fittest season to infuse his guile)  
 He tells him; *These*, who in the Harbour ride,  
 Are men That live by robbery and spoyle:  
 That *Fame*, from *Nations* rang'd on the Sea-side,  
 With *hue and crye* pursu'd them to their *Isle*,  
 Of whom these *Vagabonds* a *Bootie* made  
 When they had anchor'd with pretence of *Trade*.

79.

Moreover I would have thee know (quoth Hee)  
 These bloody CHRISTIANS (as I understand)  
 With *Flames* and *Pyracies* have fill'd the *Sea*,  
 As well as with their *Robberies* the *Land*;  
 And that they have it in designe, how *Wee*  
 May be reduc't too to their proud command:  
 How they may rob *us* of our *goods*, and *lives*,  
 And take for *Slaves* our *children*, and our *Wives*.

80.

And *this* I know, to morrow by day-breake  
 To come on shore for water they intend,  
 Arm'd, with their *Captaine*: Can Men plainer speake?  
 "They mischief mean, to feare it, who pretend."  
 Thou, arm'd with *thine*, the same advantage take;  
 Them in close *ambush* quietly attend:  
 Who, thinking to catch thee at unawares,  
 Will come with ease to fall into thy snares.

81.

And, should it so fall out, that by this feat  
 They should not wholly be destroy'd, and slain;  
 Another *Plot* (the which will give thee great  
 Content, I'm sure) I have within this Brain.  
 Send them a *Pilot*, skill'd so in deceit,  
 And how to lay an undiscerned Train,  
 That he may lead them blinded, where they may  
 Be kill'd, wreckt, sever'd, or quite lose their way.

82.

This said by Him, who plaid so well the MOORE  
 Whom *years* and *Fraud* made wise to obviate *Harmes*;  
 Thanking him much for his advice mature,  
 About his Neck the ZEBQUE throws his *armes*.  
 And from that instant bids his *Bands* be sure  
 To be all ready for the *Morn's* Allarmes.  
 That so, when land the LUSITANIAN shou'd,  
 He may convert their *water* into *blood*.

D

Farther

83.

Farther (t'effect that other false device)  
 A *Moorish Pilot* he did ready git,  
 Subtle, dissembling, and in mischief wise,  
 To whom so great a Trust he might commit.  
*Him*, through such *Seas*, where such and such *Coast* lyes,  
 He bids to guide the *Lusitanian Fleet*,  
 That, should the danger in one place be past,  
 It may be sure to perish at the last.

84

Now visited th' *Apollinean Ray*.  
 The *Nabathæan* mountains with a smile,  
 When *GAMA* with his *men* themselves aray  
 To go and fetch *fresh-water* from the *Isle*.  
 Plac't with good order in the Boates are They,  
 As he had known of the intended guile;  
 And in a fort he did so: "For the *Wife*  
 "Have a *divining* soul that never lyes.

85.

Moreover for the *Pilot* he had sent  
 To land before, in need whereof he stood;  
 To which the sound of *Warlike Instrument*  
 Was all the answer he had understood.  
 For *this*, As likewise, to be confident  
 Of a false *Nation* being never good,  
 He went as well provided as he could  
 With no more people then three Boats could hold.

86.

But the keen *MOORS* (pickeering on the Strand  
 To keep them from the Fountain's thirsted draught,  
 With Buckler on one *Arm*, and dart in *hand*,  
 Another with bent *Bow*, and poyson'd *Shaft*)  
 Stay for the valiant *PORTINGALLS* to land,  
 In secret Ambush others hid with craft:  
 And send (to make them think the business sure)  
 A small *Forlorn*, as *Faulknors* throw their *Lure*.

87.

On the white Beaches the black *Warriours* prance,  
 Waving and vap'ring all the *Levell* o're;  
 And with heav'd *Target*, and with threat'ned *Lance*,  
 Dare the bold *PORTINGALLS* to come on shore.  
 The noble people have not patience  
 To see the *doggs* grin at them any more.  
 But spring in *Covey*, with such equal hast  
 One could not say which landed first, or last.

So

88.

So a brisk *Lover* in the bloody *PLACE*  
 (His beauteous Mistress *by* in a *Balcon*)  
 Seeks out the *Bull*, and (planted face to face)  
 Curvets, runs, whistles, waves, and toles him on;  
 But the stern *Bruite*, ev'n in a moment's space  
 (His horned Brow low'd to the Earth) doth run  
 Bellowing about like mad; and (his eyes shut)  
 Dismounts, strikes, kills, and tramples underfoot.

89.

Loe, from the *ships* the Flames out of the hard  
 And furious *Cannon* roll'd, to Heaven rise!  
 The *Bullets* murder, whom the *Sound* but scar'd:  
 The hissing Aire, struck, bandies back the noise.  
 The *MOORS* hearts melt in them, they are so fear'd;  
 And the same passion chills their blood to Ice.  
 Now *He*, That lay in hidden ambush, flies:  
 And *He*, That ventur'd the Incounter, dyes.

90.

The *Lusitanian* People rest not here:  
 But, following their success, destroy and slay.  
 The *Wall-less-Town*, and *timber-Houses* there,  
 They waste with *fire*, and flat with *Cannon* lay.  
 His *sally* now the *MOOR* repents full deer,  
 For which he thought a cheaper price to pay.  
 Now he blasphemes the *War*, curses *ill luck*,  
 Th'old *devil*, and the dam that gave him suck.

91.

The flying *MOORS* their Javelins backward threw  
 Faintly, through feare, and haste of their Retreat.  
 The Flint, the Stake, the Stone *in folio* flew.  
 "Anger makes all things weapons, when 'tis heat.  
 Now, to the *Victor* leaving the *Isle* too,  
 Unto the *Continent* they frighted get.  
 The *Sea's* small Arm, that doth their *Isle* imbrace,  
 They cut and traverse in a little space.

92.

*Some* leap with their best goods into the Boats;  
*Some* with their natural Oars swim to the shore;  
*This* sinks into the crooked waves, then floats;  
*That* puffs the Sea out, he new drank before.  
 The *powred Bullets* from the *Cannon-Throats*  
 The brutish peoples brittle *Vessels* tore.  
 Thus did the *PORTINGALLS* in fine chastise  
 The falsehood of malicious *Enemies*.

D 2

To

93.

To the *Armada* Victors they return  
 With the rich spoils and booty of the War.  
 Water they may have now to serve their turn  
 At their own time without controule, or bar:  
 The *Moors* (fresh smarting with their losses) burn  
 With greater malice then before by far:  
 And, seeing so much unrevenged shame,  
 Set their whole *Rest* upon the *After-game*.

94.

The *Governour* of that infamous Land  
 To sue for Peace (as if repenting) sent.  
 Nor do the *Lusitanians* understand  
 That, under shew of peace, worse war is meant:  
 For the desired *Pilot* (underhand  
 Instructed in his trecherous intent)  
 In token of the Peace which he did crave  
 He sends to be their *Pilot* to the *Grave*.

95.

The *Captaine* (who already understood  
 'Twas time to go his discontinued way,  
 And that the weather and the wind are good  
 To carry him for wished *India*)  
 Receives the *Pilot* with a cheerful mood:  
 And th' *Envoyé*, who did his answer stay,  
 Dispatcht in haste (his minde is in the skye)  
 To the large Wind lets all the *Canvas* flye.

96.

Departed in this wise, the azure Waters  
 Of *Amphitrite* cuts the warlike Fleet,  
 Attended by a Troop of *Nereus's* daughters  
 (sweet Friends, and no less constant, then th'are sweet)  
 The *Captain* (thought-less of those devilish matters  
 Which in his Brain the subtle *Moors* doth knit)  
 Touching all *India*, and the Coasts they pass,  
 Informs himself by *Him* from first to last.

97.

But the *Moors* well instructed in deceit  
 (To whom his lesson spiteful *Bacchus* gave)  
 Prepares for Him, ere he to *India* get,  
 New Ills, either of *Thraldome*, or a *Grave*.  
 Giving accompt of *Indian* Harbours yet,  
 He shews him All that ever he did crave;  
 That (judging Truth what he in *that* confest)  
 The valiant People may not doubt the rest

And

98.

And then he tells him (with the same intent  
 With which false *Synon* witcht the men of *Troy*)  
 There is an *Isle*, not far from where they went,  
 Which ancient *Christians* from all times enjoy.  
 The *Captain* (who to all he told him lent  
 Attentive Eare) at *this* so sprang with joy,  
 That he conjur'd him with a golden spell  
 To guide him speedy where those *Christians* dwell.

99.

This very thing the trech'rous *Moors* design'd  
 Which the deluded *Christian* doth intreat,  
 Those, who posselt this *Isle*, being the blind  
 Disciples of the filthy *Mahomet*.  
 Here death, and certain Ruine, he shall finde  
 (As he believes) for a far more strong and great,  
 Then *Mozambique*, is this *Isle*, by name  
*Quiloa*: frequent in the mouth of *Fame*.

100.

To *It* the joyful *Fleet* he did incline.  
 But *Shee*, whose *Altars* in *Cythera* steam,  
 (Seeing him go astray from his right line,  
 To meet a death of which he doth not dream)  
 Permits not those in so remote a *Clyme*  
 To perish, whom *she* doth so much esteem:  
 And puts them, with contrary winds, besides  
 The *Place* to which the trayt'rous *Pilot* guides.

101.

Then the base *Moors*, when he did plainly finde  
 He could not work the Villany he meant;  
 Spawning another mischief in his minde,  
 And always constant to his black intent:  
 Tells him, that, since the waves are so unkinde  
 To put them by the *Port* to which they bent,  
 There lyes another *Island* hard before,  
 Where mixed live the *Christian*, and the *Moor*.

102.

Likewise in *this* the shameless Villain ly'de  
 (As his *Instructions* were in fine to do)  
 For not a *Christian-Soul* did there reside  
 But All of *Mahomet's* detested Crew.  
 The *Captain* (who in all believ'd his Guide)  
 Made a short *task* to bring his ships thereto:  
 But (his protecting *Angel* saying, nay)  
 Past not the *Bar*, and anchors in the *Bay*.

This

103.

This *Isle* lay to the *Continent* so neer  
 That a small *Chanel* onely ran between:  
 In front thereof a *City* did appeer  
 Upon the Margent of the *OCEAN* green:  
 Fair and Majestical the *Buildings* were,  
 At a far distance plainly to be seen:  
 Rul'd by an aged *King*. *MOMBASSA*, all  
 The *Isle*; the *Town* too they *MOMBASSA* call.

104.

And neer the same the *Captain* being come  
 Is much rejoyc't: *There* looking to behold  
 People, That had receiv'd their *Christendome*,  
 As the false *Pilot* promis'd him he should.  
 When loe, Boats coming from the *King*, with some  
*Provisions* to the *ships*! For *He* was tould  
 Of such a *Fleet* by *BACCHUS* long before  
 Taking the figure of another *More*.

105.

Such the *Provisions* were, as *Friends* send *Friends*,  
 But there is poyson hidden in the *Bait*.  
 Of *Enemies* their *thoughts* are and their *ends*,  
 As will be too much manifested straight.  
 "O the perpetual danger which attends  
 "The lot of *Mortals*! O uncertain *State*!  
 "That, where our trust seems to be anchor'd sure,  
 "We are not *safe*, although we are *secure*.

106.

"By *Sea*; how many *Storms*, how many *Harms*,  
 "Death in how many sev'ral fashions drest!  
 "By *Land*; how many *Frauds*, how many *Allarms*,  
 "Under how many *wants* sunk, and oppress'd!  
 "Where may a fraile *man* hide him? in what *Arms*  
 "May a short *life* enjoy a little *Rest*?  
 "Where *Sea*, and *Land*, where *Guile*, the *Sword*, and *Dearth*,  
 "Will not all arm 'gainst the least *worm* o'th *Earth*?

End of the first Canto.

Second

## Second Canto.

### STANZA. 1.

NOW was the glorious *Guilder* of the *Pole*,  
 Who into *hours* distinguishes the *DAY*,  
 Come to his temp'rate and desired *Gole*,  
 From *Mortals* hiding his *celestial* Ray;  
 And *GOD NOCTURNUS* to descending *SOL*  
 Of *THEBYS*'s private Chamber turn'd the *Kay*:  
 When to the *ships* the *faithless* People row'd  
 Which were new-anchor'd in *MOMBASSA*'s Road.

2.

Amongst them *One* (who had it in command  
 To *Sugar* o're the poyson) thus began.  
 Undaunted *Captain*, That with *Keel* hast span'd  
 The spaces of the briny *OCEAN*;  
 The noble *King* of this renowned *Land*  
 At thy arrival is an o'rejoy'd *Man*:  
 The sum and height of whose *Ambition* is,  
 But to behold and serve thee with what's his.

3.

And, for he longs indeed thy *Face* to see,  
 As *One's*, whose name *Fame* glories to repeat;  
 Within the *Barr*, without suspicion, *Thee*  
 With all thy *ships* to come; he doth intreat.  
 Also, because thy *Men* must wearied beee  
 Through so long *Toyle*, and so excessive great,  
 He says, thou maist refresh them on the shore  
 Which *humane* Nature doth delight in more.

4.

Moreover, if thou seek for *Merchandise*  
 Produc't by the Auriferous *LEVANT*;  
*Cloves*, *Cinnamon*, and other burning *Spyce*;  
 Or any good or salutiferous *Plant*;  
 Or, if thou seek bright *Stones* of endless price,  
 The flaming *Ruby*, and hard *Adamant*:  
 Hence thou may'st *All* in such abundance beare,  
 That thou may'st bound thy *wish* and *Voyage* Here.

The

5.

The *Captaine* by the Bearer did return  
His humble thanks unto the *King*, and said;  
Because the Sun already did adjourn  
His Royal pleasure was not streight obeyd:  
But at the first disclosing of the *Morn*,  
Whereby the *Anchors* might be safely weigh'd,  
With all assurance he would Enter, since  
He was oblig'd to more for such a *Prince*.

6.

He asks him afterward, if in the *Isle*  
Are *CHRISTIANS*, as the *Pilot* certify'de;  
The subtle *Messenger*, (who smelt the Wile)  
Most of the *Isle* believe in *CHRIST*, reply'de.  
With this, all jealousy he did exile,  
And wise suggestion of the soul decide  
In the strange *Captaine*; Resting now secure,  
In a false *Nation*, and a *Self* impure.

7.

Yet, out of such as (having been condemn'd  
For faults and horrid mischiefs done at home)  
Had their lives giv'n them onely to the end  
For desperate services with *Him* to come,  
Two of the prime and craftiest Heads, to send  
With the deceitful *MOORS*, he pick't: By whom  
To spy the Town, and what their strength might be,  
And note those *CHRISTIANS*, whom he yearns to see.

8.

And *He* by *them* sent presents to the *King*,  
Through which the Friendship to himself pretended  
Might be soft, pure, and without wavering,  
Nothing of which was by the *King* intended.  
Now was the wicked and perfidious *Ging*.  
Gone from the ships, and through the waves contended.  
The two of the *Armada*, with a fain'd  
Alacrity, on shore were entertain'd.

9.

And when they had delivered to the *King*  
The *Presents*, with the *message*, which they brought,  
They walkt the Town: But no discovering  
The half of what to have observ'd they thought:  
For the suspicious *Moors*, not every thing  
Would shew to them, which They to see besought.  
"Where *malice* reigns, there *Jealousie* doth nest,  
"Which doth suppose it in *Another's* Brest.

But

10.

But *He*, who hath perpetual *Youth*, and *Mirth*  
In his plump Cheeks, ruddy with *blood* and *wine*,  
And from two *mothers* took his wond'rous birth;  
Who for the *ships* spun all this snare so fine;  
Disguis'd into a Creature of the *Earth*,  
Was in a House within the *City's* line,  
Feigning himself a man of *Christian* lore,  
And deckt an *Altar* where he did adore.

11.

On *It*, the picture of that *Shape* he plac'd  
In which the *HOLY SPIRIT* did alight:  
The picture of the *Dove* (so white, so chaste)  
On the *BLEST VIRGIN's* head, so chaste, so white.  
The *SACRED TWELVE* fate figur'd all aghast,  
More wondring at *themselves*, then at the sight;  
As *Those*, who knew, what onely did inspire  
Their various *Tongues*, was those *faln TONGUES OF FIRE*.

12.

The two *Companions* (carried by design  
Where *BACCHUS* was in this deceitful guise)  
Their knees devoutly to the *Earth* incline,  
And raise their hearts to *Him* That's in the skies.  
Gums of the oderiferous and divine  
*PANCHAYA*; Gums, in which the *PHENIX* dyes,  
*LYEUS* burnt: from whence it doth insue,  
That the *false God* came to adore the *true*.

13.

Here entertained and carest that night,  
With all good Treatment, and Reception fair,  
Were the two *Christians*: heedless of the slight  
By which with *holy shew* deceiv'd they were.  
But when the *Sun* displayd his glorious light  
(Having dispatcht before him through the Ayre  
Old *TYTHON's* youthful Consort, to proclaim  
With *Blushes* to the world her *Gallant* came.)

14.

The *MOORS* return, who to the *City* went,  
With Orders from the *King* for entring There:  
With them, the Couple whom the *Captain* sent,  
To whom the *King* appear'd a Friend sincere.  
So that (assur'd there is no Evil meant  
To *PORTINGALLS*, which he should need to feare,  
And that *CHRIST* hath some *Sheep* amongst those *Wolues*)  
To enter the salt River he resolves.

E

His

15.

His own ENVOYERS say, they saw on shore  
Religious *Altars*, and a holy *Priest*;  
That they were nobly treated, and did snore  
Till fair AURORA left her rosie nest,  
Nor ought but joy, and wellcome more, and more,  
By *King*, or *People*, could they see exprest:  
So that to doubt a thing so fair, and cleer,  
No ground of reason did to them appeer.

16.

Therefore the noble GAMA did receive  
With open arms the MOORS That came aboard:  
For wariest minds 'tis easie to deceive  
When words and deeds so seemingly accord.  
His *Ship* is cram'd with faithless folk, who leave  
The Boats which brought them, ty'd to't with long Cord.  
Blithe they are *all*, as Those that understand  
They have the *Prey* as sure as in their hand.

17.

Weapons, and Ammunition of the War,  
They have on Land prepared secretly;  
That, when the *Ships* are anchor'd past the *Bar*,  
They may invade them, bold, and suddainly,  
And, by this treachery, resolv'd they are  
To ruine Those of LUSUS totally;  
Making them (unexpected) to pay, so,  
The score which they in MOZAMBIQUE owe.

18.

Hoyfting the holding *Anchors*, the ships Men  
In the accustom'd *Nautick* clamour joyn'd.  
To thrid the *Barr's Land-marke* they bord it then,  
Giving the *fore-sails* onely to the Wind.  
But fair DIONE (never absent, when  
The gallant Folk need her in any kind)  
Seeing so neer so cruel a surprize,  
From HEAV'N to th'OCEAN like an Arrow flies.

19.

She calls together NEREUS's snowy daughters,  
With all the azure Flock That haunts the *deeps*;  
(For, being born from the salt-Sea, the Waters  
In her obedience as their *Queen* she keeps)  
And, telling them the Cause that thither brought her,  
With all in Squadrons to that part she sweeps  
Where the *ships* are, to warn them come, *no nigh*,  
Or they shall perish fundamentally.

Now

20.

Now through the *Ocean* in great haste they flunder,  
Raifing the white foam with their silver Tayles.  
CLOTO with bosom breaks the waves in sunder,  
And, with more fury then of custom, sayles;  
NISE runs up an end, NERINE (younger)  
Leaps o're them, frizled with her touching Scales:  
The crooked *Billows* (yielding) make a lane  
For the feard NYMPHS to post it through the *Maine*.

21.

Upon a TRITON's back, with kindled Face,  
The beauteous ERICYNNA furious rode.  
He, to whose fortune fell so great a grace,  
Feels not the Rider, proud of his fair load.  
Now were they almost come upon the place  
Where a stiff gale the *warlike Navy* blow'd.  
Here they devide, and in an instant cast  
Themselves about the *Ships* advancing fast.

22.

The *Goddeffs*, with a party of the rest,  
Lays her self plum against the *Am'ral's Prow*,  
Stopping her progress with such main contest  
That the swoln sayl the Wind in vain doth blow.  
To the hard Oak she rivets her soft Brest,  
Forcing the strong *ship* back again to go.  
Others (beleaguering) lift it from the Wave,  
It from the *Bar* of *Enemies* to save.

23

As to their *Store-House* when the Housewife *Ants*,  
Carrying th' unequal Burthens plac't with flight  
To their small shoulders (lest cold *Winter's* wants  
Surprize them helpless) exercise their might;  
*This* tugs, *that* shoves, *one* runs, *another* pants;  
Strength far above their size, they *All* unite:  
So toyl the *Nymphs*, to snatch and to defend  
The men of LUSUS from a disinal end.

24.

The *ship* (inforced *contre*) goes back, back,  
In spite of those she carries, who with *Gries*  
Handle the Sayls. They fume, their wits they lack;  
From side to side the shifted *Rudder* flies.  
The skillful *Master* from the *Poop* doth crack  
His Lungs in vain, for in the Sea he spies  
A horrid Rock just just before the *ship*,  
Threatning a Wreck should she advance a step.

E 2

Here

25.

Here the rude saylors raise a *Cry* indeed,  
 As they are busie at their work. The *MORR*  
 This hideous clamour strikes with such a dread,  
 As when in horrid fight the *Cannons* roar.  
 From *them* the cause of all this fury's hid:  
 Nor whom t'approach know *They*, or what t'implore.  
 They think their *treacherie* is made appeer,  
 And that for *it* they must be punisht heer.

26.

Loe! in the twinckling of an Eye some dart  
 Themselves into their speedy Boats agin:  
 Others betake them to their swimming Art,  
 Making the Sea leap up as they plump in.  
 They vau't o're the ship-sides from ev'ry part,  
 So mainly are they frighted with the dyn:  
 Advent'ring rather to the *OCEAN*, so,  
 Then to the hands of a provoked *Foe*.

27.

As *Froggs* (in ancient Ages *Lycian-Folkes*,  
 Confin'd to live in *Water*, they deny'de)  
 If, basking heedless on the Banks, or Rocks,  
 Some *Person* on the suddain they have spy'de,  
 Skip back again, and fill the *Pond* with croakes,  
 Flying the danger which they have descride;  
 And (scaping to their *Sanctuary* known)  
 Shew above *Water* their black heads alone.

28.

So fly the *MOORS*. And so the *Pilot* (who  
 To this great peril had misl'd the *Ships*)  
 Thinking *his* Treason was discovered too,  
 Into the briny water, flying, skips.  
 But that fixt *Rock* to scape and to exchue,  
 Which the sweet life might drive out of their lipps,  
 The *Admiral* threw streight an anchor out;  
 And close to her the others likewise do't.

29.

Th'observing *GAMA*, seeing the great fright  
 And unexpected of the *MOORS*, withal  
 The *Pilot's* suddain and accusing flight,  
 Found what the bruitish Folke hatcht in their gall:  
 And seeing, how in spight of *wind*, in spight  
 Of *Tyde* (both with him) and in spight of all  
 Their *Art*, the *Ship* would not advancea head  
 (Holding it for a miracle) thus fed.

30.

O great, undreamt of, strange *deliverance*!  
 O *Miracle* most cleer and evident!  
 O *fraud* discover'd by blind *Ignorance*!  
 O faithless *Foes*, and *Men* devilishly bent!  
 "What *Care*, what *Wisdom*, is of suffiance  
 "The stroake of *Secret* mischief to prevent,  
 "Unless the *SOV'RAIGN GUARDIAN* from on high  
 "Supply the strength of frail *Humanity*?"

31.

Well into Us hath *PROVIDENCE* infus'd  
 What little safety in *these* Ports is known:  
 Well have we found how much we were abus'd  
 With *shows* of *Friendship*, and *Religion*.  
 But since to *humane* Prudence is refus'd  
 To pierce *intents*, and where such *masks* are on;  
 O thou (*GUARDIAN DIVINE*) to guard *Him* daigne,  
 Who without *Thee* doth guard *himselfe* in vain.

32.

And since *thy* heart is toucht with so great Ruth  
 For a poor People wandring on the Seas,  
 As of thy goodness (whence alone it doth  
 Proceed) to save us from such *Wolves* as these;  
 Unto some *Haven* now, where there is *Truth*,  
 Resolve to lead us for a little Bafe;  
 Or shew us to the long desired *Coast*,  
 If for thy honour we desire it most.

33.

These *pious* words the fair *DIONE* heard  
 And (to compassion being mov'd thereby)  
 Goes from among the *NYMPHS*, who sad appear'd  
 That they must loose so soon her company.  
 Now doth she pierce the *Stars*; now in the *third*  
*Sphere*, she is entertain'd: whence by and by  
 (Having repos'd her) she doth forward move  
 Towards the *Sixt*, where is her Father *Jove*.

34.

And (ruffled with her motion) *now* so fair,  
 So fresh, so gay, so lovely is her *looke*;  
 That *Starrs*, and *Heav'n*, and circumfused *Ayre*,  
 And *All* That see her are with passion took.  
 Her *Eyes* (the Nests of *CUPID* whom she bare)  
 Breath'd such quick *spirits*, and such *fire* they strook;  
 They burn the *World* again like *PHATON*,  
 And to the torrid turn the *frigid* Zone.

35.

And (to bewitch her *Sov'raign Sire* the more,  
 Whose *dearling* she was always, and his *joy*.)  
 She comes to *Jove*, as she had done of yore  
 In the *Idean Grove* to *Him* of *Troy*.  
 The *Huntsman* who the *Horns* (transformed) wore,  
 For seeing thus that other *GODDESS* coy;  
 Had he seen *this*, had ne're been torn asunder  
 By his own *dogs*: But di'de of *love*, and *wonder*.

36.

The golden *Tresses* on her *shoulders* fell,  
 Whose whiteness smuts the *Fleece* of *unfain Snow*:  
 Her *Breasts* (and those ev'n their own milk excel)  
 Playd with by unseen *CUPID*, trembling go:  
 Her *Cest's* white doth mounting flames expel,  
 Which, that *Boy* kindling, thole white *bellows* blow:  
 Of this fair *Pyle* the *Pillars* smooth, and round,  
*Desires*, like *Ivy*, have about them wound.

37.

Those parts, of which *Shame* is the natural *Screen*,  
 In a thin *Veile* of *Sarcenet* she doth fold;  
 Not wholly *shewd*, nor wholly left *unseen*,  
 Not *Prodigal*, nor *niggard*, of that *Gold*.  
 But this transparent *Curtain* draws between,  
 To double the desire, by being control'd.  
 Now *HEAV'N* is fill'd with *jealousie*, and *love*:  
*This* mov'd in *MARS*, in *VULCAN* that did move.

38

And then, discov'ring in her *Angels* face  
 A *Sadness* temper'd with a little smile,  
 Like some nice *Dame*, who by the rude embrace  
 Of heedless *Lover* got a bruise, or soyl;  
 She's *pleas'd* and *angry* in one instant space,  
 And one while *chides*, and *laughs* another while:  
 So spake the *GODDESS* who admits no *Peer*  
 Less *sad*, then *Minion*, to her *Father* deer.

39.

O *pow'rful Father*, I had always thought  
 That, for such things on which my heart were set,  
 Kinde I should finde thee, affable, and soft,  
 Though some *opposer* should the same regret.  
 But since I see, without neglect, or fault  
 Of mine, thy love is bated in the heat,  
 What remedy? let *BACCHUS* have his will:  
 In fine, *his* luck was *good*, and *mine* is *ill*.

40.

This *People* (who are *mine*, for whom I pore  
 These tears out, which I see in vain distill)  
 The more I *love*, I seem to *hate* the more;  
 Thou being resolv'd to break me of my will.  
 For *Them* I weep to thee, for *them* implore,  
 And 'gainst my *Fate* in fine am fighting still.  
 Well then, because I *love* them they re misus'd,  
 I *hate* them, then they will be better us'd.

41.

But let them dye by brutish *Peoples* hands;  
 For since I was — and heer with pearly drops  
 (As when the *morning's-dew* on *Roses* stands)  
 Making a salt *Parenthesis*, she stops:  
 As if her words obey'd not her commands,  
 Through melting pity of the mens mishaps.  
 Then (going to proceed where she gave o're)  
 The mighty *THUNDER* lets her say no more.

42.

And, mov'd by that dumb *Rhet'rick* (which would move  
 A *Tygers* flinty Breast) with the same *Face*  
 Of cheerfulness, with which he doth remove  
 The Clouds from that of *HEAV'N*, and *Tempests* chace,  
 He wipes her *Tears*, and (kindling with new love)  
 Kisses her *Cheek*, her vvhite *Neck* doth embrace.  
 Who, had he hated *PORTUGAL* before,  
 Would novv have lov'd it meerly on *her* score.

43.

And (pressing her *lov'd* face vvvith *his*) *SH* burst  
 Into fresh *Tears*, and faster then before:  
 As vvvhen, a child being beat by mother curst,  
 The more one moans it, it vvvill sob the more.  
 Novv, to allay this *Passion*, He is forc't  
 To tell her much vvvhich he till then forbore:  
 And, vvvith these vvords, out of the secret vvomb  
 Of pregnant *FATE*, rips many things to come.

44.

Fair *daughter* mine, fear no adversitie  
 Which to thy *LUSITANIANS* may betide;  
 Nor *Any*, to have greater povv're vvvith me  
 Then the sweet *Tears* vvvhich from these cleer *Springs* glide  
 For, let me tell thee (*daughter*) thou shalt see  
 Both *GREEKS* and *ROMANS* (so much magnify'de)  
 Forfeit their *ancient Honours* by the *New*  
*Acts*, vvvhich this *People* in the *East* shall do.



45.

For if the *Eloquent* ULYSSES fled,  
The SIRENS Song, and dire CALYPSO's spell;  
And if ANTENOR with his ship did thred  
Th' *Illyrian-Sleeve*, and reacht TIMAUS's Well;  
And if 'twixt SCYLLA, and CHARIBDIS dread,  
Pious ENEAS with his Navy fell:

How much worse dangers pass *Thine* daily over,  
Who, saying round the world, new worlds discover?

46.

Thou shalt see (*daughter*) Cities, and strong Ports,  
And lofty Walls, which *These* shall build, and found;  
Thou shalt see warlike TURKS, and *their* proud Forts,  
By *These* destroy'd and level'd with the ground:  
The INDIAN KINGS (secure in their free Courts)  
By a more potent KING Thou shalt see bound.

*He*, in conclusion holding *All* in awe,  
Unto that LAND shall give a better Law.

47.

This very *Man*, who *now*, through so much fright  
And misty Error, stumbles to the YND,  
Thou shalt see NEPTUNE tremble at his sight,  
Curling his waves without a breath of wind.  
O wonderful, nor seen by mortal Wight,  
The Winds lockt up, and yet a Storm to find:  
O valiant *People*, and for great things made,  
Who makes the ELEMENTS themselves afraide.

48.

That LAND, which *water* late to *Him* deny'de,  
Thou shalt behold it a commodious Port,  
Where in their way to rest them shall abide  
The Ships that (weary) from the WEST resort.  
All this wyl'd Coast in fine (which *now* hath try'de  
By wicked trechery to cut him short)  
Shall pay him *Tribute*; knowing they must down,  
If they withstand the LUSITANIAN CROWN.

49.

And Thou shalt see the ERYTHREAN, lose  
It's native red, and pale with Terror look:  
And see the potent Kingdom of ORMUS  
*Twice* taken, *twice* subdu'de unto their yolk:  
And see the furious MOOR stand in a Muze  
With his reverberated Arrows strook:  
That he may learn, if against *Thine* he fight;  
His Treacherie on his own pate shall light.

The

50.

The famous Fort of DIO Thou shalt see,  
Being twice besieg'd, thy People *twice* defend:  
*There* will their prowess manifested be,  
*There* will their name in Arms to HEAV'N extend,  
*There* will they bring great MARS under their Lee  
With deeds which, told, would set the Hayr on end.  
*There* will the falling MOOR blaspheming ban,  
And dam with his last breath the ALCORAN.

51.

Thou shalt see GOA taken from the MOOR,  
GOA, That by her loss at last shall gain;  
When, on the wings of Conquest made to soare,  
*Shee*, as the QUEEN OF ALL THE EAST shall reign.  
The stubborn GENTILES (who the Sun adore)  
High and triumphant *then*, she shall restrain  
With a rough Bitt, and *All* who in that LAND  
Against *thy* People dare to lift a Hand.

52.

Slenderly mann'd, and in poor order put;  
Thou shalt see held the Fort of CANANOWR;  
And shalt see won the City. CALICUT,  
In *People* infinite, boundless in pow'r;  
And in COCHIN shalt see such honor got  
By *one*, shall stand in battail like a Tow'r,  
That never *Lyre* a *Victor* did resound,  
Who so deserv'd to be with Lawrel crown'd.

53.

Never was so LEUCATE of a flame  
With shocking Fleets, when gilding with their Trim  
The *Asian* waves) Hence young OCTAVIUS came,  
Bringing *Italian* pow'rs along with *Him*;  
*Thence* ANTHONY (with a fresh *Victor's* name  
*Barbarians* from the ORIENT, from NYLE's brim,  
And from the farthest BACTRIA; and (the bane  
Of *All*!) th' *Egyptian Mistress* in the Traine.

54.

As thou shalt see the Sea, and neighb'ring Shores,  
Fire with *thy* Peoples Battails. Who, in bands  
Shall coupled lead IDOLATERS with Mores  
(Triumphing over many Tongues and Lands)  
And (GOLDEN CHERSONESUS's pretious stores  
To farthest CHINA conquer'd by their hands  
With the EAST's outmost Islands, in the end  
Make all the OCEAN to their TAGUS bend.

F

In

55.

In so much (daughter *mine*) that, at the rate  
 This *Nation's* valour passes humane bound,  
 The *WORLD* hath not to match them in debate,  
 From silver *GANGES*, to th'*HERCULEAN SOUND*;  
 Nor, from the *Northern Ocean*, to that *straight*  
 Which the *affranted LUSITANIAN* found;  
 Though all the ancient *HERO's* (deifide)  
 Should rise again to have the *mastry* try'de.

56.

This having said, his *consecrated Poast*  
 (The son of *MAY*) down to the *Earth* he sends,  
 To finde some peaceful *Port* upon that *Coast*  
 Where the *Armada* may repose with *Friends*.  
 And (lest the valiant *Captain* should be lost,  
 If longer time he at *MOMBASSA* spends)  
 He gives his *Legate* farther in command  
 To shew him in his sleep that friendly *Land*.

57.

Now swift *CYLLENIUS* cuts it through the *Ayre*:  
 Now to the *Earth* his winged feet declin'd.  
 Badge of his office, the *black Red* he bare:  
 This *HELL's* sad *Pris'ners* doth release, and *bind*:  
 This lays asleep the *Eye* oppress'd with *Care*:  
 Whisking with this he doth outstrip the *Wind*:  
 His *Hat of maintenance* upon his *Crown*:  
 And thus he comes into *MELINDE'S Town*.

58.

With him he carries *FAME*, that *she* may tell  
 The *Lusitanian* prowess, and rare parts:  
 "For an illustrious *Name* is a strange *Spell*."  
 "To attract *Love*, and good *Report* hath darts."  
 Thus he prepares their way with a sweet *smell*,  
 And takes up *lodgings* in the *Peoples* *bears*.  
 Now all *MELINDE* is on fire, to see  
 What kind of men these valiant souls should be.

59.

From *thence* he parteth to *MOMBASSA* straight,  
 Where, what to do, the *Ships* uncertain stand;  
 To bid them, without question or debate,  
 Leave that *Foes Harbour*, and suspected *Land*.  
 "For wicked *plottings* of *infernal* hate  
 "In vain are *Force* and *Courage* to withstand:  
 "In vain, to extricate our selves, is *Wit*,  
 "If *HAV'N* do not both *prompte*, and *second*, it."

Now

60.

Now fable *NIGHT* had finish'd half her *Race*,  
 And in the *Heav'n* the *Stars* with borrow'd light  
 Supply'd the *Moon's*, as *She* her *Brother's*, place;  
 And sleeping now was *Mortals* whole delight.  
 Th'illustrious *Captain* (who had all that space  
 Been kept awake about the last day's fright)  
 Gave then to his tyr'd *Eys* a little sleep:  
 The rest by *Quarters* did their *Watches* keep:

61:

When in a *Vision* he did *HERMES* see.  
 And fly (he bid him) *LUSITANIAN* fly  
 The *Ambush* of a *wicked King*, which *Hee*  
 Hath laid, to make thee yet obscurely dye:  
 Fly, for the wind and *Heav'n* Both favour Thee.  
 Thou hast the *Ocean* calm, serene the *skye*,  
 And not far of another *King*, to friend,  
 On whose reality thou mayst depend.

62.

Look for no better entertainment *here*,  
 Then what was giv'n by *THRACIAN DIOMED*;  
 Whose *Horfes* (us'd to bloody *Provendere*)  
 He with the *Bodies* of his *strangers* fed.  
 Th'infamous *Altars* of *BUSIRIS* (where  
 His *Guests* inhumane *humane* *offrings* bled)  
 Unless thou quit it, look for in this place:  
 Fly a perfidious and a cruel *Race*.

63

Steer straight alongst the *Coast*, and thou shalt light  
 Upon a *Country* where more *Truth* resides;  
 Close there, where burning *SOL* at constant height  
 The *night* and *day* with equal *line* divides.  
 Then shall a *King* receive with much delight  
 Thee, and thy *men*; and give to you (besides  
 Safety, and Treatment worthy of a *King*)  
 One, who the *Fleet* shall unto *INDIA* bring.

64.

Thus *HERMES*; and the *Captain* (parting) woke.  
 He, row'd out of his *Nest* in a great fright,  
 Perceives the circumfused darkness broke  
 With a shot *Ray* and *stream* of *divine light*.  
 And (seeing it imports *Him*, and his *Folke*,  
 From that infamous *LAND* to take their flight)  
 Commands the *Master*, with a spirit new,  
 To hoyst the *sayles* unto the *Wind* that blew.

F 2

36

65.

Set *sayl* (he cride) set *saille* to the large Wind:  
*Heav'n* is our Guide, and *God* our course directs.  
 These Eys saw the *Express*, he was so kind  
 To send from his high *Court* to guard our steps:  
 At this, the *Mariners* before, behind,  
 As with one motion spring upon the *Decks*.  
 They towed the *Anchors* in to the ship-side  
 With that rude strength which is the *Sea-mans* pride.

66.

The self-same time they did their *Anchors* weigh,  
 (Hid in the mask of night) the trech'rous *MORR*  
 Sawing their *Cables* huilt and silent lay,  
 So to destroy them being run ashore.  
 The *CHRISTIANS* (though there shone not the least Ray,  
 Yet) in their heads the Eyes of *Lynxes* wore.  
 The *other*, finding how they were awake,  
 With *Wings*, and not with *Oars*, away did make.

67.

But now did the sharp *Keels* go cutting through  
 The liquid *Element* of silver pure:  
 The *Wind* ('twas a *side-wind*) gently it blew  
 With motion calm, and steddily, and secure.  
 Discourfing, on their dangers past they chew  
 As they sayl on: for 'tis not easie sure.  
 To pass in silence a *deliverance*  
 So great, and brought about as 'twere by chance.

68.

The burning *Sun* had finisht *one* Career,  
 Began *another*, of his annual Race;  
 When, as far off as they could *ken*, appeer  
 Two *Vessels* creeping on the *Water's* face.  
 Knowing they must be *MOORS*, who coast it there,  
 Forthwith ours *veer* their *Sayles* to give *those* chace.  
*One* (as more nimble, or as frightened more)  
 To save her *People* ran *herself* ashore.

69.

Her *Fellow* (not so light to make away)  
 Into the hands of those of *Lusus* falls,  
 Without or *MARS* to board her; or, to play  
 On her bruiz'd sides black *VULCANS* horrid Balls:  
 For (she being weakly man'd, nor built for Fray)  
 At sight of his own Men the *Master* falls.  
 His *courage*, and his *sayles* (His wisest course)  
 Had he resisted, he had far'd the worse.

Then

70.

Then *GAMA* (who did this but to procure  
 A *Pilot* for the *INDIES* so long fought)  
 Amongst those *MOORS* thought to have found one sure,  
 But found he was deceived in that thought.  
 There's not a man of *them*, That can assure  
 Under what part 'tis of the *heav'nly* Vault.  
 This *All* can tell him; That *MELINDE's* nigh,  
 Where he may finde a *Pilot* certainly.

71.

The *goodness* of that *KING* the *MOORS* extol,  
 His *bounteous* nature, and his *Breast sincere*,  
 The *greatness* like the *goodness* of his *Soule*,  
 With other *paris*, which win him *love*, and *fear*.  
 The *Captain* easily believes the whole,  
 Concurring with that very *Charactere*.  
*HERMES* had given in his sleep before:  
 So goes, bid by the *dream*, and by the *MORR*.

72.

That gladfome season 'twas, in which returns  
 Into *EUROPA's* *Ravisher* the *Sun*;  
 Putting new lights in *both* his gilded Horns  
 Whilst *FLORA* pours out *AMALTHEA's* *one*.  
 And now that glorious *Planet* turn'd the *Morn's*  
 Red finger, to that *moving Feast*; whereon  
*HE*, who was *dead* the foul-sick world to heal,  
 To it's *Redemption* rose to put the *Seal*:

73.

When, to that distance from the which their Eys  
 Might reach *MELINDE*, the *Armada* came;  
 Adorn'd with *Tapistrie* triumphant-wife,  
 As that *day's holiness* it well became.  
 The *Standart* trembles, and the *Streamer* flies,  
 The *Scarlet-Waft-cloaths* at a distance flame,  
 The *Drums* and *Timbrels* sound. Thus they that *BAR*,  
 Like *CHRISTIANS* enter, and like *MEN OF WAR*.

74.

With *People* hid is the *Melindian* shore,  
 That come to see the joyful *Fleet*. More kind  
 Are *These*, more *humane*, and of *truth* have more,  
 Then *Those* of *all* the *Countreys* left behind.  
 The *Lusitanian Navy* drops, before,  
 The heavy *Anchors*, which fast rooting find.  
 One, of the *MOORS* they took, is sent on *Land*:  
 To let the *KING* their coming understand.

The

75.

The KING (who was already by report  
Of those of Lusus's gallantry possest)  
The Captain's so frank entrie in his Port  
Takes as a favour from so brave a Guest:  
And with true heart, and in most courteous fort  
(Both individual from a noble Brest)

Bids the man pray them much to come on Land,  
Where they shall have his Realms at their command.

76.

Th'offer as real is as it appears,  
The words full of unfeign'd Sinceritie,  
Which the KING sent the noble Cavaleers,  
Who had past so much Land, and so much Sea.  
He sends them more, Live-sheep aboard, fat Steers,  
And Poultry cram'd by Housewives industrie,  
With all such Fruit as then in season was:  
And the good will the Present did surpass.

77.

The well-pleas'd Moor, who with this Errand went,  
The Captain pleas'd receiv'd, with what he brought;  
And instantly another Present sent  
Unto the KING, far fetcht, and dearly bought:  
Illustrious Scarles (colour of content)  
Branch Coral fine, for Nobles greatly fought:  
Of double nature under water soft  
And velvet-horn'd, hard-pen'd when 'tis aloft.

78.

Sends more, one dext'rous in th' Arabick-Tongue,  
To treat a firm League with the ROYAL MOOR,  
Excusing him he did not leave his strong  
And lofty Ships, to kits his hand on shore.  
Unto the noble KING, led through a Throng  
Presents himself the fit Ambassadore;  
And with these words (which PALLAS herself dips  
In her own Nectar) disunites his lips.

79.

Most high and mighty King, to whom the pure  
And incorrupted JUSTICE from Above  
Gave, to restrain the rough and haughty MOOR;  
Nor more to force his Feare, then win his love:  
As to the strongest Port, and most secure  
Of all the EAST, Hither we flye, to prove  
What FAME reports, and find in It and Thee,  
A certain Port in our necessitie.

We

80.

We are not Men, who, spying a weak Town  
Or careless, as we pass along the shore;  
Murder the Folks, and burn the Houses down,  
To make a booty of their thirsted store:  
But (by a KING we have, of high renown,  
Sent from fair EUROPE, never to give o're  
Our compassing the World, till we have found  
The wealthy INDIA) thither are we bound.

81.

How stony yet some Race of People was!  
What barb'rous guise! what stile of a Man-Hater!  
To bar not their Ports onely (let that pass)  
But the cold Hospitalitie of Water!  
To whom have we done wrong? wherein (alas!)  
Have we discover'd such a savage nature,  
To make so many of so few afraid?  
That Traps and Pitfalls should for us be made.

82.

But Thou (O gracious KING) from whom, to have  
True dealing we are sure; and hope, we may  
That certain help too, which ALICIOUS gave  
Unto the wandring Prince of ITHAGA:  
To Thee secure we come, as boldly crave  
Of Thee, conducted by the Son of MAY:  
For, since JOVES Harbinger was ours; 'tis cleare,  
Thy Heart is large, is humane, is sincere.

83.

Nor think (O KING) our noble Chiefe declin'd  
Coming, to see and serve thee personally,  
For any thing he scrupled of unkind;  
Or hollow dealing possible in Thee:  
But the true reason, why he stayd behind,  
Was, that in all he might obedient be  
Unto his KING; who gave him this command  
In Port, or Roade, never to go on Land.

84.

And, because subjects are the self-same Thing  
With Members governed by the Head, or Crown;  
Thou, bearing here the Office of a KING,  
Wouldst not that Any disobey'd his own.  
But, he doth promise an acknowledging  
Of thy great Grace and favours now bestown,  
With all That can by Him and His be done,  
So long as Rivers to the Sea shall run.

Thus

85.

Thus He *harangu'd*: And, with one Voice, the whole  
*Presence* (comparing notes there where they stand)  
 The matchless courage of the *men* extol,  
 Who traverse so much *Sea* and so much *Land*.  
 But the wise KING (revolving in *his* Soul  
 The PORTINGALLS's obedience to command)  
 In Scales of *wonder* and of *rev'rence* weigh'd  
 A KING, who so far off could be obey'd.

86.

Then answers (gracious) with a Brow serene  
 Th *Ambassadour*, to whom inclin'd he seem'd.  
 Wipe all suspicion from your Bosoms cleane;  
 Let no cold Fear be harbour'd there, or teem'd:  
 For such your *worths* are, and your *deeds* have been,  
 To make you over all the *world* esteem'd.  
 And *They* who injur'd *you*, We will be bold,  
 Know not what price *Vertue* and *Honor* hold.

87.

That all your People do not come on shore  
 Observing the respect due to our *Port*,  
 Though in our *own* regard it grieve us fore,  
 Yet our esteem of *them* is greater for't.  
 For if *your Rules* permit it not, no more  
 Shall *we* permit, that (onely to comport  
 With *our desires*) such *loyal* excellence  
 Should lose it self, or suffer Violence.

88.

But when to morrows light shall come, to *greet*  
 And *shew*, the *WORLD*; with our own Barges, *Wee*  
 Shall go in person to the warlike *Fleets*,  
 Which we so many days have long'd to see.  
 And if it need any convenience meet,  
 Through shatt'ring storms, and keeping long at *Sea*,  
 A *Pilot* it may have, and *Vicinals* here,  
 And *Ammunition*, with intention cleere.

89.

This was his language, And LATONA's Boy  
 Into the *Ocean* div'd. The *Messenger*  
 (Returning with this *Embassie* of joy)  
 To the *Armada* rows with merry cheer.  
 Out of all Breasts is bawisht black Annoy,  
 Seeing the proper remedie is here  
 To find the *Land* whereof they say in quest:  
 So all that night they keep a double *Feast*.

There

90.

There wants not *there* the *artificial star*  
 Like trembling *Comet* (nor less cause of wonder)  
 The *Gunners* do *their Part*, making the *Ayre*,  
*Water*, and *Earth*, resound with *Mortalls's* Thunder.  
 The CYCLOPPS (practising for t'other War  
 On JOVE) with *Bullets* rend the *Clouds* in sunder.  
*others* on lofty *Cornets* (singing) playd:  
 And *These* with *Musick* did the SPHEARES invade.

91.

They answer from the *shore* at the same time  
 With *Squibs* that crack amongst the Rout: In gyres  
 The whizzing *Vapours* up to HEAVEN climb:  
 Th'imprison'd Powder with a bounce expires:  
*Heaven's* brazen Vault echoes the Voyces's chyme:  
 The *sea's* cleer Glafs reflects the joyful fires:  
 The *Earth* is not behind them. In this sort  
 Both sport in earnest, and Both fight in sport.

92.

But *now* the restless *Heav'n*, wheeling about,  
 To their day-labours mortals doth incite;  
 And MEMNON's mother (fair APOLLO's scout)  
 Sets bounds to sleep by her arriving light;  
 With her approach dull shadows, Put to rout,  
 In a cold sweat upon the Flowers light;  
 When the MELINDIAN KING (embarqued) plide  
 To see the *Ships* That in his Harbour ride.

93

The shores are crown'd with people (of a fire  
 To be *Spectators onely* of the *show*)  
 The *Scarlet* Coates flame with the *dye* of TYRE:  
 The glossie *Silks* with all *May's* flow'rs do blow:  
 Instead of *Arrows* (part of *Warr's* Attire)  
 And of the horn'd *Moon*-imitating *Bow*;  
*Palm* in their *hands*, in sign of *Peace*, they bear:  
 Which on their *Heads* victorious HEROES wear.

94.

In a *Canoe* (which was both long and broad,  
 And glissend in the Sun with *Cov'rings*, made  
 Of mixed *Silks*) MELINDE'S KING is row'd:  
 Wayted by *Princes* mongst their own obay'd.  
 In rich *Attire* (according to the *mode*  
 And custom of that Land) he comes arayd.  
 Upon his Head he weares a *Terbant*, roll'd,  
 Of *silk* and *Cotton*, with a CROWN of gold.

G

A

95.

A *Roabe*, of *Scarlet-damask*, (high-extold  
By Them, and worth the wearing of a KING)  
About his *Neck* a *Collar* of pure *gold*:  
The *work* worth twice the substance of the Thing.  
A *Velvet* sheath a *dagger* keen did hold,  
With *Diamond-hilt*, hang'd by a *golden* string.  
*Sandals* of *Velvet* on his *Feet* he wore,  
With *gold* and *pearl* imbroydred richly o're.

96.

O're *Him* a round *Silk-Canopy* he had  
Advanc't aloft upon a *gilded Pole*,  
With which a *Boy* behind to *burn* forbade  
Or trouble the Great KING, the beams of *SOL*.  
*Musick* ith' *Prow*, so *merry* that 'twas *mad*,  
Grating the *Eare* with a harsh noise. The whole  
*Consort*, is onely crooked *Horns*, wreath'd round,  
Which keep no time, but make a dismal sound.

97.

No less adorn'd, the *Lusitanian*  
From the *Armada* in his *Boats* doth dance,  
To meet *Him* of *Melinda* with a *Train*  
Whom much their *cloaths*, but more their *deeds* advance:  
*GAMA* comes clad after the use of *Spain*,  
But wears a *Cassock ala mode de France*:  
The *Stuff*, a *Florence-Satin*, and the *dye*,  
A perfect *Crimson*, glorious in their *Eye*.

98.

The *Sleeves* have *golden Loops*, which the *Sun-shine*  
Makes too too bright and slippery for the *Eyes*:  
His close *Camp-Trowzes* lac't with the *same myne*,  
Which *Fortune* to so many men denies:  
*Poynts* likewise of the *same*, and *Tagging* fine,  
With which his *Doublet* to his *Hose* he ties.  
A *Sword* of massive *Gold*, in *Hanger* tyde:  
A *Cap* and *Plume*, the *Cap* set a *too* side.

99.

Mong't his *Camrades*, the noble *Tyrian dye*  
(Not *liv'ry-wise*, but) sparcl'd here, and there,  
The several *Colours* recreate the *Eye*:  
So do the different *Fashions* which they wear.  
Such their inamel'd *Cloathes* Varletie  
(Compriz'd in one survey) as doth appear  
The painted *Bow*, in *water-colours* laid,  
Of *Junos* Minion, the *Thaumastian* Mayd.

The

100.

The ratling *Trumpets*, now, their joy augment  
As, other times, they had their courage done.  
The *Moorish* Boats cover'd the *Sea*, and went  
Sweeping the *Water* with their silks Anon.  
The *Clouds* of *HEAVN* the thund'ring *Cannon* rent,  
And with new *Clouds* of *Smoak* put out the *Sun*.  
Before the *Blow* the winged lightning flies:  
The *MOORS*'s hands stop their *Eares*, the lids their *Eyes*.

101.

Into the *Captain's* Boate the KING doth come  
(Folding him in his Arms) And He agin  
With such respect and rev'rence, as become,  
Doth both receive, and speak unto, the KING.  
A while with wonder and Amazement, dumb,  
The *MOOR* on *GAMA* stands considering,  
As He That highly doth esteem the Man  
Who came so far to seek the *Indian* Stran.

102.

Then makes him a large proffer, of what're  
To do him good his *Kingdom* can afford;  
And that he freely would demand it there  
As his own goods, if ought he lackt aboard.  
Adds, though till now he saw the *Lusians* ne're  
Yet he from *FAME* had heard much of their *Sword*:  
And how, in other *Parts* of *AFRICA*,  
They have had wars with People of his way.

103.

And how through all that spacious *LAND* resown  
The glorious *Actions* of that *NATION*,  
When they therein did gain that *Kingdom's Crown*,  
Where the *Hesperides* of old did won.  
And most of That, which to the KING was known  
(Although the least the *Portingalls* had done)  
He spread out thin in words, and magnifide:  
But to the KING de *GAMA* thus reply'de.

104.

O great and gracious KING, who dost (alone)  
The *Lusitanian* People's sad estate,  
(By *NEPTUNE's* rage, and adverse *Fortune*, thrown  
Into so many streights) Commiserate:  
The KING OF *KINGS* (who, from th'eternal *Throne*,  
Turning *HEAVN* round, did the round *Earth* create,  
Since *Mercy* is his chiefest Attribute)  
Reward thee for it, for *We* cannot do't.

G 2

Then

105.

Thou onely, of all Those *APOLLO* blacks,  
 In peace receiv'st us from the Ocean vast:  
 In *Thee*, from peril of *Eolian* Wracks,  
 We find a *Refuge* kind, sincere, and fast.  
 Whilst the *Sun* lights, whilst *Night* his presence lacks,  
 In *HAVEN*'s blew *Mcade* whilst *Stars* take their repast,  
 Where'er I go, in either *Hemisphere*,  
 Thy *Name*, and *Praises*, shall be founded there.

106.

This humbly said, towards the *Fleet* they row,  
 (The *KING* requesting that he *now* may see'r).  
*Ship* after *Ship* about it round they go:  
 That he of *All* may note *all* he thinks meet.  
 Lame *VULCAN* walks on *Lynstocks* to and fro,  
 With which the *Guns* salute him from the *Fleet*.  
 The *Trumpets* play unto him in shrill notes:  
 The *MOORS* with *Cornets* answer from the *Boates*.

107.

But when the gen'rous King had ceast to Noate  
 All That he would, nor heard with little wonder  
 Th'unusual *Instrument* with the wide Throate  
 That speaks so big, and tears the Clouds in sunder;  
 He bids them (in the *Sea* anch'ring the *Boate*)  
 Suspend their *Oars*, as they had done their *thunder*:  
 That he may know at large of brave *DE GAME*  
 Those things, which *lightly* he had heard from *FAME*.

108.

The *MOOR* doth into sev'ral questions run,  
 With *gust* inquiring, sometimes of the great  
 And famous *Wars* between our *NATION*,  
 And *Those* who do believe in *MAHOMET*.  
 Now of the *LAND* we dwell in, which the *Sun*  
 Bids last *good night*, when he makes hast to set;  
 Now, of the *NATIONS* which therewith confine;  
 Now of his ploughing through the *Gulphs* of *Brine*.

109.

But rather, valiant *Captain* (quoth the *KING*)  
 Make us a full and orderly *narration*  
 Under what *Part* of the *CELESTIAL RING*,  
 Under what *Clyme* ye have your *Habitation*;  
 Also your ancient *Generation's* spring,  
 And, of a *REALM* so potent the *Foundation*;  
 With the successes of your *Wars*: For (though  
 I know them not) that they were vast I know.

Tell

110

Tell us besides, of all that tedious *maze*  
 Through which thou hast been tost with angry flaws  
 On the salt *Seas*, observing the strange ways  
 Of our rude *AFRICK*, and the *barb'rous* Laws.  
 Tell, For the *Horse* of the new *Sun*, the *DAY*'s  
 Imbroydered *Coasts* with golden *traces* draws,  
*Posillion'd* by the *MORN*: The *Wind's* asleep,  
 And the curst *Billowes* couch upon the *DEEP*.

111.

And if the *Winds* and *Seas* are hush'd, to hear  
 The *story* thou shalt tell: no less are *Wee*.  
 Who would not lend your *Acts* a greedy Eare?  
 Who hath not heard of *Lusus's* Progenie?  
 So *L* (who the Brain of *mandoth* purge and cleer)  
 Drives not his *Coach* thus nigh us as you see,  
 To have *MELINDIAN* thought so dull a Breed,  
 As not to value an *Heroick* deed.

112.

A daring War the haughty *GYANTS* made  
 Upon *OLYMPUS* permanent and pure:  
 Rash *THESEUS*, and *PERITHOUS*, did invade  
 Grim *PLUTO*'s Kingdom horrid and obscure,  
 If such *high Boys* as these the world hath had,  
 'Tis not less hard, nor will less *Fame* procure,  
 Then the attempting *HEAV'N* and *Hell* by *Them*,  
 That *others* should attempt the *Watry* Ream.

113.

*DIANA*'s Temple built by *TESIPHON*  
 (Rare *Architeſt*!) *HOROSTRATUS* burnt down:  
 To be talkt of, though for a *Thing* ill done,  
 And *dye* defam'd, rather than *live unknown*.  
 If on so false, and vile *Foundation*,  
 The sweet desire deceives us of *Renown*;  
 How much more lawful is't to seek a name  
 By deeds deserving everlasting *FAME*!

End of the second Canto.

Third

## Third Canto.

## STANZA I.

Now what illustrious GAMA, neer the *Line*,  
Inform'd that KING, report CALIOPPE:  
Breathe an immortal *Song*, and *voice* divine,  
Into this mortal *Breast*, that's big with *Thee*:  
So, never the great God of *Medicine*,  
(To whom thou ORPHEUS bar'st) love CLYCIE,  
Court DAPHNE more, or call LEUCOTHOE Friend,  
Since *Thou* in Beauty doest them *All* transcend.

2.

Thou, *Nymph*, promote my pious just desire  
To pay my Country what to *It* I owe;  
That the whole *world* may listen, and admire  
To see from *Tagus* AGANIPPE flowe.  
Leave PINDUS's flow'rs: For (Loe!) the *Muses*'s Sire  
Bathes me in *Sacred* dew from top to toe.  
If not, I swear thou hast some jealousy  
ORPHEUS (thy joy) should be eclips'd by me.

3.

To hear the noble GAMA, In a *King*  
Gather'd was all th'attentive *Companie*;  
When (having sat a while considering)  
Raising his manly *Visage*, thus said *He*.  
Thou doest command me to unfold (O KING)  
My noble *NATION's* genealogie:  
Thou bid'st me not to tell a *foreign story*,  
But of my *own* thou bid'st me tell the glory.

4.

Upon *Another's* Prayses to dilate  
Is usual, and that which Friends doth raise:  
But of *One's own* the Prayses to relate,  
Will prove (I fear me) a suspected praise.  
Besides, to praise *ours* to the worth, the date  
Would first expire of six the longest days.  
But (to serve *Thee*) a double fault I'll do:  
I'll praise my own, and crop their praises too.

Yet

5.

Yet what in fine doth animate me, is,  
I'm sure of *Lying* I shall run no danger:  
For of such *deeds* say what I can, I wis  
I shall leave more to th'utterance of a stranger.  
But (to pursue that *method* in all this  
Thy self prescrib'd, nor seem in all a Ranger)  
First, of the *Territory* large I'll tell;  
Then, of the bloody *Battles* that befell.

6

Between the *Zone* where *Cancer* bends his clutch  
(To the bright *Sun* a Bound *Septentrional*)  
And that which for the *Cold* is shun'd as much,  
As for the *Heate* the middle *Zone* of all,  
Proud EUROPE lyes: whose *North*, and parts which touch  
Upon the *Occident*, have for their Wall  
The *OCEAN*; and, with unreturning Waves,  
Her *South*, the *SEA-MEDITERRANEAN* laves.

7.

Upon the *East* she neighbours *ASIA*:  
But that *cold River* with the *doubling* stream  
(Which from *Riphean Mountains* plough his way  
To the *Meotick Lake*) divideth Them:  
So doth that furious and that horrid *Sea*  
Which with their *Fleet* th'incens'd *GREEKS* did steme;  
From whence the *Sayler* now with his *mind's* eye  
Sees the name onely of once glorious *TROY*.

8.

Where she is most beneath the *Artick Pole*  
The *Hyperborean Mountains* she doth see;  
And *thence*, where *EOL* reigns without controule,  
Owing to blustering their *Nobility*.  
The *Sun*, That spreads his lustre through the *Whole*,  
His rays have *here* such imbecility,  
That a deep snow is *still* upon the *Mountains*,  
The *Sea* *still* frozen, frozen *still* the *Fountains*.

9.

Here *SCYTHS*, and *TARTARS*, in great numbers, live;  
Who were ingag'd in a sharp *war* of old,  
About their *Pedigrees* prerogative,  
With those who *then* th'*EGYPTIAN-LAND* did hold.  
But, where the justice of the *Cause* to give  
Being hard by erring *Mortals* to be told,  
To get more certain information, look  
In the *Clay-Office* from which *Man* was took.

In



10.

In that far *Nook* (to name of many some)  
Are the cold *LAPLAND*; *NORWAY* comfortless;  
*SCANDIA* that triumpht o're triumphant *ROME*  
(Which her proud ruines to this day confests).  
*Here*, whilst the waters are not stiffe, and numb,  
With *Winters* Ice glazing the *BALTICK-SEAS*,  
That *Arm* of the *SARMATICK OCEANE*  
Sayles the brave *Swede*, the *Prussian*, and the *Dane*.

11.

Betwixt *this* Sea, and *TANAIS*, live strange *Nations*:  
*RUTHENI*, frozen *MUSCOVITES*, *LIVONIANS*,  
That were in former Ages the *SARMATIANS*,  
And, in th'*HERCINIAN FOREST*, the *POLONIANS*.  
Held of the *GERMAN EMPIRE* are *ALSATIANS*,  
*SAXONS*, *BOHEMIANS*, *HUNGARS*, or *PANNONIANS*:  
With divers *other*, whom the *RHINE'S* cold waves,  
The *ELVE*, the *MOZELL*, and the *DANOW* laves.

12.

'Twixt wandring *ISTER*, and that *NARROW-SEA*  
Where, with her life, fair *HELLE* left her *name*,  
The warlike *THRACIANS* dwell: who lay a plea  
To *MARS* his Sword, as from whose loyns they came.  
*Here* *HÆMUS*, and *ORPHEAN RHODOPE*,  
Obey the *OTTOMAN*; and (to the shame  
Of Christendom) *BYSANTIUM'S* noble Seat,  
A proud affront to *CONSTANTINE THE GREAT*.

13.

The next in order *MACEDONIA* stands,  
Bath'd with the *Ælian* (now *LEPANTO'S*) Sea:  
And likewise *you*, O admirable *LANDS*,  
Where *Wit*, and *Manners*, were in high degree;  
Which bred those solid *Heads*, and valiant *Hands*,  
Those streams of *Eloquence*, and *Poetrie*,  
With which *Thou* (famous *GREECE*) unto the skies  
As well by *Letters*, as by *Arms* didst rise.

14.

*DALMATIANS* follow *Them*: and, in that Bay  
*ANTENOR* chose for his new *City's* Syte,  
*VENICE* (like *VENUS*) rises from the *Sea*;  
From low beginnings swoln to that proud hight.  
That *Sea*, an *Arm* of *Land* doth over lay,  
Which the whole *WORLD* subjected by its might.  
That *Arm* (no less then *GREECE*) to *HEAVEN* foard  
With the two *wings* of *LEARNING*, and *THE SWORD*.  
Tis

15.

'Tis wall'd by *nature*, part, where it doth joyn  
Unto the *ALPS* thick shoulders: *NEPTUNE* barrs  
The rest with his salt waves: The *APPENINE*  
Cuts ith'middle: where your *LYBIAN MARS*  
Wan him such Fame. But *now*, since the *divine*  
*Porter* hath got it (impotent in *Wars*)  
'Tis stript of the vast pow'r it had before:  
"So much is *GOD* delighted with the *poor*.

16.

Pass we from thence to *FRANCE*, so much of old  
With *CÆSAR'S* triumphs through the *World* renownd.  
'Tis water'd with the *ROYAL SEYN*, the *cold*  
*GARON*, the pleasant *LOIRE*, the *RHINE* profound.  
*Now* those high *Mountains* in the clouds behold  
Which still the lost *PYRENE'S* name resound:  
From which, being fir'd (as ancient *Books* have told)  
Rivers ran down of *Silver*, and of *Gold*.

17.

Loe! here displays it self illustrious *SPAIN*,  
As *Head* there of all *EUROPE*: In whose strange  
Successes of their *Wars*, and ways of *raign*,  
*FATE'S* wheel gave many a *turn*, wrought many a *change*.  
But never *Force*, or *Fraud*, shall fix a stain  
(Through *Fortune's* humor always giv'n to range)  
But *SPAIN* will finde a time to wipe it out,  
And make her blasted *honors* freshly sprout.

18.

She faces *TINGITANIA*: and There  
(As if to make the *Mid-land Sea* an *Isle*)  
The well-known *STREIGHTS* to close their jaws appear  
Innobled with the *THEBAN'S* latest *Toyle*.  
With different *Nations* she her head doth reare  
(*Sea-girt* three sides, the fourth with *Hilly Pyle*)  
Of such Nobility and Valour *All*,  
That *each* pretends to be the *principal*.

19.

She has the *ARRAGONIAN*, so renown'd  
For conqu'ring twice stubborn *PARTHENOPE*:  
Those of *NAVAR*: *ASTURIANS*, who did bound  
The *MOORS*, broke in upon us like a *Sea*.  
She has the shrewd *GALLEGO*, many-crown'd  
*CASTILIAN*, whom his *Star* reserv'd to be  
*SPAIN'S* great *Restorer* and her *Lord*: *SEVILIA*,  
*GRANADA*, *LEON*, *MURCIA*, with *CASTILIA*.  
H The

20.

The LUSITANIAN KINGDOM here survey,  
 Plac't as the *Crown* upon fair EUROPE's Head:  
 Where (the *Land* finishing) begins the *Sea*,  
 And whence the *Sun* steps to his watry Bed.  
 This, first in *Arms* (by gracious HEAV'N's decree)  
 Against the filthy MAURITANIAN sped:  
 Throwing him out of *Her* to his old Nest  
 In burning AFFRICK; nor there let him rest.

21.

That, That, the loved EARTH where I was born!  
 To which if kinder HEAV'N do so dispose  
 That I (this *Task* perform'd) alivereturn:  
 With *It*, my dying Eyes, there let me close.  
 From LYSUS (which the *Latines* LUSUS turn)  
 Old BACCHUS's Gamrade, or (as some suppose)  
 His Son, was LUSITANIA's name deriv'd,  
 When in that Countrey his *Plantation* thriv'd,

22.

Here was that *Shepherd* born, who in his *Name*  
 (As well as in his *Actions*) did write MAN:  
 Whom none must hope to equal in his *Fame*  
 Since that of ROMB he to eclipse began.  
 This *Spot*, through shuffling of light *Fortune's* Game,  
 TIME (who devours his *children*) saw, Anan,  
 On the WORLD's Theater a great *Part* play  
 Rays'd to a *Kingdom*: and it was this way.

23.

There was in SPAIN a King (ALPHONSO hight)  
 Who made so close a War upon the MORE,  
 That (what with *policy*, and what with *might*)  
 Many he flew, and many a Town he bore.  
 This KING's sublime *Renown* taking her flight  
 From *Streights* Herculean to the *Caspian* Share,  
*Diverse* (affecting an *immortal name*)  
 To Him and *Death* to offer themselves came.

24.

Others (more fir'd with an *intrinsic* love  
 Of *Christian Faith*, then Honour *popular*)  
 Flock from all Corners: willing to remove  
 Both from sweet *Countrey*, and from private *Lar*.  
 But, when their names, by *Actions* rais'd above  
 The vulgar pitch, they ALL advanc't in War;  
 The fam'd ALPHONSO, for such gallant deeds,  
 Would have them reap proportionable meeds.

Amongst

25.

Amongst These HENRY (saith the History)  
 A younger son of FRANCE, and a brave Prince,  
 Had PORTUGAL in lot, in the *World's* eye  
 Not then so glorious, nor so large, as *since*.  
 And the same KING did his own daughter tye  
 To Him in Wedlock, to infer from thence  
 His firmer love: as giving, in her hand,  
 The *Livery* and *Seisin* of that LAND.

26.

He (when against the *Off-spring* of the Hand-  
 Maid HAGAR mighty Conquests he had won,  
 Gaining in much of the adjacent LAND,  
 And doing what was comely to be done) did he  
 Obtains from Him, who doth high Heav'n command  
 In a short time (to guerdon All) a Son:  
 Who (adding to his *Father's* worth, his *owne*)  
 Shall first erect the LUSITANIAN THRONE.

27.

HENRY was now come from the HOLY LAND,  
 And Conquest of enslav'd JERUSALEM;  
 Having seen consecrated JORDAN's Strand,  
 That saw the flesh of GOD bath'd in his stream;  
 For, GODFREY finding nothing could withstand  
 After IUDEA was subdu'd by Him,  
 Many, who in that War had giv'n him Aid,  
 Their wisht return to their *Dominions* made:

28.

When, come to the last *Exit* of his Age  
 The famous FRENCH-MAN (to a wonder brave)  
 Pull'd by DEATH's hand down from this mortal Stage,  
 His *Spirit*, unto Him, that gave it, gave.  
 His Son remain'd in tender *upillage*,  
 True Copy of his *Sire* that's in the Grave:  
 Then whom more excellent the world had none,  
 For such a *Father* must have such a *Son*.

29.

But old Report (how true I cannot say:  
 For things so distant with much night are spread)  
 Tells, how the *Mother*, taking all the way,  
 Scorn'd not to stoop unto a second Bed:  
 And, for herself an *After-Game* to play,  
 Her *Fatherless-Son* disinherited:  
 Claiming for *Hers* the Land, and *Princely* Pow're,  
 As giv'n her by her *Father* for a dow're.

H 2

Then

30.

Then young ALPHONSO (so the *Prince* they call,  
Inheriting his *Grandfire* in his Name)  
Despairing by fair means of PORTUGALL,  
For that the *Mother*, and her *Groom*, the same  
Usurp, and mean from *Him* to give it All:  
(His bosom boyling with a *Martial* flame)  
By force to seize it in his mind revolves,  
As briskly executes what he resolves.

31.

The blushing Plains of ARADUCA groan,  
With *one-same* blood of *War intestine* dide;  
In which the *Mother* (whose *deeds* spake her *none*)  
The *Son* her *love*, and his own LAND deny'de:  
Now stands against him in *battalion*,  
And cannot see (being blinded with her pride)  
How much she sins 'gainst HEAV'N, and *natural Love*:  
But in her Breast the *sensual* swims above.

32.

O Witch MEDBA! PROGNE, with blood-stain!  
If for their *Fathers*, not their *own* misdeeds,  
By *you* your *children* in Revenge were slain,  
Behold, TERESA'S *Sin* ev'n *yours* exceeds!  
*Incontinence*, the sacred Thirst of *Raign*,  
These are the Causes whence her Crime proceeds.  
SCYLLA her aged *Father* slew through *one*:  
Through *Both* TERESA goes against her *Son*.

33

But the brave *Prince* a perfect conquest had  
O're an *ill mother*, and a *Father-in-Law*.  
Forthwith, the *Victor*, all the LAND obey'd  
That did before their swords against him draw.  
Then (by his *Wrath* his *judgement* overway'd)  
Fast laid in *Irons* he his *Mother* saw:  
Which GOD's avenging Hand did soon pursue.  
"Such *Reverence* is to *all Parents* due.

34.

Loe! proud CASTEEL unites her Forces all  
(To be reveng'd for sad TERESA'S wrong)  
Against the few-in-People PORTINGALL:  
But, though his *Troops* be *weake*, his *Heart* is strong.  
His mortal Head with Shield *Angelical*.  
Hid in the day of *Battail* from a throng  
Of falling darts, not onely firm he stands  
Their shock, but routs the formidable Bands.

Yet,

35.

Yet, not long after, was this valiant *Prince*  
In the same ARADUCA (his chief Nest)  
Blockt up with a vast Army, to which, since  
Their late defeat, the angered *Foes* increast.  
But by his faithful *Tutor* EGAS, thence  
(Offering himself to death) he was releast.  
Else (of all needful matter ill bested)  
He in that streight had surely perished.

36

But the best *Servant* ever *Master* found,  
Seeing his *Prince* can no resistance make,  
That he should hold of *Him* the Countrey round  
To the CASTILIAN KING did undertake.  
He (having honest EGAS MONIZ bound)  
The dreadful siege did presently forsake.  
But the *Illustrious youth* cannot afford  
To pay low *Homage* to another *Lord*.

37.

The time prefixed was arrived now  
When the CASTILIAN MONARCH made account  
To do him homage that the *Prince* would bow  
As to his *Founder*, and *Lord Paramount*.  
EGAS (who knew *that* would not be, and how  
Because of *Him* CASTEEL rely'de upon't)  
Resolves his broken promise, at the rate  
Of his sweet life's expence to expiate.

38.

And, with his *children*, and dear *Wife*, he went  
T' unpawn and to redeem his morgag'd Faith,  
Barefoot and bareleg'd, and with eyes so bent  
To th'Earth, as would move pity more then wrath.  
If my rash *confidence* thou have intent  
To scourge as it deserves (O KING) he faith;  
Loe, here I bring thee of mine own accord  
A *life*, in lieu of ill-accomplish'd word!

39.

Loe here (to piece out *mine*) the innocent  
Lives, of my *Wife* and *Babes*, before thy Eyes!  
If *Bosoms* generous and excellent  
Accept so frail and dire a *Sacrifice*.  
Loe here the guilty *Hands*, and *Tongue*! invent  
All sorts of *pains* and *deaths* to exercise  
On *These*: such as may prove fierce *Scenks* dull  
In mischief, and out-roare *PERILUS's Bull*.

Just

40.

Just as before the *Heads-man* one condemn'd,  
 Who doth in *life* his *death* anticipate,  
 And now upon the *Block* his Neck extend,  
 For the fear'd stroak which must dispatch him straight:  
 So *E G A S* look't, expecting the worst end  
 Could be pronounc't by *K I N G*'s deserved Hate.  
 But the *K I N G* seeing such stupendious *Faith*,  
*Mercy* at length could more with him, then *Wrath*.

41.

O great, and *Portingal-Fidelitie*,  
 Payd by a *Subject* to his *Prince*! What more  
 Perform'd the *P E R S I A N* in that *Project* high,  
 When *Nose* and *Face* he carbonado'd o're;  
 Which made the great *D A R I U S* (fighting) cry,  
 His brave *Z O P Y R U S*, such as he was once,  
 H'had rather have, then twenty *B A B I L O N S*?

42.

But now the *Prince A L P O N S O* did provide  
 The happy *Hoast* of *L U S I T A N I A*  
 Against the *M O O R S*, who, on the other side  
 Of *T A G U S*'s delectable River, lay.  
 Now in the fam'd *O R I Q U E*'s Champion wide  
 The proud and warlike *Troops* he doth array,  
 Just in the beard of the confronted *M O O R*:  
 As rich in *courage*, as in *numbers* poor.

43.

His *Trust* is not in *Flesh*, but placed all  
 In the eternal *G O D*, That *Heav'n* doth steer:  
 For the *baptiz'd* Army was so small,  
 To his one man an hundred *M O O R S* there were.  
 Those, who consider things by *Reason*, call  
 It *madness* rather, then the effect of cleer  
 And sober *heate*, on such vast *Heapes* to run,  
 Where there's an hundred *Horsemen* to his one.

44.

Five *M O O R I S H K I N G S* he hath that day defy'de  
 Of whom the *Chief* hath *I S M A R* to his name:  
 All with the style of *S O L D I E R* dignify'de,  
 By which is purchas'd immortal *Fame*.  
 Each had his *Mistress* fighting by his side,  
 Like *that*, as beautiful, as warlike, *D A M E*  
 Who helpt so long to prop up falling *T R O Y*;  
 And *Those*, who streams of *T H E R M O D O N T* enjoy.

Now

45.

Now did *A U R O R A*, beautiful and cleer,  
 Out of the *Welkin* chase the *golden Fry*:  
 When *M A R Y*'s son, *A L P H O N S O*'s heart to cheer,  
 Appeard to him upon the *Cross* on high.  
 Whom worshipping, That thus vouchsaf't appeer,  
 All of a fire with *Faith* the *Prince* doth cry,  
 Not to *me* *L O R D*, but to the *I N F I D E L*:  
 Not unto *me*, who know thy pow'r so well.

46.

This *miracle* of mercy so inflam'd  
 The *P O T I N G A L L S*, and did their minds erect,  
 That they the gallant *Prince* their *K I N G* acclam'd,  
 Whom with such cordial love they did affect;  
 And (*drawing up* before the *Foe*) proclam'd  
 To *H E A V ' N*, and to the *World*, their new *Elect*:  
 Crying aloud; *T H E A R M Y*, *C R O W N A N D A L L*,  
 F O R G R E A T A L P H O N S O K I N G O F P O R T U G A L L

47.

As a fierce *Mastiffe* in in the woody *C H A C B*  
 (Whom *Shouts*, and *Hunters Instruments* incite)  
 Attacks a *Bull*, the which his *Trust* doth place  
 In his sharp *Horns*'s irrefragable might;  
 Now fastning on his flank, now on his Face,  
 More nimble at the turn, then strong in fight;  
 Till, tearing out his Throat, down falls the *Beast*,  
 The groaning *Mountain* with his weight oppress:

48

So the new *K I N G* (with courage no less new  
 Inflam'd by *G O D*, and by the *People*, Both)  
 Upon the *barb'rous Hoast*, before him, flew  
 With his bold *Troops*, impetuous, and wroth.  
 With this, the *doggs* take up a *Howle* and rue-  
 Full Cry, the *people* rowze, th' *Alarum* goeth:  
 They snatch their *Spears*, and *Bowes*, the *Trumpets* found;  
 Lowd *Instruments* of war go bellowing round.

49.

As when a fire in *Stubble* dry begun  
 (The whistling *Boreas* hapning then to blow)  
 Fann'd by the *Bellows* of the *Wind*, doth run  
 To the next which *Field*, *Furzes* overgrow;  
 And there a knot of *Sheepherds* (who upon  
 The grassie ground sweet slumbers undergo)  
 Wak't by the crackling flames in the thick *Brake*,  
 Snatch up their *Hooks*, and to the *Village* make:

So

50.

So the surprized MOORS, and thunder-strook,  
Catch up their *weapons*, which lye round about.  
Yet fled not, *these*; but to their *Arms* they took,  
And spur'd their warlike *Barbs*, resolv'd and stout.  
The PORTINGALL encounters them unhook,  
He makes his *Lances* at their *backs* come out.

*Some* drop half-dead, some tumble dead outright,  
*Others* invoke the ALCORAN, and fight.

51.

Most terrible Inounters, *there*, resound;  
Enough to shake in its firm seat a Rock:  
When those fierce *Beasts*, the Trident-strooken ground  
Product (with their more furious *Burthens*) shock.  
No *Nook* exempt, the war is kindled round,  
Vast *wounds* are giv'n, *Neither* hath cause to mock:  
But those of *Lusus*, Armours, Males, and all,  
Break, cut, hack, batter, penetrate, and maule.

52.

*Heads* from the *shoulders* leap about the *Field*;  
*Arms*, *Leggs*, without or *Sence*, or *Master*, flye.  
*Others* (their panting entrails trailing) wheel'd;  
*Earth* in their bloodless *cheek*, *death* in their *Eye*.  
Th'impious *Army* now the *day* doth yield:  
Rivers of Blood flow from their wounds, whereby  
The *Field* it self doth lose its colour too,  
And into *Crimson* turns the *verdant* hew.

53.

The PORTINGALL victorious doth remain,  
Reaping the *Trophies* and the wealthy *Prey*.  
Having discomfited the MOOR of SPAIN,  
Three days the GREAT KING on the *place* doth stay.  
In his broad *Shield* (which he till then bore plain)  
A *Badge* eternal of this glorious *day*,  
*Five* small *Shields* *azure* he doth now include,  
In sign of these *five* *Kings* by *Him* subdu'de.

54.

In these *five* *Shields* he paints the *Recompence*  
For which THE LORD was sold, in various *Ink*  
Writing *his* history, who did dispence  
Such favour to him, more then *Heart* could think.  
In every of the *Five* he paints *Five-pence*,  
So sums the *Thirty* by a *Cinque-fold* *Cinque*;  
Accounting that which is the *Center*, twise,  
Of the *five* *Cinques*, which he doth place *Cross-wise*.

Some

55.

Some time after he gave this grand *defeat*  
Th'illustrious KING (whose Thoughts to *Heaven* soare)  
To take in LEYRIA marcht; which Those, He beat,  
Had took from *Him* a little while before.  
To boot, the strong ARRONCHEZ he doth get:  
And, with her pleasant *Vale*, the evermore  
Glorious SCABELICASTRO (Santaréne)  
Which *Thou*, sweet TAGUS, waterst so serene.

56.

Unto these noble *Towns* reduc't, he soon  
Adds MAFRA, dar'd by his victorious *Wings*;  
Then, in the famous *Mountains of the Moon*  
Cold SYNTRA (forc'd) to his obedience brings:  
*Syntra*, in which the NAYADES do run  
From the sweet *Snare*, hiding themselves in *Springs*.  
But LOVE hath *Nets* will *there* too serve their turn:  
And in the *water* will his *wild* *fire* burn.

57.

And *Thou*, fair LISBON (worthy to be crown'd  
Of all the *Cities* of the WORLD the *Queen*)  
Which that great *Prince of Eloquence* did found,  
Who by his wit TROY-TOWN had ruin'd seen;  
*Thou* (whom obeys the *Ocean-Sea* profound)  
By the brave PORTINGALLS wer't taken in,  
Helpt by a potent *Fleet*, which at that time  
Happ'n'd to come out of the *Northern Clime*:

58.

*Thence*, from the *German ELVE*, and from the RHENE,  
And from the *Brittish-Sea-commanding* THAMES,  
Sent to destroy th'usurping SARACEN,  
And free their sister JORDAN's captive streames.  
*These*, entering TAGUS's pleasant mouth, and then  
With great ALPHONSO joyn'd (whose *Glory's* beames  
Attract all *Hearts*, but *those* his name appalls)  
A *Seige* is laid to th'ULLYSSEAN WALLS.

59.

Five times the *Moon* did hide her horned head,  
And other five her face at full displayd;  
When by main force the *City* entered.  
The will of the *Beleaguerer* obeyd.  
Fierce was the *Battail*, much the *blood* there shed,  
As needs they must be (circumstances waigh'd)  
Between rough *Conquerours*, That all things dare,  
And conquer'd *People* driven to despair.

I

Thus

60.

Thus *Shee*, was after some few Months expence  
Compell'd to stoop to this *new Victor's* law;  
Whom in *old time* to their obedience,  
With all their might cold *Vandals* could not draw:  
Whose *pow'r* (which own'd no *bound*, stuck at no *Fence*)  
*ERR*, and *GOLDEN TAGUS*, trembling saw:  
And *BETIS* they did so entirely tame,  
They did that *Land VANDALUSIA* name.

61.

If noble *LISBON* could not stand it out,  
Where is that *City* so resolv'd, and strong,  
That can resistance make to such a stout  
And warlike people (*FAME's* immortall song)  
Now all *ESTREMADURA's* at his Foot,  
*OBIOS* fair, *ALENQUER* proud (among  
Whose pleasant *Groves* runs many a River sweet,  
Murm'ring, as if too good to wash their Feet)  
And *TORRESUEDRAS*.

62.

You likewise, O ye fair *TRANS-TAGAN LANDS*  
(Which golden *CERES* with her Bounty crowns)  
*Hee*, who brings more then *Mortall* strength, commands  
Out of your *Foris*, and Arms. And you (the *Clowns*  
Of *AFRICA*) who plough'd them with your hands,  
Hope not to reap the *Fruits*: For the good *Towns*  
Of *MOURA*, *SERPA*, *YELVES*, by assault  
Are taken, and *ALCACER OF THE SALT*.

63.

Lo! now that noble *City* (certain *Seat*  
Of the brave *Rebell* in old time, *SERTORIUS*;  
Where still his far-fetcht Water pure and neat,  
To serve the place b' an act so meritorious  
Through *Arches* on Two hundred *Pillars* set  
Doth pass, with *Royall restauration* glorious)  
Ev'n *Her*, the bold *GERARDO's* prowess brings  
To own, and serve, the *LUSITANIAN KINGS*.

64.

Against the *City* now of *BEYA*,  
To take revenge for spoyl'd *TRANCO's* Town,  
*ALPHONSO* goes; who cannot rest a Day  
For ymping a *short life* with long *Renown*.  
Before this *City* long he doth not stay;  
And (storming it b' a part that's beaten down)  
Enraged enters: where, of all that breathes,  
His hungry *Steel* he in the Bowels sheathes.

Jointly

65.

Jointly with *these*, *PALMELA* doth he win;  
Fishy *CIZIMBRA* too: nor *wins* alone,  
But (his good *star* assisting him therein)  
A potent *Army* there hath overthrowne.  
The *Town* saw his intent, so did her *King*:  
Nor was he backward to relieve the *Towne*.  
Careless he marcht along the Mountain-side,  
Little imagining what did betide.

66.

'Twas *He* of *BADACHOZ* (a haughty *MORR*)  
Four thousand furious *Spirits* were his *HORSE*,  
Of *INFANTRY* innumerable store,  
With gilded Arms (*Gallants*, and *Warriors*)  
But, as in *May* a jealous *Bull* (before  
He is perceiv'd) rushes with all his force  
Upon a *Travailer*, and runs him over,  
(Twice mad, both as a *Beast*, and as a *Lover*):

67.

Just so *ALPHONSO*, from an *Ambush* close,  
Assaults the people that securely pass;  
Strikes, overturns, and kills; The Field he mows;  
The *MOORISH KING* flies for his life in haste.  
Struck vvith a *Pannick* fear, the *Remnant* throwvs  
Avvay their *Arms*; and follovvs him as fast:  
They That made all this Havock, being a *Force*  
(*Good God*!) consistng but of sixty *Horse*.

68.

The *Victory* vvithout delay, the great  
And indefatigable *KING* pursues,  
Causing his Drums through all the *Realm* to beat  
(Conqu'ring of *LANDS* he as his *Trade* doth use)  
Besiegeth *BADACHOZ*, and soon doth get  
The end of his desire: For *there* he shevvs  
So much of *Souldier*, and a *Soul* so high;  
That keep, *It* must the *others* company.

69.

But the great *GOD* (vvho keeps his *Rods* in store,  
For such as merit them, till his ovvn time;  
Whether, for *Sinners* to amend, before  
They fall: or *CAUSES*, *Man* can not divine)  
If he, *till now*, the valiant *KING* forbore,  
And (through all dangers leading) gave him *line*:  
Yet *now*, he vvill *no longer* let him be,  
From his imprison'd *MORTNAR's* curses, free.

I 2

For

70.

For lying in this *City* weakly man'd,  
 The LEON-MEN besiege th'ill-guarded Walls,  
 'Cause he that *Conquest* took out of *their* Hand,  
 Being of LEON, and not PORTUGAL'S.  
 Here dear did *Him* his Pertinacy stand,  
 As in the *World* out oftentimes it falls:  
 For in a furious *Sally* (his leg burst  
 Against an IRON) he to yield was forc't.

71.

O famous POMPEY! Be not *Thou* in pain  
 To see thy *Glories's* sad *Catastrophe*;  
 Or that just NEMESIS should pre-ordain  
 Thy *Father-in-Law* to triumph over *Thee*;  
 Though frozen PHASIS; and BOOTES'S *Wayn*;  
 The *Land* under the BURNING AXLE-TREE;  
 And strange SYENE, where no *oblique Sun*  
 A *Shadow* casts, and all the *day* is *Noon*;

72.

And ENICCHIANs fierce; and ARABs rich;  
 And COLCHOS, famous for the *Golden Sheep*;  
 And CAPPADOCEANS; and JUDEANS, which  
 Abolish't *Rites* so obstinately keep;  
 And soft SOPHENA, scurft with pleasures Itch;  
 And (with SILICIAN-ROBBERS on the DEEP)  
 ARMENIA, That *two Rivers* boasts, which came  
 From PARADISE; All trembled at thy name:

73.

And though, in fine, from the ATLANTICK-SEA  
 To SCYTHIAN-TAURUS with erected Crown,  
*Victorious*: Wonder not, that thou shouldst be  
 In the PHARSALIAN BATTAIL overthrown.  
 For *high* and *great* ALPHONSO thou shalt see  
 Bear *All* before him, and at last bourn down.  
 By a *Cross-match* of FATE were *Both* undon,  
*Thou* by a FATHER-IN-LAW, *He* by a SON-.

74.

The noble KING thus scourg'd by HEAV'N, at length  
 Restor'd was to his PORTUGAL again.  
*There* (after he had been; by a vast strength  
 Of MOORS, in SANTAREN besieg'd in vain;  
 And, after that the *Corps* of St. VINCENTH  
 The *Martyr*, from that *Head of Land* in SPAIN  
 Which by his name to all the world is known,  
 Translated was to th'ULYSSEAN TOWN.)

75.

To carry on the Work by *Him* begun,  
 The *old man* (weary) doth his *Son* command  
 With men and warlike preparation  
 To march into the ALENTEIAN-LAND.  
 SANC'HO (to prove himself his *Father's Son*)  
 Like a strong stream let loose, passes beyond:  
 And makes the *River* of GUADALQUIVER  
 Run *Moorish blood*, That wont to run so clear.

76.

Fleht with his *winnings*, the young *Gamester* grows  
 Now Covetous; and cannot rest, before  
 He in a second Battail overthrows  
 (In fight of BEIA) the beleagu'ring MORE.  
 Nor long with this *design* in labour goes  
 Ere he the *Bays* by *Him* desired Wore.  
 The MOOR (on both sides justled to the Wall)  
 Resolves at once to be reveng'd for all.

77.

Now, from the *Mountain* which MEDUSA star'd  
 Out of *that* Body which the HEAV'N sustayn'd,  
 From AMPELUSA'S *Promontory*, hard  
 They march; from TANGER, where ANTEBUS reign'd.  
 Of AVILA the *dwellers* are not spar'd:  
 Doth likewise march (well-arm'd, and choicely train'd)  
 At the harsh *Mauritanian* Trumpet's sound  
 Of noble JUBA all the *Kingdom* round.

78.

With this huge mass of men his inroad made  
 The great MIRAMOLIN in PORTUGAL.  
 Twelve *Moorish Kings* he carry'd in his Ayd,  
 'Mongst whom *He* wears the *Crown Imperial*.  
*These*, having in their march by *Parties* prey'd,  
 And, where they could, destroy'd the Countrey all,  
 In SANTAREN Don SANC'HO close impound:  
 But a sad Seige it will for *them* be found.

79.

Furious *assaults* th'incens'd MOOR doth make:  
 A thousand *Stratagems* in practice puts.  
 In vain huge *Stones* from horrid *Engins* brake:  
 In vain the *Mine* is hid, and the *Rambuts*.  
 ALPHONSO'S *Son* is everywhere awake,  
 Here his *Care* *sbeilds*, and there his courage cuts.  
 So what with *these*, and what with *martial Art*,  
 Stopt is each *Meuse*, and guarded in each *part*.

But

To

80.

But the *old man* (whose burthen'd *Lims*, and *Head*,  
With *years*, and *Cares*, oblig'd him to repose)  
Retir'd into that *City*, whose fair Mead  
To sweet *MONDEGO'S* streams its verdure owes;  
Hearing his *Son* is close beleaguered  
In *SANTAREN* by blind and barb'rous Foes,  
Flies from that *City* to his *Ayd*: For *Age*  
Cramps not his wonted *speed*, nor cools his *rage*.

81

He, with his *Troops* inur'd to warlike Feats,  
Thund ring the *Reare*, and his *Son* salying out;  
The *PORTINGAL* (who *now* of custom beats)  
In a short space the *MOORS* doth wholly rout.  
With *Terbants*, *Cassacks*, *Faulchions*, *Coverlets*,  
*Cloaks* with wrought *Capes*, the Field is strew'd about:  
*Horses*, and their *Caparisons* (rich Prey)  
And by the *Horses* their dead *Masters* lay.

82.

The *Lusitanian* Bounds the rest forego,  
Put to a hasty and disordred flight.  
The great *MIRAMOLIN*, he flies not though:  
For before *he* could fly, he fled the light.  
To *HIM*, who did this Victory bestow  
Are rendred thanks and Praises infinite:  
For in so great, and so apparent odds,  
The part *man* acts is the dumb shew to *GOD'S*.

83.

This was the great *ALPHONSO'S* latest wreath  
Of *Victory* (a *Prince* of vast Renown)  
When *He* who forg'd it with his *Sword* (his breath  
Deserting him) exchange'd his *MORTAL CROWN*.  
The *hand* of *sickness* ul'h'ring that of *death*,  
Toucht his weak *Body*, and so pusht it down.  
Thus, whom so many had paid *Tribute* to,  
Paid the last tribute unto *Nature* due.

84.

*Him* did the lofty *Præmontories* moan:  
With all their streams the widow'd *Rivers* wept,  
And (overflowing the *Fields*, newly sown,  
With rueful *Tears*) the next years *Harvest* swept.  
But through the world his living *FAME* is blown:  
And, where he reign'd, his *name* so fresh is kept;  
That *there* each *Hill*, and ev'ry ecchoing *Plain*,  
*ALFONSO* calls, *ALPHONSO* — But in vain.

SAN-

85.

*SANCHO* succeeds (*valiant*, and in his *Spring*)  
*True Copy* of his *Sire*, examin'd well  
By the *Original*, alive yet being  
When he with barb'rous blood made *BETIS* swell;  
And overturn'd the *Andalusian King*  
Of the accuried Race of *ISHMAEL*:  
But *better*, when at *BEJA'S* siege he made  
Them feel the weight of his *Victorious* Blade.

86.

After he ware the *LUSITANIAN CROWN*  
(Some years elaps'd since he to reign began)  
Before the *CITY SILVES* he sat down  
Then in possession of the *AFRICAN*:  
Assisted was he to take in this *Town*  
By *Strangers* from the *Northern Ocean*,  
With *Men*, and *Arms*, for *ASIA* bound: to joyne  
In refuge of distressed *PALESTINE*.

87.

They sayld, to second in the *Holy Cause*  
*RED FREDRICK*; who with a potent Hoast  
To the defence of that plagu'd *City* draws,  
By which the *LORD OF LIFE* his own life lost:  
When *GUIDA* with his *Troops* (having their jaws  
Parcht up with drowth) to the *GREAT SOLDAN* forst  
Were to surrender, where the *Miscreants*  
Have prepossest the *Springs* which *GUIDO* wants.

88.

But the fair *Navie* (forc't upon our shore  
By adverse *Winds*, though *SANCHO'S* prosperous *Star*)  
Assists him willingly against the *MORE*,  
Since *one* and t'other is a *Holy War*.  
As thy great *Father*, *LISBON* took before;  
Just so, and with the same *Auxiliar*,  
From the fierce *dwellers* tak't *Thou*, *SILVES*: This  
Also, a noble *Realm's* *METROPOLIS*.

89.

And, if from the *MAHUMETANS* thou hast  
So many *trophies*, neither didst thou let  
The men of *LEON* (though in *Mountains* plac't,  
And nurst in bloody *Battail*) quiet set:  
Till thou a *Yoke* upon the *Neck* hadst cast  
Of their proud *TUR*, adding a *Coronet*  
Of *Towns* her *Neighbours*, on which *Thou* didst put  
(Renowned *SANCHO*) thy triumphant *Foot*.

But



90.

But *death* (like a bold *Thiefe*) did *Him* assault  
 In his *Career of glory*. He was heyr'd  
 B'a *Son* whom many *Vertues* did exalt:  
*Second ALPHONSO*, of our *Kings* the *Therd*.  
 In his *Raign* was *ALCACER OF THE SALT*  
 Subdu'de again in spight of the *MOOR's* Beard;  
 By whom late took, 'tis now re-took, with great  
 Destruction of them, and four *Kings's* defeat.

91.

*ALFONSO* dead, The *Second SANCHE* came  
 To hold the *Scepter*; Tame, and negligent:  
 To that degree both negligent, and tame,  
 That for the shadow of *Himself* he went.  
 Then did *Another* (fitter for the same)  
 Wrest from his hands that pow'r, he was content  
 To delegate. And why? He having none  
 Himself, his *Minion's* Crimes were call'd his *owne*.

92.

No, no, our *SANCHE* was not of that mood  
 Lewd *NERO* was, who married with a *Boy*;  
 And after (with lefs guilt he shed her blood)  
 His mother *AGRIPPINA* did injoy:  
 Nor (like the self-same *NERO*) piping stood,  
 Then clapt his hands to see his burning *TROY*:  
 Nor did his *daughter*, like one *King*, devour:  
 Nor change his *Sex* like t'other *Emperour*.

93

He did not o're his *People* tyrannize,  
 Like *Those* who *Kings* in *SYRACUSA* were:  
 Nor hyr'd he men, strange *Tortures* to devise,  
 Like *PHALARIS*, one of the *Tyrants* there.  
 But the proud *Realm*, which too indulgent *skyes*  
 Had us'd to *Kings*, who would indure no *Peere*;  
 That likewise to such *niteness* did arrive  
 T'indure no *King*, who had his *Peer* alive.

94.

Therefore *BOLONIA's* *Earl* the *Helm* did guide:  
 Which he did after in his own right hold,  
 When his still-sloathful Brother (*SANCHE*) dy'de.  
 He (nam'd *ALPHONSO*, and surnam'd the *Bold*)  
 After he had the *Kingdom* pacify'de;  
 And all sharp humors settled, or controll'd;  
 Thinks, how he may enlarge it by his merit:  
 Too small a *Circle* for so great a spirit.

Of

95.

Of the *ALGARVE's* land (the conquering  
 Whereof was giv'n him with his *Queen* in dow'r)  
 He gains in much, outing the *Moorish King*;  
 On all whose *Actions* now curst *MARS* did low'r.  
 But out of *PORTUGAL* did wholly fling  
 (By *Prudence* part, and part by *martial* pow'r.)  
 That pertinacious *People*, and did chace  
 From that good *Land* which *Lusus* left his *Race*.

96.

Now, *DENIS*! worthy his own *Parentage*:  
 And for whom such a *Father* should make room.  
*DENIS*! Who strikes (in the way of *Patronage*)  
 The fame of *ALEXANDER's* bounty, dumbe.  
 The *Land* got breath, and flourish'd in that *Age*  
 (Mild *Peace*, and, with peace, *Justice* from *Heav'n* come)  
 With *Constitutions*, *Laws*, and *Customes* right:  
 Of a calm *Kingdome* *LUMINARIES* bright.

97.

He, was the first That made *COYMBRA* shine  
 With *Lib'ral Sciences* which *PALLAS* taught;  
 By *Him*, from *HELICON* the *Muses Nine*  
 To bruize *MONDEGO's* grassie brink were brought;  
*Hither* transferr'd *APOLLO* that rich *Mine*,  
 Which the old *GREEKS* in learned *ATHENS* wrought;  
 Here *Ivy-Wreaths* with *Gold* he interweaves,  
 And the coy *DAPHNE's* never-fading leaves.

98

Now noble *Cities* from the ground ascend,  
*Castles*, and warlike *Fortresses* secure;  
 Scarce any Corner but this *Prince* doth mend:  
*Convents* he builds, and *Towns* he doth immure.  
 But *ATROPOS* (the Best must have an End)  
 Shearing his golden *Thrid* in years mature,  
 His *Son* succeeds; not dutiful (the *Fourth*  
*ALPHONSE*) but of high *courage*, and much *worth*.

99.

On proud *CASTEEL* he still with *Scorn* did look:  
 Yet free from *malice* as 'twas free from *fears*,  
 Onely men have a custom, in that *Nook*,  
 To dread no *pow'r* for being more than *theirs*.  
 For when the *MAURITANIAN* undertook  
*HESPERIA's* second Conquest; and appears  
 Just ready now *CASTILIANS* to invade:  
 The brave *ALPHONSO* pow'r in to their *Ayd*:

K

Never

100.

Never SEMIRAMIS with such an Hoast  
 Did swarm HYDASPE's banks, his Sands out-number;  
 Nor ATTILA (He, who *Himself* did boast  
 The Scourge of GOD, and was the *fright*, and wonder  
 Of ITALY) so many GOTHs ingroft  
 And Northern People: As of MOORS were under  
 The AFFRICK-MOOR (with Those GRANADA yields)  
 At that time mustred in Tartessian Fields.

101.

Then the CASTILIAN KING (who saw so great  
 And vast a pow'r, against his Countrey bend;  
 Nor weigh'd his *life*, but the intire defeat  
 Of SPAIN itself (once lost) did apprehend)  
 Help from the valiant PORTINGALL t'intreat,  
 His dearest Consort to that Court did send:  
 His Wife from whom the *Embassie* is sent,  
 And his dear daughter unto whom it went.

102.

Vertuous MARIA, and as fair as good,  
 Enters her Father's Palace (glorious dame!)  
 Lovely, in Grief; nor, though the water flood  
 In her sweet eyes, did *that* suspend their flame.  
 Her Angel's Tresses with a golden flood  
 Coverd her Ivory shoulders. When she came  
 Before her Sire (He overjoyd and kind)  
 It rain'd down right, and thus she brake her mind.

103.

As many Nations as all AFFRICK bred  
 (A People barbarous and inhumane)  
 Hath the great King of the MOROCCO's led  
 To take possession of illustrious SPAIN.  
 So vast a pow'r ne're marcht under one Head  
 Since the dry Earth was compact by the Main.  
 It terrifies the living where it rolls,  
 And ev'n alarms their dead Father's Souls.

104.

His frighted subjects to protect and skreen,  
 He, whom thou hast my Lord and Husband made,  
 Stands with small strength exposed to the keen  
 And thirty edges of the Moorish Blade;  
 And I shall soon depriv'd of all be seen,  
 If thou afford him not thy present ayd:  
 A sad and private Woman, Husbandless.  
 Without a Crown, or Him, or Happiness.

There-

105.

Therefore (O King) for very fear of whom  
 The streams of hot MALUCO do congeale;  
 Succour, O! quickly to the succour come  
 Of miserable and despis'd CASTLE.  
 If that deare *smile* be an assenting dumb,  
 If *that* thy fatherly affection seal.  
 Run Father; if thou do not, by the MORE  
 I fear thou'lt find it over-run before.

106.

This with the self-same tone MARIA said  
 To King ALPHONSO on her trembling knees,  
 With which sad VENUS once her Father pray'd  
 For her ENEAS tost on Lybian Seas;  
 At which, with sense of the deep moan she made,  
 Such tender pitty did JOVE's bowels seize,  
 (Indulgent Sire!) he let his Thunder fall,  
 And (griev'd she askt no more) granted her all.

107.

Streight armed Squadrons, glitt'ring in the Sun,  
 Are mustred in the Fields of EBORA:  
 Scow'd is the Sword, the Lance, the Murrion:  
 In rich Caparisons the Horses neigh.  
 The Trumpet shrill, with pendant Banner done,  
 Rowzes from peaces down (where long they lay)  
 Their tickled Hearts to disaccustomed Arms;  
 And concave Drums go thund'ring fresh Alarms.

108.

Amongst them and above them All appears  
 Higher by head and shoulders then the rest  
 (And where He goes the Royal Standart veers)  
 Valiant ALPHONSO with erected Crest.  
 His very look, it animates and cheers  
 (If there are any) ev'n the Coward's Brest.  
 Into CASTLE thus marching is he seen  
 With his fair daughter, the Castilian Queen.

109.

The two ALPHONSO's in conclusion joynd,  
 Inwide TARYFA's Fields confronting stood  
 The endless numbers of the people blind  
 For vvhom too narrow are both Plain and Wood.  
 Of ours not one so hardy, but did find  
 Somewhat of cold and shiv'ring in his blood,  
 Save onely such as cleerly understands  
 CHRIST fights the battail vvith his People's hands.

K 2

Derided

110.

Derided are the thin-spread *Christian-Bands*  
 By Bond-Mayd *HAGGAR's* Progeny unclean;  
 Who, by anticipation, all *their* lands  
 Divide amongst the Army *Hagarene*,  
 Which by false Title in possession stands  
 Of the illustrious Name of *Saracene*:  
 Just as *Another's* noble Land they boast  
 Now, for their *own*; reck'ning without their Host.

111

As that big-bon'd and barb'rous *Gyant* (whom  
*King SAUL* so fear'd, and all his *Army* worfe)  
 Seeing a simple *Swain* against him come,  
 Onely with *Pebbles* arm'd, and a *clean* force,  
 With haughty language (arrogant and grum)  
 Scorns the poor Boy, and sends him to his Nurse;  
 Whom rounding with his sling, *He* taught at length  
 The difference betwixt *Faith*, and *humane strength*.

112.

So the perfidious *MOOR* (advancing) cracks  
 Over the *Christian Host*; nor understands  
 What *POWER* it is that their weak *Powers* backs,  
 Which *Hell* with all its *Fiends* in vain withstands.  
 Helpt by that *POWER*, *He* of *CASTLE* attacks  
*MCROCCO's King*, who *there* in *Chief* commands:  
 The *PORTINGAL* (who sleights their whole *Armada*)  
*He* takes to Task the *Kingdom* of *GRANADA*.

113.

Now crack the *Lances*, and the *Swords* cry clink  
 Upon the *Armours*, Pow'rs incountring Pow'rs;  
 Invoking (when they stand on danger's brink)  
*Theirs* *MAHOMET*, and *St. IAGO* ours.  
 The strook strike *Heav'n* with Cries, making a sink  
 And standing Pool with thick *Vermilion* show'rs:  
 Where some (half dead) lye drowning where they stood  
 In too much *new*, who fell for want of blood.

114.

With so great blood-shed did the *PORTINGAL*  
 Make Spoil and Havock of the *GRANADINE*,  
 That in small space he kills, or routs, them *All*,  
 'Spight of their *Mayles* and *breast-plates* of *steel* fine.  
 His hungry *Blade* which will to supper fall  
 In *FEZ*, if in th' *ALHAMBRA* it did dine)  
 The brave *CASTILIAN* helps to end the *Fray*:  
 Who hath the *MAURITANIAN* at a Bay.

The

115.

The burning Sun was making his retreat  
 To *THE TY'S* grotts, and the bright *Ev'ning Star*  
 Drawing that glorious day to it's red *Set*,  
 Whose memory no time shall ever bar:  
 When the two *Kings* consummate the defeat  
 Of the *MOORS's* Powers assembled in this War,  
 With so much Tragick slaughter, as no *Age*  
 Beheld before, or since, on the *World's* Stage.

116.

Not a fourth part rough *MARIUS* slew, of Those  
 That lost their lives in this day's Victory,  
 When water dash't with blood of their dead Foes  
 He made his *Army* drink, which then was dry:  
 Nor *He* of *CARTHAGE* (sworn, a child, to oppose  
 With Fire and Sword the Pride of *ITALY*)  
 When he so many *Knights* kill'd famous *ROMA*,  
 That their *Rings* tane did to three Bushels come.

117.

And if *Thou* (noble *TITUS*) couldst alone  
 So many souls to black *COCYTUS* send,  
 When thou the *Holy City* didst unstone  
 Of that stiff *People*, never to be wean'd  
 From their abolisht *Rites*: This *GOD* did owne,  
 And christned it *his* Act, that what was pen'd  
 By the *OLD PROPHETS*, might be verify'de,  
 And *JESUS* said too, whom *they* Crucify'de.

118.

After this great and prosperous event  
 (*ALFONSO* come to *PORTUGALL* again,  
 There to injoy in *peace* and sweet content  
 The spreading Glories he in *War* did gain)  
 A black and lamentable accident  
 (Worthy in *FAME's* *Memorials* to remain)  
 Was on a miserable *Lady* seen,  
 Who, after she was dead, was made a *Queen*.

119.

*Thou*, onely *Thou* (pure *LOVE*) with bended bow,  
 Against whose Force no brest whate're can hold,  
 As if thy *perjur'd Subject*, or *Sworn Foe*,  
 Didst cause her death whom all the *World* condol'd.  
 If *Tears* (which from a troubled *Fountain* flow)  
 Quench not thy Thirst, as hath been said of old;  
 It is, that such is thy *tyrannick* mood,  
 Thou lov'st thy *Altars* should be bath'd in blood.

Thou

120.

Thou wer't (fair YNES) in Repose, of LOVE'S  
 Reflected Fires fost'ring the sweet heat, young;  
 In that sweet Error, that worse Fates removes,  
 Which Fortune never suffers to last long:  
 In sweet MONDEGO'S solitary Groves,  
 Whose streams no day but thou didst weep among:  
 Teaching the lofty Trees; and humble Grass,  
 That Name which printed in thy bosom was.

121.

Thy pensive Prince, with thine did sympathize  
 Remembrances, which in his Soul did swim,  
 Bringing thee always fresh before his Eyes,  
 When, from thy fair ones, bus'ness banisht Him:  
 By night, in dreams; that cheat him with sweet lies:  
 By day, in thoughts; that pencil thy each lim:  
 And all he mus'd, and all he saw in fine,  
 Were dear IDB A'S of thy Form divine.

122.

Of other Ladies fair, and Princesses  
 The tend'red Matches he did vilifie;  
 For, of a Heart 'tis hard to dispossess  
 True Love, that hath had time to fortifie.  
 Upon these highly am'rous passages  
 The Father looking with an old man's Eye  
 (Enrag'd with what the common-people sed  
 And his Son's resolution not to wed)

123.

YNES determines from the World to take,  
 His Son from Her to take, and to remove:  
 Believing, with her blood's ill let-out Lake,  
 To quench the kindled flames of constant love.  
 O! that sure Sword (which had the pow'r to make  
 The Moorish Rage strike saile) what Rage could move  
 Thee, from the honor'd Sheaths, where thou didst rest,  
 To be new sheath'd in Lady's gentle Brest?

124.

The horrid blood-hounds dragg'd her to the King:  
 Whose bowels now to mercy stood inclin'd.  
 But ill-Advisers with false reasoning  
 To her destruction re-inflam'd his mind.  
 Shee (with Heart-breaking language which did spring  
 Onely from sense of Those she left behind  
 In solitude, her Prince, and children deare,  
 Whose Griefe she more, then her own death did feare:)

Lifting

125.

Lifting unto the azure Firmament  
 Her Eyes, which in a Sea of Tears were drown'd;  
 Her Eyes, for one of those malevolent  
 And bloody Instruments her hands had bound;  
 And then, the same on her dear Infants bent,  
 Who Them with smiling innocence surround  
 By whom poor Orphans they will freight be made  
 Unto their cruel Grand-Father thus said.

126.

If Beasts themselves (wild Beasts) whose use, and way,  
 By Nature's dire instinct, is not to spare;  
 And vagrant Birds, whose bus'ness 'tis, to prey,  
 And chace their Quarrey through the yielding Ayre;  
 The world hath seen take Babes expos'd, and play  
 The tender Nurses to them with their care,  
 As NINUS's mother once it did befall,  
 And the Twinn-Founders of the Roman Wall:

127.

O Thou, whose Superscription speaks thee, Man  
 (That the Contents were suited to the Cover!  
 A feeble Maid thou wouldst not murther than  
 Onely for loving Him, who first did love her)  
 Pity these Babes (the babes about him ran)  
 In thy hard doom since I am spot all over.  
 Spare, for their sakes, their lives, and mine: And see  
 Whiteness in Them, though thou wilt not in Me.

128.

And if (subduing the presumptuous MORE,  
 How to give death with fire and sword thou know'st,  
 Know, to give life too, to a damsel poore,  
 Who hath done nothing why it should be lost.  
 Let my hid Innocence thus much procure:  
 Exile me to some sad intemperate Coast,  
 Cold SCYTHIA, or burn't LYBIA, to remain  
 A weeping Tomb, and never more see SPAIN.

129.

Plant me where nothing grows but Cruelty,  
 'Mongst Lyons, Bears, and other Savage Beasts:  
 To see, if They that mercy will deny  
 Which I in vain implore from humane Breasts.  
 There, in firm love to Him for whom I dye,  
 I'll breed his Pieces, thou here seest, their guests  
 And my Companions; to slide off with Those  
 Part of the burthen of their mother's woes.

Fain

130.

Fain would have pardon'd her the gracious King,  
 Mov'd with these words, which made his Bowels yearn:  
 But Fate, and whisperers (That fresh Fewel bring)  
 They would not pardon. 'Tis those mens concern  
 (Having begun) to perpetrate the Thing.  
 They strip their steel out of the Scabbard (stern).  
 Out Villains! Butchers! What? employ your spights,  
 Your swords, against a Lady, and call'd Knights?

131.

As at the breast of fair POLIXENA  
 Condemn'd to death by dire ACHILLES's shade  
 (The last dear stake of Aged HECUBA)  
 Revengeful PYRRHUS bent his cruel Blade;  
 But with a look that drives ill Ayrs away  
 (Patient, as any Lamb) The Royal Maid,  
 On her mad Mother casting up her Eys,  
 Presents her self a Sacrifice, and dyes:

132.

So gentle YNES's brutish Murtherers,  
 Ev'n in that Neck (white ATLAS of that Head  
 Whose stars, thought set, had influence o're the pow'rs  
 Of Him, That crow'd her after she was dead)  
 Bathing their thirsty Swords, and all the flow'rs  
 Which her fair Eyes had newly watered  
 (Mindless of the insuing Vengeance) stood  
 Like crimson'd Hunters reeking with her blood.

133.

Well mightst Thou PHEBUS from an Act so dire  
 (PYRROUS starting) have reverst thy look;  
 As from THYESTES's Table, when the Sire  
 Din'd on the Son, the Uncle being the Cook.  
 You, hollow Vales (which, when she did expire,  
 From her cold lips the dying accents took)  
 Hearing her PEDRO nam'd with her last breath,  
 Form'd PEDRO, PEDRO, after YNES's death.

134.

Like a sweet Rose (vvith party-colours fair)  
 By Virgin's hand beheaded in the Bud  
 To play vvithal, or prick into her Hair,  
 When (sever'd from the stalk on vvich it stood)  
 Both Scent and beauty vanish into Ayre:  
 So lies the Damzel vvithout breath, or Blood,  
 Her Cheeks fresh Roses ravisht from the Root  
 Both red and white, and the sweet life to boot.

This

135.

This Act of horrou, and black night obscure,  
 MONDEGO's daughters long repented deep;  
 And, for a lasting Tomb, into a pure  
 Fountain, transformd the Teares which they did weep.  
 The name, they gave it (which doth still indure)  
 Was YNES's loves, whom PEDRO there did keep.  
 No wonder, such sweet Streams water those Flowers:  
 TEARES, are the substance; and the Name, A-MOURS.

136.

It was not long ere PEDRO found the way  
 To that Revenge which in his breast did boyle;  
 For, taking in his hands the Kingdom's sway  
 Hee takes it on the Murd'ers (who chang'd foyle)  
 With licence of another PEDRO. They  
 (Partners in mischief) having made that vile  
 And bloody pact, AUGUSTUS did with those  
 He was new Friends with, of exchanging Foes.

137.

A rigorous Chastizer was this King  
 Of Thefts, of Murthers, and Adultries blind,  
 The Ill to condigne punishment to bring  
 Was the delight and banquet of his mind.  
 Restraining Cities with rough disciplin,  
 From Vice and Insolence of every kind,  
 He gave more Robbers their deserved meed  
 Then wandring THESUS, or ALCIDES, did.

138.

From the just PEDRO, and severe (Behold  
 How Nature sometimes can prevaricate!)  
 Sprang the remisse, the Carelesse, the sheep-fold  
 FERNANDO: who set all of a Flame straight.  
 Whence the CASTILIAN entering uncomptrold,  
 Went wasting so the weak disnerved State,  
 That at last gaspe it lay: For its seen oft,  
 "A soft KING makes a valiant People, soft.

139.

Whether it were GOD's Judgement, for his sin  
 Of taking from her Husband LEONORE,  
 And marrying Her; besotten with her win-  
 Ning looks, and by his Flattering Casuists more;  
 Or that faynt Vice (through custom soaking in  
 Into his Breast, thence breathing through each pore)  
 Made him all Pap within: For, tis as true,  
 "Vnlanfull fires make Valiant KINGs soft too.

L

" Lust

140.

"Lost oft hath brought *great men* to great mishap :  
 GOD that permitting, and ordaining *thus*.  
 Witness th' *ABETTORS* of fair *HELEN's* Rape :  
*King-TARQUIN*, and *Triumvir-APPIUS*.  
 Why could not holy *DAVID* judgement scape :  
 Why was destroy'd the *TRIBB* illustrious  
 OF *BENJAMIN*? *DINAH* cost *SICHEM* deer :  
 Nor (*SARAH* onely wisht) went *PHAROAH* cleer.

141.

Then, whether *manly* Bosoms melt, or not,  
 With *fires* that are not kindled from *Above*;  
*ALCMEANA's* Son (who ware a *Petticot*  
 To please *OMPHALE*) well may serve to prove :  
 And *ANTHONY*, who lost the fame he got,  
 And the *World's* Crown for *CLEOPATRA's* love.  
 And *Thon* of *CARTHAGE*, in full conquest stayd  
 By stumbling on a mean *Appulian* mayd.

142:

But *who* is priviledg'd from the sweet snare  
 Which *Love* so subt'ly weaves, and hides it (oh!)  
 In *Damask* Roses, in bright *auburn* haire,  
*Transparent* alablaster, and *warm* Snow?  
*Who*, from the poyson'd Arrows of the *Faire*?  
 From a *MEDUSA's* head (I term it so).  
 That turns the hearts of them whom she doth tame,  
 Not into *Stone* (then it were well) but flame?

143.

*Who* sees a *crystal* Brow, a *piercing* look,  
*A lushious*, and *Seraphick* excellence,  
 (Transforming *Soules* into it) That can brook  
 The *object*, or pretend the least defence?  
*All* That have swallow'd *LOVE's* bewitching Hook,  
 With poor *FERNANDO's* frailty will dispence :  
 And some (as when *MARS* seen in courser snares  
 The *Gods* did once) ev'n with *his* case were *Theirs*.

End of the third Canto.

Fourth

## Fourth Canto.

STANZA. 1.

AFTER a pitchie, and a dripping *night*,  
 A Poor *Travailers* confounding in their way,  
 A glorious *Morn* (succeeding) glads the fight;  
 And, with the long'd-for *Sun*, returns the *day* :  
 After the whistling winds have spent their spight,  
 On the calm'd Sea the wanton *Dolphins* play :  
 So the afflicted *Kingdom* it befell  
 When soft *FERNANDO* bade the world farewell.

2.

And if ours wisht a *Champion*, to fullfil  
 Their Vengeance upon *Those*, from whom alone  
 (Using remis *FERNANDO's* favours *ill*)  
 They make account that all their *ills* are grown.  
 Now they'l have one according to their will,  
 Putting illustrious *JOHN* into the *Throne*,  
 As *PEDRO's* onely Son they could come at :  
 And his *true* Son, though *Illegitimat*.

3.

That this was *Heaven's* Ordinance divine  
 By most cleer Tokens evident became,  
 When a young girl, speaking before her time,  
 In *EBORA* distinctly form'd his name.  
 And as a *Herald-Angel* sent in fine  
 The *Portingall Succesour* to proclame  
 Lifting it'h *Cradle Body*, *Hand*, and *Tone*,  
 Cry'd, *PORTUGAL* FOR THE NEW KING *DON JOHN*.

4.

Such, at this time, was the confus'd Estate  
 Of the poor *Realm*, and the mad *People's* spleen ;  
 That (to disburthen their conceived Hate)  
 Flat *Cruelties* in ev'ry part were seen :  
 Killing the Kin, and all that did relate  
 To the adult'rous *Earl*, and to the *Queen*,  
 With whom her lewdness (they affirm'd) was more  
 In widowhood, then it had been before.

L 2

But

5.

But true, or false, the scandal which they gave  
 Forfeits his *Head* (and rightly) to the *Axe*.  
 He dyes for't in her presence: Others have  
 The self-same sawce. It catches like fir'd flax.  
*One*, whom religious *Orders* could not save,  
 Thrown from a *Steeple* like *ASTIANAX*:  
*A Second, Orders, Sex*, nor th' *Altar's* Horn:  
 A third dragg'd naked, and to mamocks torn.

6.

In long forgetfulness may now be laid  
 Those horrid *Massacres*, which *ROME* beheld,  
 By bloody *SYLLA*, and fierce *MARIUS*, made,  
 When one another they by turns expel'd.  
 Then *LEONÓRE* (whom th'unrevenged shade  
 Of her dear *Count* with open fury swell'd)  
 Invites *CASTEEL*, who did her *daughter* wed:  
 Saying, the *CROWN* belongeth to *her* head.

7.

Her daughter *BEATRICE* was *she*, as due  
 To whom, *he* of *CASTEEL* that *Crown* might clame:  
 Reputed daughter of *FERNANDO* too,  
 With the permission of her *mother's* *Fame*.  
 Into the *Field* *CASTILIA* therefore drew,  
 To seize the *Kingdom* in his *Consort's* name,  
 Amassing men (our *Spot* to overwhelm)  
 From every Province of his spacious *Reim*.

8.

Troops came (on this occasion) from that *LAND*  
 To which one *BRIGUS* gave his name of yore:  
 From *Lands* recover'd (by their *GREAT FERNAND*,  
 And greater *CID*) from the usurping *MORE*.  
 Nor *those*, who high in *MARS* his favour stand,  
 Who with their Ploughs (laborious) travaile o're  
 The Hills of *LEON*, slowly did advance:  
 The ancient Terror of the *Moorish* Lance.

9.

The *VANDALS* came, who to this day confide  
 In *Valour* which of old they made appear.  
*SEVILIA* came (*ANDALUZIA's* Pride)  
 So sweetly water'd by *GUADALQUIVER*.  
 The noble *ISLAND* (which was *colonied*  
 Sometime by *TYRIANS*) was not wanting here,  
 Who, on their *Banners* in those days of yore  
 The famous *Pillars* of *ALCIDES* bore.

10.

Came likewise Troops from old *TOLÉDO's* Reame,  
 Whose nimble *Tongue* the neatest *Spanish* trolls:  
 And *TAGUS* clasps her with his amorous streame,  
 Which from the *Hills* of *CUENCA* sweetly rolls.  
 Nor *fear* kept *you* from being joyn'd to *Them*,  
 Sordid *GALLEGOs* (refractory Souls!)  
 That arm your selves again, those swords t'oppose,  
 Of which already ye have felt the blows.

11.

Likewise black Furies of the *war* drives an  
 The *BISKAYNER*, A mortal enemy  
 To *Complement*; nor of a Heart, that can  
 From any stranger brook an injury:  
*He* of *GUIPUSCUA*, and th'*ASTURIAN*:  
 Fam'd for their *Tron-Indies* far and nigh:  
*These* (arm'd with their own *Mines*) conducted are  
 To serve their *LORD* in the denounced War.

12.

*JOHN*, from whose manly Bosom's bristles, grew  
 That courage, *SAMPSON* borrow'd of *his* hairs,  
 Though all his men amount but to a Few,  
 To play the best of a bad Game prepares.  
 Nor, that he's unresolved what to do,  
 Calls the cheif Counsellors in his Affaires;  
 But, to observe how every one inclines:  
 "For among many there are many minds.

13.

There want no such, as, ev'n against that *Cause*  
 They follow, Reasons do insinuate:  
 Whose sence with a *Castilian* Byas draws  
 From all that's *Portingal* degenerate.  
 Whom *Fear* so freezes, and so overaws,  
 That *natural* love it doth exterminate.  
 Their *King*, and *Countrey*, they deny: and wou'd  
 With *PETER* too, for fear deny their *GOD*.

14.

Don *NUNIO* (to be sure) was none of *Those*:  
 But though his *Brothers* (whom he dearly lov'd)  
 Take t'other side, and big the danger grows,  
 Them whose *Faith* staggers sharply he reprov'd;  
 And at these People with their *I's*, and *No's*,  
 Laying his Hand upon his *Hilt* (more mov'd  
 Then *Eloquent*) these words abruptly hurl'd:  
 Threatning the *Earth*, the *Ocean*, and the *world*.

15.

What? 'Mongst the *Portugal*-Nobility  
 Shall there be any less then *Sons* of *MARS*?  
 What? in *this* Realm (victorious far and nigh)  
 Shall there be born, That shun *defensive* wars?  
 That will their *Hearts*, their *Hands*, their *Heads* deny  
 At such a pinch, their *Fortunes*, and their *Stars*?  
 Or who, for any cause that can be thought,  
 Will see their *Countrey* in subjection brought.

16.

What? Are not *you* then of those *worthies* bred,  
 Who (fierce and valiant as the *Swords* they wore)  
 Under the great *HENRIQUEZ* Standart led,  
 O'rethrew this *warlike* Nation once before?  
 When *Them* so many routed *Squadrons* fled,  
 So many *Flaggs*, that (besides thousands more  
 Of lesser Rank, amongst the opulent *Prey*)  
 Sev'n potent *Earles* our *Pris'ners* were that day?

17.

With *whom*, perpetually were trodden down  
*These*, That are now so dreadful in your view,  
 By *DENIS*, and, his *Son*, of *high* Renown,  
 But with your *Sires*, and *Grandfires*? and if *you*  
*Were* (by the *Sins*, or *weakness*, of the *CROWN*)  
 Kept under, in *FERNANDO*'s days; Renew  
 Your strength with the *new King*: "For 'tis not strange  
 "(You see) for *People* with their *Kings* to change.

18.

Ye have one *now*, that, if your courage rose  
 Equal with his *You* lifted to the *Throne*,  
 Ye might o'rethrow the *World*, how much more *These*,  
 Whom ye have oft already overthrown?  
 And if, in short, with *Him* ye cannot lose  
 Those fears, that seem t'have turn'd you into *stone*;  
 Stand but like *stones* (I ask you not one stroke)  
 Whilst I *alone* resist a *foreign* yolk.

19.

I only, with *my* Tenants, and with *this* —  
 (And at that word he pull'd out half his *Blade*)  
 Will save from *force*, and all that shameful is,  
 This *Land*, which hitherto hath liv'd a Maid.  
 By the *King's* fire, and *mine* (lighted at *his*):  
 Our *Countrey's* Tears: By *Faith* (by you not vvaigh'd):  
 Not only *These* upon their knees I'll bring,  
 But *All* that ever shall oppose *my* King.

As

20.

As when, despairing now, the *Youth* of *ROME*  
 (All that survived *CANNÆ*'s fatal Field)  
 Stood ready (rallyed in *CANUSIUM*)  
 Themselves unto the *Conquerour* to yield,  
 But young *CORNELIUS* doth amongst them come,  
 And swears them *All* upon his sword, compell'd;  
 That they the *Roman* wars shall never leave,  
 Till life leave *them*, or *Those* their *lives* bereave:

21.

So *NUNIO* animates, whom he did force.  
 Whose boyf'rous *Rhet'rick* such quick flame imparts,  
 Chiefly the Tail and sting of his discourse,  
 As thaws those fears that had congeal'd their hearts.  
 And presently they call to *Horse*, to *Horse*,  
 Tossing about their heads *Lances*, and *Darts*.  
 They run: and *live* (with open mouth they cry)  
 The famous King that gives us *Liberty*!

22.

Amongst the fiercer *Commons*, some up-cry  
 This war, by which their *Countrey* is affoyl'd:  
*Others* scowr up their *Armours*, and supply  
 What with the rust of *peace* was eate, and spoyl'd:  
*These*, stuff old *Marriages*; *Those*, new breast-plates try:  
 Each takes those *Arms*, he hath most skill to wield.  
 With sev'ral colour'd *Garments*, *others* flaunt:  
*Others*, Love-Motta's, and *devices* paint.

23.

With all this well-appointed Company,  
 Doth valiant *JOHN* from fresh *ABRANTES* go:  
*Abrantes*, which injoys abundantly  
 The streams, from *CUENCA*'s frozen Caves that flow.  
 The well-arm'd *Vanguard* is commanded by  
 One, who was fit t'have led against a Foe  
 Those *Oriental* Forces without Compt,  
 With which King *XERXES* past the *HELLESPONT*.

24.

*DON NUNIO ALVAREZ*, I mean: the true  
 And fatal scourge of proud *CASTILIANS*,  
 No less, then once the valiant *HUN* was to  
 The ancient *GAULLS*, and the *ITALIANS*.  
 Another *Knight* (to whom much praise is due)  
 Leads the *right wing* of *LUSITANIANS*:  
 As skilfull to conduct, as bold in fight,  
 OF *VASCONCELOS* *MEM RODRIGUEZ*, high.

The



25.

The *other wing*, that corresponds with *this*,  
 ANTONIO VASQUEZ of ALMAAD commands,  
 Who after *Conde* of Abranchez is:  
 And *Hee* comes up with the *Sinestre* Bands.  
 In the *Rear* - *Gard* the *Standart* none can miss,  
 Where (Circling PORTUGAL) CASTILIA Stands;  
 With I O H N, accomplished in every part:  
 Who makes a *dunce* of M A R S in his own Art.

26.

Trembling upon the Battlements, and een  
 Cold ( betwixt *hope* and *fear* suspended now )  
*Wives*, *Mothers*, *Sisters*, *Mistresses*, are seen.  
*Prayers* they prefer: *Fasts*, *Pilgrimages*, vow.  
 Our *Troops* (advancing with undaunted meen)  
 Down by the *Foe* they sit them, brow to brow;  
 Receiv'd with shouts, which rock the *Firmament*:  
 Yet *one*, & *t'other*, doubted the event.

27.

The vocall *Trumpets* challenge, and accept:  
 The *Drumms*, and whistling *Fifes* in consort joyne.  
 The dusty *Field* the flourish'd *Ensigns* sweep,  
 Where all the Colours of the *Rainbow* shine.  
 It was the time, when, C E R E S's fruits being reapt,  
 She lends her *Lab'ers* to the God of *Wine*:  
 When ( into *Libra* entred *August's Sun* )  
 Plump B A C C H U S put sweet *Must* into the Tun.

28.

*Castilian* Trumpets did the On-set sound,  
 Loud, furious dismall, terrible, and hoarse  
 Heard it A R T A B O R's *Mount*, and underground  
 Her way did frighted G U A D I A N A force:  
 Heard it the D V E R E, and A L E N T E C H O round:  
 T A G U S looks back, then hastens on his course:  
 And *Mothers* ( who that baylefull noyfedid heare )  
 Claspe to their *Breasts* their tender *Babes* for feare.

29.

How many *Cheeks* were there discoloured seen,  
 Whilst to the *Heart* the frendlie blood repaired:  
 "In great *Incounters* greater is I ween  
 "The feare of danger, then the danger feard:  
 "But, when the first *brunt's* over, *Rage*, and *Teen*,  
 "Desire of *honour*, and to *Plume* the *Beard*  
 "Of a proud *Foe*; *These* take away the sence  
 "Of losing *limbs*, or dearest *life's* expence.

On

30.

On *either* side the first *Battalions* move:  
 The doubtfull war on either side began:  
*These* fighting for their *Country*, which they love;  
*Those*, to possess *another's* if they can.  
 The great P E R R Y R A, first his force did prove:  
 Summing an *Armie's* valour in one *Man*.  
 Hee *shocks*, strikes down, in fine he makes, their *Grave*,  
 And with their *Corpses* sows the *Land* they crave.

31.

Now through the darkned Ayre barbd Arrows fleet,  
*Javelins*, with other shott, fly whizzing round;  
 Vnder the fiery *Courfers's* yron Feet  
 The *Earth* doth tremble, and the *Vales* resound:  
*Lances* are crackt, and ( dropping thick as Sleet )  
 The *Horsemen* armd come thundring to the ground.  
 Vpon feirce N U N I O's Few, fresh *Foes* are pact:  
 Their Art, to multiply; *his*, to abstract.

32.

Loe now his *Brother's* swords against him bent  
 ( Cruell, and ougly )! But *Hee* wonders not.  
 For they, who 'gainst their *King*, and *Countrey* went,  
 Would never stick to cut a *Brother's* Throat.  
 Of these *Revolters* many did present  
 Themselves in the first *Ranks*: And *who* so hot  
 To kill their *Friends*, as *They*: so kindred *Hoasts*  
 Of yore incountred in *Pharsalian* Coasts.

33.

O C A T A L I N E, and Thou *Sertorius* bould,  
 Noble C O R I O L A N U S, with the rest,  
 Who 'gaynst your *Countrey* drew your swords of ould  
 From an *Impious*, though *provoked*, Brest!  
 If in the darke *Abyss* of P L U T O's Hould  
 Ye find your selves with F U R I E's whips oppress,  
 Tell them ( to cloake the horror of your sin )  
 Some *Portingalls* sometimes have *Traytors* bin.

34.

Ore-whelmd with growing *Foes's* impetuous flood,  
 Now were the formost of our *Squadrons* burst,  
 There N U N I O, like a *rampant Lyon*, stood,  
 Whom in her neighb ring *Mountains* C U R T A nurs;  
 But now he is inviron'd with a wood  
 Of H U N T E R S speares, ore *Tetuan* plains that court;  
*Those* All are bent at *Him*, His *Brows* *Hee* draws,  
 Nor is it *Feare*, but *Anger* makes him pause.

M

Musty

35.

Musty he looks, nought pleased with the fight,  
Yet (his wild Nature, and undaunted he art  
Incompetible with ignoble flight)  
Himself amongst the thickest he doth dart:  
So with the blood of *Aliens* dyes our Knight  
The *Lusitanian* Grass. Some fall, some start  
Ev'n of his own. For, where there is such odds,  
*Strength* often fails, and firmeft *Vertue* nods.

36.

JOHN saw how hard brave NUNIO was put to't:  
(For, as a wife and careful *General*,  
His *Eye* was in all parts, in all his *Foot*,  
His *Presence*, and his *words*, gave life to All)  
As a *She-Lyon*, and a *Nurse* to boot,  
That finds, whilst Hunger, *Her* from home did call,  
(Leaving her whelps unto themselves) a bold  
*Massylian* shepherd lurcht them from her Hold;

37.

Raving she runs, and grinds her Teeth, and rends  
The SEAVEN BROTHER MOUNTAINS with her Voice:  
So JOHN, foruns he (to assist his Friends)  
To the *Head-Squadrons* with some soldiers choice.  
O brave *Camrades*, noble as are your Ends,  
(How in your matchless *Valour* I rejoyce!)  
Defend your *Countray*, and defend your *Lands*:  
The Hope of *Freedom* in your *Lances* stands.

38.

See me, your *King*, your *Fellow*, and your *Head*,  
'Mongst *Darts*, 'mongst *Arrows*, and thick *Pikes* among,  
Rush on the *Foe*! Nor are you sent, but led.  
Shew, fighting, to what *Countray* ye belong.  
The irrefragable *Warriour* sed;  
Who, four times poyning a sharp *Lance*, and strong;  
Throws it with force: and through this *Throw* alone  
Many a *Soule* out of her *House* is throwne.

39.

For (loe!) his men with honorable shame  
Are kindled new and with a noble *Ire*.  
Who shall bet most at *MARS* his bloody Game,  
Is th'onely Thing to which they All aspire.  
They *Vye, reuye*, and dip their steel in flame:  
Break stubborn *Mayles*, nor leave thick *Plates* intire.  
Thus wounds they give, and wounds they take again,  
Nor doth it grieve them, slaying, to be slain.

Many

40.

Many are posted to the *Stygian* Wave,  
Into whose Bodies entred *Steel*, and death.  
Of St. IAGO there the MASTER brave  
Dyes fighting stoutly to his last of breath.  
Another MASTER dire of CALATRAVE  
Pulls *Troops* down with him to the shades beneath.  
The *Renegade* PEREYRAS likewise dye  
*Reneaguing* HEAVEN and their *Destiny*.

41.

Went thousands of the *Vulgar* without noat,  
And *nobles* too, unenter'd in FAMES rolls,  
Where that lean dog still gapes with triple throat,  
Which never can be fill'd with humane souls.  
And (more to humble them, who, when on float,  
Thought the whole World must stoop to their controll)  
The high *Castilian* Standart now doth fall,  
And kiss the foot of that of PORTUGALL.

42.

With deaths, with groans, with blood, with gashes dire,  
The battail cruel above measure grows.  
The multitude of men, that here expire,  
Makes all the *Flowers* in colour like the *Rose*.  
All fly, or dye: Now out of breath was *Ire*:  
Now *Valour* lost an *Arm* for want of *Foes*:  
Now routed sees himself CASTILIA'S King,  
And quits the purpose he from home did bring.

43.

The *Field* he leaves unto the *Conquerer*,  
Glad that he did leave him his life too.  
The poor remainder follow: To whom Feare  
Gave wings, not Feet: nor did they run, but flew.  
The loss of so much men, and Treasure there,  
Profoundly in their silent hearts they rue:  
Hiding the smart, the sorrow, and the foyle,  
To have Another triumph in their spoyle.

44.

Some Him with open mouth blasphem'd, and curst,  
Who first invented War mankind to quell;  
In whose obdurate Breast *Ambition* first,  
And *Covetise* of others goods did dwell;  
Nor car'd for feeding his *hydropick* Thirst  
How many silly soules were pack't to Hell;  
Who taught the way to shorten humane lives,  
To orphan *Children*, and to widow *Wives*.

M 2

Victorious

45.

Victorious JOHN upon the place stays out  
 In martial glory the accustom'd days:  
 With *Offerings* then, and *Pilgrimage* devout,  
 To *Him*, That gave the *Conquest*, gives the Praise.  
 But NUNIO (minding what he was about,  
 As He That knows, a lasting Fame to raise,  
 No way like *Arms*, which all the world command)  
 Passes his *Troops* to the *Trans-Tagan* Land.

46.

To *Him* his stars so favourable were,  
 That the success applauded the *design*:  
 For he both conquers, and the spoils doth wear  
 Of *Andalusian* Countreys That confine.  
 The *Betick Standard* of SEVILIA there,  
 Under which divers neighb'ring *great ones* joyn,  
 With small resistance at his feet soon falls,  
 Quell'd by the *force*, and *name*, of PORTINGALS.

47.

With *these*, and *other* Victories oppress  
 A tedious while were the CASTILIANS brave,  
 When *Peace*, and *now* by both desired *Rest*,  
 The *vanquish'd* People from the *Victors* have:  
 After the KING OF HEAV'N, for ever blest,  
 To the *Foe-Kings* in holy-marriage gave  
 Of ENGLISH SISTERS the unequall'd pair,  
 Illustrious, lovely, beautiful, and Fair.

48.

But long that Breast, inur'd to bloody Broile,  
 To live without a *Foe*, could not sustain;  
 So (having *none* upon the *Land* to toyle)  
 Goes to extend his *Conquests* o're the *Maine*.  
 This is our first of *Kings*, who doth exile  
 Himself from SPAIN, to make the AFRICANE  
 By force of *Arms* perceive the difference great  
 Betwixt CHRIST's *Law*, and *that* of MAHOMET.

49.

Behold on curled THEEYS's silver flood  
 Their wings a thousand *swimming Eagles* beat,  
 To catch the swelling wind (a moving *wood*)  
 Where the *World's* utmost bounds ALCIDES fet,  
 MOUNT AVILA he takes, and the Walls good  
 Of noble CEUTA, outing MAHOMET  
 With his blind *Worship*: and secures all SPAIN  
 From *Treason* of another JULIANE.

Death

50.

Death envies so great Bliss to PORTUGALL  
 As to enjoy the Ages it desires  
 This worthy *Prince*; and takes him from *Earth's* Ball,  
 To add a new *Voice* to the *Angells's Quires*.  
 But that GOOD POWER, which *Him* to *Heav'n* did call,  
 Left his large *off-spring* to supply their *Sire's*  
 Lamented want: PRINCES, who shall command,  
 Augment, and with *new* Vertues deck the *Land*.

51.

King EDWARD was not of the *happiest*, though,  
 The while that *He* the *Regal Throne* did fill:  
 "For moody TIME goes blending *joy* with *woe*:  
 "And with *alternate* Hand gives *good* for *ill*.  
 "Who ever *Happiness* did *constant* know?  
 "Or FORTUNE with *one* face continue still?  
 Yet to this KINGDOM *she*, and ev'n this KING,  
 More of her *honey* gave, than of her *sting*.

52.

He saw his *Brother* Captive (good FERNAND)  
 Who had a *Soul* so *publike*, and so *brave*,  
 That, for his *Troops*, distressed in AFRICK-LAND,  
 Himself a *Pawn* unto the MOORS he gave.  
 Where, when his *ransome* was in his own Hand,  
*He* (born a *Prince*) would rather dye a *slave*:  
 Then that for *Him* we CEUTA should restore:  
*Freedom* he lov'd, but lov'd his *Countrey* more.

53.

CODRUS, because the *Foe* should not o'ecome;  
 Deviz'd a noble *Stratagem* to dye:  
 To save the martial *discipline* of ROME  
 Did REGULUS to *Death* with *Torments* flye:  
*Ours*, distant fear to keep his *Countrey* from,  
 Invites himself to *endless slavery*.  
 CODRUS, nor CURTIUS (so much wonder'd at)  
 Nor loyal DECII, did so much as *That*.

54.

But EDWARD's onely *Son*, ALPHONS<sup>o</sup> hight,  
 (A lucky *Name* to our HESPERIA)  
 Who, the *prowd* threatnings of *Barbarian* night  
 In *bord'ring Lands*, low as the dust did lay;  
 Would have been doubtless an unconquer'd *Knight*,  
 Had he forborn t'invade IBERIA.  
 AFRICK will tell you, 'twas impossible  
 To overcome a *King* so terrible.

To

55.

To pull the *golden Apples* was *his* hap,  
Which none before him, but *ALCIDES* bit,  
On the feirce *MOOR* he such a *Toake* did clap  
From which they cannot rest their *Necks* out yit.  
The *Palme* and *Lawrell* green his *Temples* wrap,  
Of *Victories*, he at the *Seige* did git  
Of Pop'lous *TANCER*, Strong *ALAGER's* Towers,  
And tough *ARZILA*, o're the *Barb'rous* Powers

56.

Infine, the ever-conqu'ring *PORTINCALL's*  
(The succours beaten) entring *These* by force,  
Threw to the ground the *adamantine* walls,  
And *All* that thwarted their *Victorious* course.  
*Wonders* (deserving *Pens* whence liquor falls  
Immortalizing with it's *Nectar* source)  
Wrought *private Swords* in this *Exploit* of fame:  
Exalting more the *Lusitanian* name.

57.

But *after* taynted with *Ambition*,  
And *Rule's* sweet Thirst (though soure to *Him* at last)  
*FERNANDO* he invades of *ARRAGON*,  
About the *Kingdom* of *CASTILIA* vast.  
Of the proud *NATIONS* (which depend thereon)  
A num'rous *Host*, t'oppose him, is a mass,  
From *CADIZ* to the lofty *PERYNEE*:  
All which the *King FERNANDO* did obey.

58.

The young *PRINCE JOHN* disdayns it should be said,  
*Hee* is the only idle Man in *SPAINE*;  
And therefore. his ambitious *Sire* to ayd  
Resolves forth with: nor is his *Ayd* in vaine. ;  
The *Battayle's* bloody period, undismayd,  
*Hee* sees, and with a brow serene and plaine.  
The warlike *Father* put to totall Rout,  
Yet leaves the *Son* the *Victory* in doubt.

59.

For the sublime and truly *Royall* son  
(*Gay Knight* undaunted, confident, and high)  
Having vast spoyle to the *Adversary* done,  
Stays one whole day the *Field* to justify.  
Thus was *OCTAVIUS CESAR* overthrowne,  
And *Victor* his companion *ANTHONY*:  
When *They* or *Those*, who noble *IULIUS* kil'd,  
Revenge'd themselves in the *Philippick* Feild.

ALPHANSO

60.

*ALPHONSO* mounted to high *Heav'n* serene;  
The *Prince*, That then the *Scepter* swayd of right,  
Was *Second JOHN*, who made of *KING's* fifteen  
*Hee* (to attain to *Glory's* utmost hight)  
Began a *Taske*, exceeding strength terrene  
(Whose *weight* is now by *my* weake shoulders born)  
To seek the *Cradle* of the purple *MORN*.

61.

*He* sends fit *Messengers* from his owne *Court*  
Through *SPAINE*, *FRANCE*, celebrated *ITALY*:  
*There* to imbarque in that illustrious *Port*  
Where was interr'd, of old, *PARTHENOPE*.  
*NAPLES*; which *Fortune* made her *Tennis-Court*,  
By severall *NATIONS* held successively,  
To place it *glorious* (no more change to feel)  
In sov'raign *SPANIARDS*, who can fix *her* wheel.

62.

Away they sayle through the *CALAERIAN DEEP*;  
Passe by the *RODIAN ISLAND's* sandy Bay:  
Along the Coast of *ALEXANDRIA* keep,  
For *POMPEY's* death infamous to this day.  
They travayle *MEMPHIS*, and those *Lands* which steep  
Themselves in *NYLE*. To *ETHIOPIA*  
They mount, which *EGYPT's* upper part doth lock,  
Where *CHRIST* hath feeding an out-lying *Flock*.

63.

The *ERYTHREAN SEA* they likewise crost:  
Which, dry-foot past the seed of *ISRAEL*.  
The *NABATHEAN MOUNTAYN's* fight they lost,  
So named from the *Son* of *ISHMAEL*.  
The oderiferous *SABBEAN-COAST*  
(Inrich with *Teares* which from the *Mother* fell  
Off fayre *ADONE*. ) and *BLEST ARABIA* trac't  
Throughout (the *STONY* balking, and the *WAST*;) )

64.

The *PERSIAN GULPH* they enter. To *This* neer,  
Great *BABEL's* Ruines are yet visible.  
Swift *TIGRIS* mingles with *EUPRATES* heer:  
*Brothers*, That with their *Fountain's* glory swell.  
Hence they proceed in quest of *INDUS* deer:  
From which great things *Posteritie* shall tell,  
Of *Troops*, that through long *Seas* shall passe thereto:  
Which, even by *Land* high *TRAIAN* durst not doe.

Of

65.

Of INDIA, TARFE, and CARMANIAN HILLS;  
The strange and uncoth Nations they beheld:  
Noating the sev'rall *Customes*, sev'rall *Skills*,  
Which sev'rall *Regions* doe produce, and yeild.  
But from such *Distant* parts (joynd to the Ills  
Of *sorough* journeys) Men return but feld.  
In fine, *there* did *These* dye; they stuck fast *there*:  
For back they come not to their *Country* deare.

66.

Seems, gracious HEAV'N reserv'd for Thee alone,  
EMANUEL, and for thy great desert  
So *hard* a worke: For Thee with thoughts *high-flown*  
Inspir'd, and cut out fit to *act* this part.  
MANUEL (succeeding IOHN, both in the *Throne*,  
And in the haughty *purpose* of his Heart)  
When first he took on Him the *Kingdoms* Charge,  
The Conquest *undertook* oth' OCEAN large.

67.

Hee, as a person, whom the noble thought  
Of th' obligation he inherited  
From his *Fore Fathers* (who intirely fought  
The *Realm's* advancement) hourly combated;  
When PHEBUS, quitting the *supernal Vault*,  
Vnto the low ANTIPODES was fled,  
And setting *stars* (which in his place arose)  
With twinkling eyes invited to repose:

68.

Extended now upon his *golden Nest*  
(Such are the *Beds* where thoughts *tumultuous* brood)  
And *there* revolving in his silent Brest  
The *obligation* of his place, and *blood*:  
Slumber possesse his *Eyes*, nor dispossesse  
His *Heart* of *Cares*, which made *that* station good:  
For his tyr'd *Lids* whilst sleep (resisted) shuts,  
MORPHUS a thousand *shapes* before him putts.

69.

So high above ground seems he lifted heer,  
That his proud *Crown* the *Firmament* doth peirce:  
From whence *new worlds* before his eyes appeer,  
*Nations* of num'rous people strange and fierce:  
And *yonder* (to the springing MORNING neer)  
As through the Ayre his *visual Raies* disperse,  
Hee fees, far off, from high and ancient *Mountains*,  
Melt down a payre of deep and crystall *Fountains*

With

70.

With *Birds* of monstrous Forms, *wild-beasts* and *Flocks*,  
One of those *Mountains* was inhabited;  
Where thousand savage Trees with leavie Locks  
The intercourse of people hindered  
The shaggie *Forrest*, and the craggie *Rocks's*  
Inextricable *Knots*, demonstrated,  
That to those days of *ours* from ADA M's sin,  
No humane Foot had ever trod therein.

71.

Out of these *Waters* (as to Him appears)  
Addressing towards him their hasty pace,  
Two *Fathers* rise, both wondrous struck in yeares,  
With *Rustick* both, yet *venerable*, Face.  
Their *Snowy* Curles distill in *silver* Teares  
Which bathe their Bodies down in every place.  
Taun'd were their *Skins*, and rusty: Their *Beards* kept  
Rough and unshorn, with which the ground they swept.

72.

The Temples of their heads, were trimly bound  
With health-restoring *Druggs*, and *Fruits* unknown.  
The one lookt weather-beaten and halfe-drown'd,  
As if a longer voyage Hee had gone;  
And (fierce, ev'n at his *Fountain*) underground  
Seem'd to have stoln from a *remoter* one:  
As from *Arcadian* plains ALPHEO fly  
To ARETHUSA'S bed in SICILY.

72.

This (as the more authoriz'd of the Twain)  
Spake thus (far off) unto the King: O Thou  
For whose high *Crown*, and *Empire* soveraign,  
*Much* World is kept, that's hid from the *world*, now.  
Wee (through the *Earth* so fam'd, whose *Necks* in vain,  
Strave *others* wholly to their yokes to bow)  
Are come to with thee send some Men. That may  
Receive large *tributes*, we to Thee must pay.

74.

I am illustrious GANGES: born and nurst  
In PARADISE: where is my *mother-spring*.  
My *Mate* (That from the *Cliffes* thou seest, doth burst;  
Nor other *Cradle* knows) is INDUS KING.  
Yet a severe *Warr* shall we cost thee first:  
But Thou (persisting) in the end shalt bring,  
By *Victories* prodigious, to the *Bitt*,  
All these *viewd Nations* humbly to submit.

N

The

35.

The *Holy* and *illustrious River*, sed  
 No more : But in a moment vanish *Both*.  
*EMANUELL* wakes surpriz'd with a strange dread,  
 And earthquake in his Bosome. *PNEBUS* goeth  
 In the meane time his glittering Cloke to spread  
 Over the *WORLD*, buried in *downe*, and *sloath*.  
*AURORA* came : who, when *she* forth doth rush,  
 Strikes *Lilies* pale, and makes the *Roses* blush.

36.

The *KING* in haſt to counsell calls his *Lords*,  
 To *them* the figures of the *Vision* shows ;  
 To *them* repeats the *Holy Elder's* Words :  
 Whence in them *all* great admiration grow's.  
*ANAVY* is resolv'd on by the *BOARD's*  
*Vnanimous Voate* : In which (magnanimous) *Those*,  
 Whom *hee* shall find to plough the *OCEAN* blew,  
 Must seek new *Nations* out, and *Clymates* new.

37.

I, who despayr'd to see put in effect  
 What had so long been tumbling in my mind :  
 ( For my presaging *Soule* could nere be checkt  
 From prompting great things to mee of this kind )  
 Comprize not for what *cause*, for what *respect*,  
 Or for what *merit*, he in *mee* could find ;  
 But the good *King* was pleas'd to pick out *mee*  
 To be this weightie *enterpriſe's* Key.

38.

And with *Intreaties*, and with *sugard* phraise  
 ( Which are the pow'rfullest *commands* of *KINGS* )  
 He sayd to me. " Through *deep*, and *rugged* ways,  
 " *VERTUE* attains the *best* and *nobleſt* things.  
 " A *Life* well *loſt*, or *haſarded*, to *Bays*  
 " Of everlasting *Honour* persons brings :  
 " For ( if to fordid *Feare* it never bends )  
 " The *shorter* 'tis, the *Farther* it extends.

39.

*You* have I chose ( and all the rest set by )  
 To a *Taske* fit for *you* to undergoe :  
 A *Taske* Heroick, difficult and high,  
 Which ( for my sake ) you will think light, I know.  
 I could not suffer more : but *thus* reply,  
 O my dread *LEIGE!* through *swords*, through *fire*, through *snow*,  
 For *Thee* to venture, only is *Annoy*  
 When I consider *life* is such a *Toy*.

90.

One, following, Cryes : O *Son!* ( the only gage,  
 The prop, the stay, the comfort and the joy,  
 Of this my weake unprofitable *Age*,  
 Which *Floods* of bitter *Tears* drown in Annoy )  
 Why leav'st thou mee in this sad equipage ?  
 Why wilt thou goe, and leave mee ( my deare Boy ! )  
 To make the greedy *Seas* thy *Sepulchere*,  
 And *Fishes* feed That take their pastime *there* ?

91.

Another ( with loose Hayr ) O my deer *Mate*,  
 Without whom *Love* tells mee my roote must pine !  
 Why wilt thou goe, and venture at this rate  
 That *life* to *GULPHS*, which is not thine but *mine* ?  
 How canst thou change, for so uncertain Fate,  
 The chaste embraces of thy constant *Vine* ?  
 Our *loves*, our *joyes* ( in vain how sweet ! ) must *They*  
 To *Sea* ? and with this *wind* be blown away :

92.

In *these* and other speches of this kind  
 { Which from deer *love*, and soft *compassion* rose )  
*Old men* and *children* ( to like *Ruth* inclin'd  
 By diff'rent *Ages* ) imitated *Those*  
 The neigbring *mountayns* in dull *consort* joyne :  
 And, melting, bare the burthen of *their* woes.  
 The *golden Sands* the *Silver Tears* bedew'd :  
 Which seemd to strive with *them* in multitude.

93.

*WERE* ( not so much as lifting once our Eyes  
 On *Wife*, or *Mother*: though our *Soules* it grinds )  
 Whereby in vain laments to *Sympathize*,  
 Or change the purpose of our *fixed* minds )  
 T'embarque our selves, conceiv'd it was most wise,  
 Without those *Farewells* to which custom binds :  
 Which ( though it bee *Love's* most indeering way )  
 Galls more, both *Those* That *goe*: and *Those* that *stay*.

94.

But an *Ould man* of *Venerable* look  
 ( Standing upon the shore amongst the *Growds* )  
 His Eyes fixt upon *us* ( on ship-board ) shook,  
 His head three times ore cast with sorrows cloud:  
 And ( streining his *Voyce* more, then well could brook  
 His aged *lungs* : It rattled in our *shrowds* )  
 Out of a *science practise* did *Asseſs*,  
 Let fly these words from an *oraculous* Brest.

35.

The *Holy* and *illustrious River*, sed  
No more : But in a moment vanisht *Both*.  
E M A N U E L L wakes surpriz'd with a strange dread,  
And earthquake in his Bosome. P H E B U S goeth  
In the meane time his glittering Cloke to spread  
Over the W O R L D, buried in *downe*, and *foath*.  
A U R O R A came : who, when *she* forth doth rush,  
Strikes *Lilies* pale, and makes the *Roses* blush.

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The K I N G in haft to counsell calls his *Lords*,  
To *them* the figures of the *Vision* shows ;  
To *them* repeates the *Holy Elder's* Words :  
Whence in them *all* great admiration grow's.  
A N A V Y is resolv'd on by the B O A R D'S  
Vnanimous *Voate* : In which (*magnanimous*) *Those*,  
Whom *hee* shall find to plough the O C E A N blew,  
Must seek new *Nations* out, and *Clymates* new.

37.

I, who despayr'd to see put in effect  
What had so long been tumbling in my mind :  
( For my presaging *Soule* could nere be checkt  
From prompting great things to mee of this kind )  
Comprize not for what *cause*, for what *respect*,  
Or for what *merit*, he in mee could find ;  
But the good *King* was pleas'd to pick out mee  
To be this weightie *enterprize's* Key.

38.

And with *Intreaties*, and with *sugard* phraise  
( Which are the pow'rfullest *commands* of K I N G S )  
He sayd to me. " Through *deep*, and *rugged* ways,  
" V E R T U E attains the *best* and *noblest* things.  
" A *Life* well *lapt*, or *hazarded*, to *Bays*  
" Of everlasting *Honour* persons brings :  
" For ( if to *sordid Feare* it never bends )  
" The *shorter* 'tis, the *Farther* it extends.

39.

You have I chose ( and all the rest set by )  
To a *Taske* fit for you to undergoe :  
A *Taske* Heroick, difficult and high,  
Which ( for my *sake* ) you will think light, I know.  
I could not suffer more : but *thus* reply,  
O my dread L E I G B ! through *swords*, through *fire*, through *snow*,  
For *Thee* to venture, only is *Annoy*  
When I consider *life* is such a *Toy*.

Put

80.

Put me on *Tasks* as great as *those* of yore  
Suborn'd E U R I S T E U S to A L C I D E S gave ;  
The fruitful H Y D R A, E R I M A N T H I A N B O R N,  
The H A R P I E S dire, N E M E A N L Y O N brave.  
In short, to visit the *infernal shore*  
Where *Styx* moats P L U T O's House with its black Wave :  
For *Thee* ( O K I N G ) worse *dangers*, and worse *Toyls*,  
My *Spirit* leaps at, nor my *Flesh* recoyles.

81.

With sumptuous *Boons*, and *words*, that *those* exceed ;  
My good will *He* doth praise, and gratifie :  
" For *Vertue*, spurr'd with praise, doubles her speed ;  
" And is inflam'd to *Enterprises* high.  
To second me in this *Exployt*, agreed  
( Oblig'd by *Natures*, and by *Friendship's* Tye,  
Thirsty alike of *Honour*, and of *Fame* )  
My dear and loving Brother P A U L D E G A M B.

82.

N I C H L A S C O E L L I O makes a *Third* : for pains  
Most indefatigable. And *These* are  
My *two Supporters* strong of *Hand*, and *Brains* :  
Experienc't *both*, *both* no less bold in warr.  
I get me a young *Crew* of sturdy *Swains*,  
Whose budding *Valour* itcht for *martial* jarr :  
*All* metled *Lads* ; And so, it well appeers,  
That came to such a business *Volunteers*.

83.

*These* too have *gifts* from M A N U E L's hand, *requisit*  
Themselves, and make the love they bear him more :  
And with the *praising* bounty of his *Lip*,  
Are arm'd 'gainst *All*, hard *Fates* can have in store.  
Thus man'd K I N G P E L I A S that *prophetick* ship  
In which ( through *Euxine* Seas, unsayl'd before )  
With *Aeson's* Heyre the vent'rous youth of G R E E K  
He sent to C O L C O S for the *Golden Fleece*.

84.

Now in the famous *Port* of L I S B O N - T O W N  
( Where golden T A G U S mingles his *sweet* Flood  
With the Salt O C E A N, and his *Sands* doth drown )  
With noble *longings*, and *transported* mood,  
The S H I P S lye ready. *There* no sullen *frown*,  
No frosty *Fear*, benumbs the *youthful* blood :  
For both the *Sea-men*, and the *Land-men there*,  
Will go with *me* about the W O R L D, they *swear*.

N 2

Upon

85.

Upon the *shore* the strutting *souldiers* sayle  
 In cloathes of sev'rall *colour*, sev'rall cutt,  
 Their *minds*, more brave: bent to extend our *pale*,  
 And plant in *lands unknown* their daring foot.  
 The gentle *wind* breathing a tempting Gale,  
 On the tall *shipp*s the *Standards* ope and shutt.  
 The *Shipp*s expect, for this *new Navigation*,  
 To bee (like *A x o*) made a *Constellation*.

86.

Wee (fitted and provided thus, with All  
 That such a *Voyage* doth require and crave)  
 To fit our *soules* for *death* devoutly fall:  
 Which *Saylers* see in ev'ry rounding Wave.  
 From *Him*, whose preface *Beattificall*  
 Is all the Food that *Saints* and *Angels* have,  
 Favour we beg, for to prepare our way,  
 And to conduct us with his *heavenly Ray*.

87.

Thus of *that Temple* took we a long leave,  
 Which (on the Margent of our Ocean plac't)  
 From the *blest City* did it's name receive  
 Where *G o d* was born (a *Gem* in *Clayenchac't*)  
 I promise thee (O *K I N G*) how wee did heave  
 Our *Anchors* from that shore, when I recast,  
 With doubt of ever seeing it again,  
 Scarce can my *bridled eyes* from *Tears* refrain.

88.

Th'Inhabitants of *L i s b o n*, that sad day  
 (For *Friendship* some, and some for *Kindreds Tyes*)  
 Others, as meer *spectators*, flockt: *dismay*,  
 And *solitariness*, writt in their *Eyes*.  
 And wee (whom thousand *Priests* upon our way  
 Did bring with *Psalms*, and all solemnities  
 Of grave *procession*) praying to our *G o d*,  
 Went to take shipping in the Noble Road.

89.

In so long *Voyage*, and so doubtfull ways,  
 The gazing people give us All for lost,  
 This, by their *leaves* the softer *sex* bewrays:  
 The *Men* by *Sighs*, as they would yeild the Ghost,  
*Sisters*, and *Mothers*, And poor *Wives* (always  
 Where there is most of *love*, there *fear* reigns most.)  
 Increase the doubt upon the *generall score*,  
 That she shall never see our *Faces* more.

One

90.

One, following, Cryes: O *Son*! (the only gage,  
 The prop, the stay, the comfort and the joy,  
 Of this my weake unprofitable *Age*,  
 Which *Floods* of bitter *Tears* drown in Annoy)  
 Why leav'st thou mee in this sad equipage?  
 Why wilt thou goe, and leave mee (my deare Boy!)  
 To make the greedy *Seas* thy *Sepulchere*,  
 And *Fishes* feed That take their pastime there:

91.

Another (with loose Hayr) O my dear *Mate*,  
 Without whom *Love* tells mee my roote must pine!  
 Why wilt thou goe, and venture at this rate  
 That *life* to *G u l p h s*, which is not thine but mine?  
 How canst thou change, for so uncertain Fate,  
 The chaste embraces of thy constant *Vine*?  
 Our *loves*, our *joyes* (in vain how sweet!) must *They*  
 To *Sea*: and with this *wind* be blown away:

92.

In these and other speches of this kind  
 (Which from deer *love*, and soft *compassion* rose)  
 Old men and children (to like *Ruth* inclin'd  
 By different *Ages*) imitated *Those*:  
 The neighb'ring *mountayns* in dull consort joyne:  
 And, melting, bare the burthen of their woes.  
 The golden *Sands* the *Silver Tears* bedew'd:  
 Which seemd to strive with them in multitude.

93.

W h e (not so much as lifting once our *Eyes*  
 On *VVife*, or *Mother*: though our *Soules* it grinds)  
 Whereby in vain laments to *Sympathize*,  
 Or change the purpose of our *fixed minds*)  
 T'embarque our selves, conceiv'd it was most wise,  
 Without those *Farewells* to which custom binds:  
 Which (though it bee *Love's* most indeering way)  
 Galls more, both *Those* That goe, and *Those* that stay.

94.

But an *Ould man* of *Venerable* look  
 (Standing upon the shore amongst the *Crowds*)  
 His *Eyes* fixt upon us (on ship-board) shook,  
 His head three times ore-cast with forrows clouds:  
 And (streining his *Voyce* more, then well could brook  
 His aged *lungs*: It rattled in our throw'ds)  
 Out of a *science*, *practise* did *Attest*,  
 Let fly these words from an *oraculous Brest*.

O



95.

O *Glory* of commanding ! O *vain* Thirst  
Of that same empty *nothing*, we call *Fame* !  
O *Ignis fatuus*, kindled and nurst  
With *vulgar* breath ( and *this* we *Honour* name ) !  
What *Plagues*, what *stings*, what *secret scourges* curst,  
Torment those *Bosoms* which *thou* doest inflame !  
What *deaths* ! what *dangers* ! what *impetuous storms* !  
What *cruelties* on *them* thy *Hand* performs !

96.

Fell *Tyrant* of the *soules* ! life's swallowing *VVave* !  
*Mother* of *Plunders*, and black *Rapes* unchast !  
The *secret miner*, and the *open Grave*,  
Of *Patrimonies*, *Kingdoms*, *Empires* vast !  
They call thee *noble*, and they call thee *Brave* :  
(Worthy t'have other names upon thee cast !)  
They call thee *Fame*, and *Glory* *sovereign* :  
Titles, with which the foolish *Rout* is tane.

97.

What new *disaster* dire intendest *Thou*  
To lead these *Kingdoms*, and these *Folk* into ?  
What *deaths*, what *Horrors* must they swallow now,  
Vnder pretence to spread *Religion* true ?  
What *holdings* forth of *golden Mines*, and how  
Great *Kingdoms* shall be conquer'd by a *Few* ?  
What *Fames* do'st thou advance ? what *Histories* ?  
What *Palms* ? what *Triumphs* ? and what *Victories*.

98.

But *Thou* (the *lignage* of that *Foole*, who twice  
Undid thee by his *disobedience* :  
Not only when he lost thee *PARADICE*,  
Into this *Vale* of *Tears* exild from thence ;  
But when by growth of his *infectious Vice*  
He forfeited thy *second Innocence*,  
And *Thee*, out of a *golden exile* hurld  
Into an *Iron* and *contentious world*.)

99.

Since with this sweet and pleasing *vanity*  
Thy giddie *Brain* is so bewicht, and drownd ;  
Since bloody *Rage* and *Inhumanity*,  
*Valour*, and *Braw'rie*, in thy *language* found ;  
Since thou doest vauw, and esteem so high,  
The *disesteem* of *life*, which we are bound  
To cherish, and in great accompt to have it :  
(Since so much fear'd to loose it, *Hee* who gave it.)

Hast

100.

Hast thou not, close at hand, the *ISHMARLITE*  
To cut thee work out, more then thou canst doe ?  
If for the *sacred Law* of *CHRIST* thou fight,  
'Th' *ARABIAN*'s *false one* does not *He* pursue ?  
Hath *Hee* not thousand *Citties*, *Infinite*  
Of *Land*, if *Power*'s availe, if *Wealth*'s one too ?  
Hath not *Hee* got in *Arms* a mighty *Name*,  
If *Honour*, and not *Bootie* be thy *Ayme* ?

101.

Leav'st thou a growing *Foe* just at thy *dore*,  
To goe and seek *another Foe* so farr,  
Dispeopling an *ould Realm*, wasting *her store*,  
Quitting thy *Countrey*, and thy private *LAR* ?  
That flatter'ing *Fame* to *Heav'n* may make thee soare,  
Through *waves uncertain* seekst thou *certain warr* ?  
In thy *swoln Style* in words at length to find,  
*ARABIA*, *PERSIA*, *ETHIOPIA*, *YND* ?

102.

Accurst be *Hee*, who first forsook the *Ground*,  
And fastned *canvas wings* to a *dry Tree* !  
Worthy, in endlesse darkness to be bound,  
If that, which I was taught, *RELIGION* bee.  
May never *Judgment*, solid and profound,  
May never *Happy Veyn* in *Poetrie*,  
Retrive his *memory*, adorn his *Fame* :  
But dye, with *Him*, his *Glory*, and his *Name*.

103.

The son of *IAPET* stole from *PHEBUS*'s *Carr*  
*Fire*, which in *humane* Breast he did infuse ;  
*Fire*, which the *world* did kindle into *Warr*,  
*Plagues*, and *debaucheries* (a great abuse !)  
*PROMETHEUS*, had it not been better farr  
For *Us*, and for the *world* (which wee misuse)  
Thy noble *Statute* had excus'd that *fire*,  
Which made it with *Ambition*'s wings aspire ?

104.

Then had not the much pittied *youth* been driving  
His *Sire*'s gilt *charet* ; nor that great *contriver*  
Through th'empty *Ayre* sayld with his *Son* ( *This* giving  
The *sea* a *name*, *Hee* *Fame* unto a *River* )  
Nothing so *high*, nothing so barrd the living,  
Through *Fire*, *Sword*, *Water*, *Calm* and *Cold* : what ever :  
Which *MAN* projecteth, and attempteth not,  
A *strange Condition* ! an *unquie Lot* !

End of the fourth Canto.

## Fifth Canto.

## STANZA. 1.

THE rev'rend *Father* stood inculcating  
 These *Sentences*; when *Wee* to a serene  
 And gentle *Gale* expand our *Canvas* wing:  
 When from the loved *Port* our selves we reane:  
 And sayles unfurling make the *Welkin* ring  
 (After the manner of *Sea-faring* Men)  
 With *BOON VOYAGE*. Immediately the *Wind*  
 Does on the *Trunks* his Office and his kind.

## 2.

The ever burning *Lamp*, that rules the day,  
 In the *Nemean Bruise* began to rage;  
 And the *great world* (which doth with time decay)  
 Limpt in his *Sixt* infirm, and crooked *Age*:  
 Thereof (accounting in the *CHURCH*'s way)  
 Of *Sol's* incessant *Race* the *THOUSAND* stage  
*Four hundred, Ninetic Seav'nth*, was running whan,  
 In all their *trim* the *Shipp*s to saile began.

## 3.

Now by degrees out of our sight did glide  
 Parts of our *Countray*, which abode behind.  
 Abode deer *TAGS*: and we *then* did hide  
 Fresh *SYNTRA* (About *this* our eyes did wind)  
 In the *lov'd* Kingdom likewise did abide  
 Our *Hearts*, whose strings could not be thence untwind,  
 And, when as all the *Land* did now with draw,  
 The *sea* and *Firmament* was all wee saw.

## 4

Thus went we opening those seas, which (save  
 Our *own*) no *Nation* open'd ere before:  
 See those new *Isles*, and climates near; which brave  
*PRINCE HENRY* shew'd unto the *world* before  
 The *Mauritanian Hills*, and *Strand*, which gave,  
*ANTEUS* birth, who *there* was King of yore,  
 Upon the *left hand* left (for there is none  
 Upon the *right*, though now suspected, known)

Wee

## 5.

We the great *Island* of *MADERA* pass,  
 Which from it's *Wood's* abundance took the name;  
 The first, which planted by our *Nation* was,  
 Of which the *worth* is more then the *great fame*:  
 Nor (though the last place in the *world* it has)  
 Doth any, *VENUS* loves, excel the fame:  
 Who (rather) were it *Hers*, would lay aside  
 For *This*, *CYTHERA*, *CYPRUS*, *PAPHOS*, *GNIDE*.

## 6.

We leave adust *MSSILIAS* barren Coast,  
 Where *AZENEGUES*'s lean *Heards* take their repast:  
 A *People*, That want *water* to their *Roast*;  
 Nor *Herbs* it self in any plenty tast:  
 A *LAND* in fine, to bear no *Fruit* dispos'd:  
 Where *Birds* in their hot stomachs *Iron* waste:  
 Suffring of all things great *Necessitie*:  
 Which *ETHIOPIA* parts from *BARRABIE*.

## 7:

We pass the *Bound* that hedges out the *Sun*  
 When to the frozen *North* he bends his way:  
 Where *people* dwell, whom *CLYMBENE*'s rash Son  
 Deny'd the sweet *Complexion* of the *day*.  
*Here NATIONS* strange are water'd one by one  
 With the fresh *Currents* of black *SENEGGA*.  
*Here ARSINARIUS* Aloof is seen,  
 That lost his name: confirm'd by Us *CAPE GREEN*.

## 8.

*CANARIAN ISLES* (the same men call'd of old  
*THE FORTUNATE*) declined: After *These*  
 Among the *Daughter-Islands* we did fall  
 Of aged *HESPER*, term'd *HESPRIDES*.  
*Locks*, in the which the *Fleets* of *PORTUGAL*  
*Towonders* new before had turn'd the *Keys*.  
*There* did we touch with favourable wind,  
 Some *fresh provisions* for our *Ships* to find.

## 9.

It's *Name* the *Ile* on which we *Anchor* cast  
 Did from the warlike *St. IAGO* take.  
 The *Saint* That help the *SPANIARD* in times past  
 Such cruel havock of the *MOORS* to make.  
 Thence, when the *North* renew'd his kinder blast,  
 We cut again the circumfused *Lake*  
 Of the salt *Ocean*; And that *Store-House*: leave;  
 From which *Refreshment* sweet we did receive.

O

Winding

## 10.

Winding withal about your *Africk shore*,  
 Where to the EAST (like a *half-moon*) it bends;  
 About JALOFFO's Province (which doth store  
 The world with BLACKS, whom, forc't Aboard, it sends.)  
 The large MANDINGA that affords the Ore  
 The which doth make Friends Foes, and of Foes Friends;  
 (Which suck't GAMBIA's crooked water laves  
 That disimbogues in the *Atlantick Waves*)

## 11.

We pass the GORGADS, peopled by faire  
*Sisters*, in ancient time residing there:  
 Who (rob'd of *seeing*) did amongst them share  
 One onely *Eye*, which they by turns did weare.  
 Thou onely, *Thou* (the *Net* of whose curl'd Haire  
 Caught NEPTUNE, like a Fish, in his own *Wre*)  
 Turn'd of them all at last the ugliest *Lout*,  
 With *Pipers* sow'dst the burning sands about.

## 12.

Ploughing in fine before a *Northern Wind*  
 In that vast GULPH the *Navy* went embayd;  
 LEONA's craggie mountains left behind,  
 The CAPE OF PALMS (so call'd from *Palmie* shade)  
 And that great RIVER, where the *Sea* (confin'd)  
 Against the shores, which we had planted, bray'd:  
 With th'*Isle* that boasts *his* name, who would not trust  
 Till in the side of GOD his Hand he thrust.

## 13.

There lyes of CONGO the wide-spreading *Ream*,  
 By *Vs* (before) converted to CHRIST's Law;  
 Through which long ZAYRE glides with crystal stream:  
 A *River*, this, the Ancients never saw.  
 In fine through this vast *ocean* from the Team  
 Of known BOOTES I apace withdraw:  
 Having already pass'd upon the *Maine*  
 The BURNING LINE that parts the *World* in twain.

## 14.

There we before us saw by it's own light  
 In this new EPICICLE a *Star* new:  
 Of which the other *Nations* ne're had sight,  
 And (long in darkness) no such matter knew.  
 The world's *Antartick* Henge (less gilt, less bright,  
 For want of *Stars*, then th'*Artick*) we did view:  
 Beneath the which, a question yet depends,  
 Whether more *Land* begins, and the *Sea* ends.

Past

## 15.

Past in this sort those *equinoxiall* clymes  
 By which his steeds twice yearly drives the *sun*,  
 Making two *Summers*, *Winters*, *Autumns*, *Times*,  
 Whilst he from one to to'ther *Pole* doth run:  
 Now *soft*, now *calm'd* (A sufferer in all *Times*:  
 By want, and plenty, equally undone.)  
 I saw both BEARS (the *little* and the *Great*)  
 Despight of IUNO in the *Ocean* set.

## 16.

To tell thee all the dangers of the DEEP  
 (Which humane Judgment cannot comprehend)  
 Suddain and fearfull *storms*, the *Ayre* that sweep;  
*Lightnings*, that with the *Ayre* the *Fire* doe blend;  
 Black HURRICANS; thick *Nights*; THUNDERs, that keep  
 The *World* alarm'd, and threaten the last End:  
 Would be too tedious: indeed vain and mad,  
 Though a *brasse* Tongue, and *Iron* lungs I had.

## 17.

I saw those things, which the rude *Mariner*  
 (Who hath no *Mistresse*, but *Experience*)  
 Doth for unquestionable *Truths* aver,  
 Guided belike by his *externall* fence:  
 But ACADEMICKS (who can never err,  
 Who by pure *Wit* and LEARNING's *quintessence*,  
 Into all NATURE's *secrets* dive and pry)  
 Count either *Eyes*, or *conings* of the *Eye*.

## 18.

I saw (as plain as the *sun's* midday light)  
 That fire the *Sea-man* saints (shining out faire  
 In time of *Tempest*, of teirce *winds* despight,  
 Of *over-crowded* Heaven's. and black despayre:)  
 Nor did wee all lesse wonder (and well might,  
 For twas a sight to bristle up the Hayre)  
 To see a *sea-born* *Clowd* with a long *Cane*  
 Suck in the *sea*, and spout it out againe.

## 19.

I saw with these two eyes) nor can presume  
 That these deceiv'd mee) from the *Ocean* breathed  
 A little *Vapour*, or aeriall *Fume*,  
 With the curl'd wind (as by a *Turner*) wreathed.  
 I saw it reach to Heaven from the salt *spume*,  
 In such thin *Pipe*, as those where *springs* are sheathed;  
 That by the *Eye* it hardly could be deemed:  
 Of the same substance which the *Clowds* it seem'd.

O 2

By

20.

By little *this* and little did augment,  
 And swell'd beyond the Bulk of a thick *Mast*.  
*Streightning* and *widening* (like a *Throat*) it went,  
 To gulp into it self the water fast.  
 It *wav'd* upon the *wavy* Element.  
 The top thereof (impregnated at last  
 Into a *Cloud*) expanded *more*, and *more*,  
 With the great load of *Water* which it bore.

21.

As a black *Horse-leech* (mark it in some *Pool*!)  
 Got to the *Lip* of an unwary *Beast*,  
 Which (*drinking*) suck't it from the *water* cool,  
 Upon *another's* blood *itself* to feast;  
 It swells and swells, and feeds beyond all Rule,  
 And stuffs the paunch; a rude, unsober, *Guest*.  
 So swell'd the *Pillar* (vvith a hideous *Crop*)  
*Itself*, and the black *Clovvd* vvich it did prop.

22.

But, vvhen that novv'tis full, the *Pedestal*  
 Dravvs to it self, vvich in the *Sea* vvas set;  
 And (flutt'ring through the *Ayre*) in shovv'rs doth fall:  
 The *conchant* *Water* vvith *new* vvater vvet.  
 It pays the vvaves the *borrow'd* *Waves*, but all  
 The *Salt* thereout did first extract and get.  
 Novv tell me, *SCHOLARS*, by your *Books*; vvhat skill,  
 Dame *NATURE* us'd these *waters* to distil?

23.

If old *PHILOSOPHERS* (vvho travayld through  
 So many *Lands*, *her* secrets out to spye)  
 Had *viewd* the *Miracles* vvich *I* did vievv,  
 Had sayld vvith so many *winds* as *I*;  
 What *writings* had they left behind! vvhat nevv,  
 Both *Starres*, and *Signs*, bequeath'd to *Us*! What high  
 And strong *Influxes*! What *hid* *Qualities*!  
 And all pure *Truths*, vvithout alloy of *Lyes*!

24

But vvhen that *Planet* (vvich her *Court* doth keep  
 In the *first sphere*) five times vvith speedy *Race*  
 Had, since our *Fleet* vvas vvand'ring on the *DEEP*,  
 Shevv'd sometimes *half*, and sometimes *all* her *Face*:  
 A quick-eyd *Lynx* cries, from the *Scuttle* steep,  
*LAND! LAND!* vvith *that*, upon the *decks* apace  
 Leaps the transported *Crew*: their *Eyes*, intent  
 On the *Horizon* of the *ORIENT*.

At

25.

At first the *dusky Mountains* (of the *Land*  
 Wee made) like congregated *Clouds* did look:  
 Seen *plain*, the heave *Anchors* out of hand  
 Wee ready make: *Approach'd*, our *sails* we strook;  
 And (that we might more cleerly understand  
 The parts *remote* in which we were I took  
 The *ASTROLABE*, a modern *Instrument*:  
 Which with sharpe Judgment *SAGES* did invent:

26.

We disembarked in the most open space:  
 From *whence*, themselves the rashier *Land-men* spread  
 (Greedy of *Novelties*!) through the wyld Place:  
 Which never *Stranger's* Foot before did tread.  
 But *O* (not passing the *Land's* sandie Face)  
 To find out where we are, with *Sea-men* bred  
 Stay taking the *Sun's* heighth by th' *OCEAN* curld;  
 And with my *Compass* trace the *painted* *World*.

27.

We found, we had already wholly past  
 Of the *halfe-Coate*, halfe *Fish*, the noted *Gole*:  
 Between the *same*, and *that* cold *Countrey* plac't  
 (If such there be beneath the *SOUTHERN* Pole.  
 When, loe! (lockt in with my *Companions* fast)  
 I see a *NATIVE* come, black as the *Cole*:  
 Whom *they* had took perforce, as in the *Wood*  
 Getting out *Honey* from the *Combe* he stood.

28.

He comes with *borrou* in his *looks*: as *Hee*  
 Who of a *snare*, like this, could never dreame.  
*Hee* understood not *Us*, neither *Him* *VVee*:  
 More savage then the brutish *POLYPHEM*.  
 Of *COLCOS's* gliftring *Fleece* I let him see  
 The *mettle* which of *mettles* is supreme:  
 Pure *Silver*; sparckling stones (continuing suite; )  
 But in all *these* was unconcern'd the *Brute*.

29.

I bid them shew him lower prized Things  
*Beades* of transformed *crystall*; a fine noyse  
 Of little *Bells*, thridded on *sawdry* strings,  
 A red *Cap*, Colour which Contents, and joys.  
 Streight saw I by his *looks* and *beckonings*,  
 That he was wondrous taken with these *Toys*.  
 Therewith I bid them they should set him free:  
 So to the *Village* nigh away went *Hee*.

But

30.

But the next *morn* ( whilst yet the skyes were dim )  
 All *naked*, and in colour like the *shades*,  
 To seek such *Knacks* as had been given to *Him*,  
 Loe, by the *Craggs* descending his *Camerades*!  
 Where now their carriage to us is so trim,  
 So tractable, and plyant; as perfwades  
*VELOSO* with them to venture through the *Cover*,  
 The *Fashions* of the Countrey to discover.

31.

*VELOSO* says, his pledge shall be his *Blade*,  
 And walks secure in his own *Arrogance*,  
 But, having now away a good while stayd  
 And, I out-prolling with my countenance,  
 To see what *signs* for our *Advent'rer* made,  
 Behold him comming with a vengeance  
 Down from the Mountain-top towards the *ships*!  
 And faster homeward, then he went, he skips.

32.

The *long-boate* of *CORLLIO* made hast  
 To take him in : but, ere arrive *that* could,  
 An *ETHIOPIAN* bold his weapon past  
 Full at his bosome, least escape he should.  
*Another*, and *Another* too: Thus chac't  
*VELOSO* and *those* farr off That help him would,  
 I run, when ( just as I an Oare lift up )  
 A Troop of *Negroe's* hides the mountain-top.

33.

A Clowd of *Arrows*, and sharpe *Stones* they rain,  
 And hayle upon us without any stint:  
 Nor were *These* uttered to the Ayre in vain,  
 For in this leg I *there* receiv'd a dint.  
 But *wee* ( as prickt with *smart*, and with disdayne )  
 Made them a ready answere, so in print,  
 That ( I believe in earnest ) with our Rapps  
 Wee made their *Heads* as *crimson* as their *capps*.

34.

And now ( *VELOSO*, off, with safety brought )  
 Forthwith repayre we to the *Fleet* agin,  
 Seeing the ugly *Malice*, the base *Thought*,  
 This false and brutish people hid within:  
 From whom of *INDIA* ( so desired ) nought  
 Of Information could we pick, or win,  
 But that it is remote, So once more I  
 Vnto the *Wind* let all the *Canvas* fly.

Then

35.

Then to *VELOSO* said a Jybing lad  
 ( The rest all laughing in their sleeves ) Ho ! Frend  
*VELOSO*: the Hill ( it seems ) was not so bad  
 And hard to be come down, as 'twas t'ascend.  
 True ( quoth th' *Advent'rer* bold ) Howe're, I had  
 Not made such haste, but that the *Dogs* did bend  
 Against the *Fleet*: And I began to doubt me  
 It might go ill, that you were here without me.

36.

He tells us then, he past no sooner was  
 The *Mountain's* top, but that the people black  
 Forbid him any farther on to pass  
 And threat to kill him if he turn not back;  
 And ( turn'd ) they lay them down upon the grass  
 In *Ambuscade*, whereby they *Us* might pack  
 To the dark Realm, when we in haste should rally  
 To rescue *Him*, before we well could rally.

37.

The *Sun* five times the *Earth* had compassed  
 Since *We* ( from thence departed ) *Seas* did plough  
 Where never *Canvas* wing before was spread,  
 A prosp'rous Gale making the *top-yards* bow:  
 When on a *night* ( without suspect, or dred,  
 Chatting together in the cutting *Prow* )  
 Over our Heads appear'd a fable *Clowd*,  
 Which in thick darkness did the *Welkin* shrowd.

38.

So big it lookt, such stern *Grimaces* made,  
 As fill'd our Hearts with horror, and appall,  
 Black was the *Sea*, and at long distance brayd  
 As if it roar'd through *Rocks*, down *Rocks* did fall.  
 O *Pow'r* inhabiting the *Heav'ns*, I said!  
 What divine threat is? What *mystical*  
 Imparting of thy will in so *new form*,  
 For this is a Thing greater then a *Storm*?

39.

I had not ended, when a *humane* Feature  
 Appear'd to us ith' *Ayre*, Robustious, rulli'd  
 Of *Heterogeneal* parts, of *boundless* Statue,  
 A *Clowd* in's *Face*, a *Beard* prolix and squallid:  
*Cave-Eyes*, a *gesture* that betray'd ill nature,  
 And a worse mood, a clay complexion pallid:  
 His crispt *Hayre* fill'd with *earth*, and hard as *Wyre*,  
 A *mouth* cole-black, of *Teeth* two yellow Tyre.

of

40.

Of such *portentous* Bulk was this *Colosse*,  
That I may tell thee (and not tell amiss)  
Of that of *Rhodes* it might supply the loss  
(One of the *World's Scav'n Wonders*) out of this  
A *Voyce* speaks to us : so profound, and grosse,  
It seems ev'n torn out of the vast *Abyss*.  
The *Hayre* with horror stands on end, of mee  
And all of us, at what we *hear*, and *see*.

41.

And *this* it spake. O *you*, the boldest Folke  
That ever in the world great things assayed;  
Whom such dire *Wars*, and infinite, the *smoke*  
And *Toyle* of *GLORY* have not weary made;  
Since these *forbidden* bounds by *you* are broke,  
And my large Seas your daring *keeles* invade,  
Which I so long enjoy'd, and kept *alone*,  
Unplough'd by *forreign* Vessel, or our *owne*.

42.

Since the hid secrets you are come to spye  
Of *NATURE* and the *humid* Element;  
Never reveal'd to any *MORTAL's* Eye  
*Noble*, or *Heroes*, that before you went:  
Hear from my mouth, for your presumption high  
What *losses* are in store, what *Plagues* are meant,  
All the wide *OCEAN* over, and the *LAND*,  
Which with hard *War* shall *bow* to your command.

43.

*This* know; As many *Ships* as shall persevere  
Boldly to make the Voyage *you* make now,  
Shall finde this *POYNT* their enemy for ever  
With *winds* and *tempests* that no bound shall know:  
And the first *FLEET OF WAR* that shall indeaver  
Through these inextricable Waves to go,  
So fearful an *example* will I make,  
That men shall say I *did* more then I *spake*.

44.

Here I expect (unless my hopes have ly'de)  
On my *discov'rer* full Revenge to have;  
Nor shall He (onely) all the Ills abide,  
Your *pertinacious* confidences crave:  
But to your Vessels yearly shall betide  
(Unless provoked, I in vain do rave)  
*Shipwracks*, and *losses* of each kinde and Race;  
Amongst which, *death* shall have the low'est place.

And

45.

And of the first that comes this way (in whom  
With height of *Fortune*, height of *Fame* shall meet)  
I'll be a new, and everlasting Tomb,  
Through *GOD's* unfathom'd judgement. At these Feet  
He shall drop all his *Glories*, and inhumed  
The glitt'ring *Trophies* a *Turkish* Fleet.  
With me conspire his Ruine, and his Fall,  
Destroyd *QUILOA*, and *MOMBASSA's* Wall.

46.

Another shall come after, of good *fame*,  
A *Knight*, a *Lover*, and a *lib'ral* Hand;  
And with him bring a fair and gentle *dame*,  
Knit *his* by *LOVE*, and *HYMEN's* sacred Bond.  
In an ill hour, and to your loss and shame;  
Ye come within the *Parlews* of my land;  
Which (kindly cruel) from the *sea* shall free you,  
Drown'd in a *sea* of miseries to see you.

47.

Sterv'd shall they see to death their *Children* deare;  
*Be Got*, and rear'd, in so great love. The black  
Rude *CAPRES* (out of *Avarice*) shall teare  
The *Cloathes* from the *Angelick* Lady's back.  
Her dainty limbs of *Alabaster* cleare  
To *Heate*, to *Cold*, to *Storm*, to *Eyes's* worse *Rack*  
Shall be laid *naked*, after she hath trod  
(Long time) with her soft Feet the burning Clod.

48.

Besides all this, *Their Eyes* (whose happier lot  
Will be to scape from so much miserie)  
This *Toake* of *LOVERS*, out into the hot  
And unrelenting *Thickets* turn'd shall see:  
Ev'n there (when *Tears* they shall have squeez'd and got  
From *Rocks* and *Desarts*, vvhhere no waters be)  
Embracing (*kind*) their *souls* they shall exhale  
Out of the faire, but miserable, *Iayle*.

49.

The ugly *Monster* vvent to rake into  
More, of our *Fate*, vvhhen, starting on my feet,  
I ask him, *Who art Thou?* (for to say true  
*Thy hideous Bulk amazes me to see*)  
He (vvreathing his black mouth) about him threw  
His *savvcer-Eyes*: And (as his soul vvould fleet)  
Fetching a dismal groan, *replide* (as *sory*,  
Or *vext*, or *Both*, at the *Interrogatory*.)

P

I

50.

I am that great and secret *HEAD* of *LAND*,  
Which *you* the *CAPE* of *TEMPESTS* well did call;  
From *STRABO*, *PTOLOMEE*, *POMPONIUS*, And  
Grave *PLINY* hid, and from the *ANTIENS* all.  
I the *but-end*, that knits wide *AFRICK'S* strand;  
My *Promontory* is her *Moun'd* and *Wall*,  
To the *ANTARTICK POLE* which (neverthelesse)  
*You*, only, have the boldness to transgresse.

51.

Of the rough *sons* oth' *EARTH*, was *I*: and *Twin*,  
*Brother* to *Him*, that had an hundred *Hands*,  
I was call'd *ADAMASTOR*, and was in  
The *Warr* 'gainst *Him*, That hurls hot *VULCAN'S* Brands.  
Yet *Hills* on *Hills* I heapt not: but (to win  
That *Empire*, which the *SECOND JOVE* commands)  
Was *GENEALL* at *Sea*; on which did *sayle*  
The *Fleet* of *NEPTUNE*, which *I* was to *quayle*.

52.

The *love* I bare to *PELLEUS'S* spouse divine  
Imbarqu'd mee in so wild an *Enterprize*.  
The fayrest *GODDESSE* that the *Heav'ns* inshrine  
I, for the *Princesse* of the *Waves* despise.  
Vpon a day when out the *Sun* did shine,  
With *NARBUS'S* daughters (on the *Beach*) these eyes  
Beheld her *naked*: straight I felt a *dart*,  
Which *Time*, nor *scorn*, can pull out of my *Heart*.

53.

I knew't impossible to gain her *Love*  
By reason of my great deformitie  
What *force* can doe I purpose then to prove:  
And, *DORIS* call'd, let *Her* my purpose see.  
The *Goddess* (out of feare) did *THEBYS* move  
On my behalfe: but with a chaste smile *shee*  
(As *vertuous* full, as she is *fayre*) replide,  
What *NYMPH* can such a heavy love abide?

54.

How ever *Wee* (to save the *sea* a part  
In so dire *War*) will take it into thought  
How with our *honour* we may cure his smart,  
My *Messenger* to mee thus answer brought.  
I, That suspect no *stratagem*, no *art*,  
(How easily are purblind *Lovers* caught)  
Feel my selfe wondrous light with this *Return*,  
And fann'd with *Hopes*, with fresh *desire* doe burn.

Thus

55.

Thus fool'd, thus cheated from the warr begun,  
On a time ( *DORIS* pointing where to meet )  
I spy the glitt'ring forme, ith' evening dun,  
Of snowy *THEBYS* with the silver feet.  
With open *Armes* ( farr off ) like mad I run  
To clip therein my *Ioy*, my *Life*, my *Sweet*:  
And ( *clipt* ) begin those orient *Eyes* to kis,  
That *Face*, that *Hayre*, that *Neck*, that *All* that is.

56.

O, how I choake in utt'ring my disgrace!  
Thinking I *Her* embrac'd whom I did seek,  
A *Mountain* hard I found I did embrace  
O'regrown with *Trees* and *Bushes* nothing sleek.  
Thus (grapling with a *Mountain* face to face,  
Which I stood pressing for her *Angel's* cheek)  
I was no *Man*: No but a stupid *Block*  
And grew unto a *Rock* another *Rock*.

57.

O *Nymph* ( the fayrest of the *OCEAN'S* Brood )!  
Since with my *Features* thou could'st not be caught,  
What had it cost to spare me that *false* good,  
Were it a *Hill*, a *Clowd*, a *Dream*, or *Thought*?  
Away fling I ( with *Anger* almost wood,  
Nor lesse with *shame* of the *Affront* distraught )  
To seek another *World*: That I might live,  
Where *none* might *laugh*, to see me *weep*, and *grieve*.

58.

By this my *Brethren* on their *Backs* were cast,  
Reduc'd unto the depth of misery:  
And the *vain Gods* ( all hopes to put them past )  
On *Those*, That *Mountayns* pyl'd, pyl'd *Mountains* high.  
Nor I, that mourn'd farr off my deep distast,  
“( *HEAU'N*, *HANDS* in vain *resist*, in vain *FERTY* fly.  
For my *design'd* Rebellion, and Rape,  
The vengeance of pursuing *Fate* could scape:

59.

My *solid flesh* converteth to *tough Clay*:  
My *Bones* to *Rocks* are metamorphos'd:  
These *leggs*, these *thighs* ( behold how large are *they* ! )  
O're the long *sea* extended were and spread.  
In fine into this *CAPE* out of the way  
My monstrous *Trunk*, and high-erected *Head*,  
The *Gods* did turn: where ( for my greater payn )  
*THEBYS* doth *Tantalize* me with the *MAYN*.

P 2

Heer

60.

Here ends. And (gushing out into a *Well*  
Of *Tears*) forthwith he vanish from our sight.  
The black *Cloud* melting, with a hideous yell  
The *OCEAN* founded a long way forthright.  
*I* (in their presence, who by *miracle*  
Had thus far brought us, ev'n the *ANGELS* bright)  
Befought the *LORD* to shield his *Heritage*  
From all that *ADAMASTOR* did presage.

61.

Now *PHLEGON* and *PYROUS* pulling come  
(With other *Two*) the *Charet* of the *DAY*:  
When that *high LAND* (to which this *Gyant* grum  
Was turn'd) doth to our Eyes it self display.  
*Doubling the point*, we take another *Rumb*;  
And (coasting) plough the *Oriental Sea*.  
Nor had we plough'd it long, when underneath  
A little) in a *Second Port* we breath.

62.

The *People* That this *Countrey* did possess  
(Though they were likewise *ETHIOPIANS* All)  
Did more of *humane* in their *means* express,  
Then *Those*, into whose hands we late did fall.  
Upon the sandy *Beach*, with cheerfulness  
They meet us, and with *Dances* Festival,  
With *them*, their *Wives*: and their mild Flocks of *Sheep*  
Which *fat* and *faire*, and *frisking* they did keep.

63.

Their *Wives* upon straw-Pillions (black as *Jet*)  
Slow-paced *Oxen* (like *EUROPA*) ride:  
*Beasts*, upon which a higher price *they* set  
Then all the *Cattle* of the *Field* beside.  
Sweet *madrigalls* (in *Ryme*, or *Prose* compleat,  
In their own *Tongue*) to rustic-*Reed* apply'de,  
They sing in *Parts*, as gentle *Shepherds* use,  
That imitate of *TYTIRUS* the *Muse*.

64.

*These* (and no less was written in their *Faces*)  
*Love* and *Humanity* to Us afford:  
Bringing us *Hens*, and *Muttons*, in the places  
Of *Merchandise* which we had *Aboard*.  
But, for (in fine) our men could spy no traces  
(By any *Sign* they made, or any *word*  
From their dark *Tongue*) of what we wish to know:  
Our *Anchors* weigh'd, to *Sea* again we go.

Now

65.

Now had we giv'n the to her demi wheel  
About black *AFRICK*, And (the burning *Hoope*,  
That girts the *World*, inquiring with my *Keel*)  
To the *ANTARTICK POLE* I turn'd my *Peope*.  
By that small *Isle* (such emulous *Thoughts* we feel)  
Discover'd by a former *Fleet*, we *Scope*;  
Which fought the *CAPR* OF *TEMPESTS*, and (that found)  
Pitcht here a *CROSS*: our *then DISCOVERIES* Bound.

66.

Thence, many *nights*, and many sadder *days*,  
Betwixt rough *Storms*, and languid *Calmes*, we grape  
Through the great *Ocean*, and explore, *new ways*:  
No *Lantern* to pursue, but our high *Hope*.  
One time above the rest (as *danger* Plays  
At *Sea* the *PROTHUS*) with strange *Waves* we cope.  
So strong a *Current* in those parts we meet,  
As ev'n obstructs the passage of our *Fleet*.

67.

More violent without comparison  
(As our *recurring Vessels* plain did shew)  
The *Sea* was, That did there *against* us run,  
Then the fresh *Gale*, that in our *favour* blew.  
*NOTUS* (disdaining much to be out-done  
By *That*; and, as he thought, on purpose too  
To affront *Him*) puffs, blusters, reinforces  
His angry Blasts: and so we pass *THE COURSE*.

68.

The *Sun*, reduc'd the solemnized *Feast*,  
On which, a *KING* laid in a *Crash* to find,  
Three *Kings* did come conducted from the *EAST*,  
In which *ONE KING*, three *KINGS* at once are joy'd.  
That day took we another *Port* (possest  
By *People*, like to *Those* we left behind)  
In a great *River*: Giving it the *Name*  
Of that *great-day* when thereinto we came.

69.

Here fresh *Provisions* of the *Folks* we take:  
*Fresh-water* from the *River*. But, in summ,  
No guess concerning *INDIA* could we make,  
By *People*, unto *Us* as good as dumb.  
See (*King*) how many *Countries* we did rake  
Without a *door* found out from that *rude Scum*,  
Without descrying the least *Track*, or *Acce*,  
Of the so much desired *ORIENT*!

Imagine,



70.

Imagine, Sir, in what distress of mind,  
How lost we went, how much perplext with Cares,  
Broken with Storms, and All with Hunger pin'd,  
Through Seas unknown, through disagreeing Ayres,  
(So far from hope, the wished LAND to find,  
As, ev'n with hoping, plung'd into despair)  
Through Climates rul'd by other heav'nly SIGNS;  
And where no Star, of our acquaintance, shines.

71.

The food we have too, spoyl'd; and what we crave  
As nutriment, ev'n turn'd into our Bane:  
No Entregens, no news, to make us wave  
Our Grievs; or feed us with a hope, though vaine.  
Think'st Thou, if this choyce band of Soldiers brave  
Were other then of Lusitanian straine,  
They had obedient held to this degree  
Unto their King, and his Authoritie?

72.

Think'st Thou, they had not risen long ago  
Against their GEN'RAL (cross to their desire)  
Turning Free-booters, forced to be so  
By black despair, by Hunger, and by Ire?  
If ever Men were try'd, These are: since no  
Fatigue, no sufferings, were of force, to tyre  
Their great and Lusitanian excellence  
Of loyalty, and firm Obedience.

73.

Leaving, in fine, the sweet fresh-water Flood,  
And the salt Waves returning to divide,  
Off from the Land a pretty space we stood,  
Our whole Fleet bent into the Ocean wide:  
Lest the cold Southern wind (increasing) shou'd  
Impound us in the Bay and furious Tyde  
Made in that Quarter by the crooking shore,  
Which to SOFALA sends the golden Ore.

74.

This part (and the swift Rudder streight up resign'd  
To good St. NICH'LAS, as in case deplor'd)  
Towards that Part we steered, where the Wind-  
Possessed Waves against the Beaches roar'd:  
When the twixt hope and fear suspended mind,  
And which confided in a painted Board,  
(Faln from small hope to absolute dispaire)  
Lookt up by an Adventure rare.

'Twas

75.

'Twas thus. When to the Coast so nigh we drew  
As to see plain the Countrey round about:  
A River broacht into the Sea we view,  
Where Barks with Sails went passing in and out.  
To meet with Men, That Navigation knew  
Surpriz'd us with great joy, thou canst not doubt:  
For amongst them, of things from Vs so hid,  
We hop't to hear some News: and so we did.

76.

These too are ETHIOPS: yet it should appeare  
They had in better company been bred.  
Arabick words we pickt out here and there,  
By which was reacht the scope of what they fed.  
A kind of Terbant each of them did weare,  
Of Cotton fine, pres't close unto his head:  
Another Cotton-cloth (and this was blew)  
About those-parts that should be kept from view.

77.

In the Arabick-Tongue (which They speak ill,  
But FERNAND MARTYN understandeth though)  
They say; in Ships as great as these we fill,  
That Sea of theirs is travers't to and fro;  
Even from the rising of the Sun, untill  
The Land makes Southward a FULL POINT, and so  
Back, from the South, to East: conveying, thus,  
Folks, of the colour of the DAY, like Vs.

78.

If with the sight of These so joy'd we were,  
The news they give us makes us much more glad.  
This (for the signes by us collected there)  
We call THE RIVER OF GOOD SIGNS: We add  
The Land-mark of A CROSS, the which we reare,  
Whereof some number in our Ships we had  
For such Intents: This bar the fair Guides's names  
Who, with TOBIAS unto GABRIEL came.

79.

Of Slyme, scales, shell-fish, and such filthy stuff,  
(The noysome Generation of the DAY)  
The Ships (that come therewith fordid, and rough,  
Through so long Seas) there do vve cleanse, and sweep  
From our kind Hosts vve, had supply'de, enough  
Of the Provisions usual (as sheep,  
And other things) vwith smooth, and jocund meen,  
And as cleer hearts: vvhich through their eyes vvere seen.

But

80.

But the high pregnant *Hopes*, we *there* embraced,  
 Bred not a joy unmixt with some *Alloy*.  
 To be lance it, in t'other *scale* was placed  
 A new *disaster* by *RHAMNUSIA*.  
 "Thus gracious *HEAV'NS* their *Boons* have interlaced:  
 "These are the *interfearings*, *This* the way,  
 "Of *humane* Things. *Black sorrow* holds the *Dye*:  
 "Light joy fades in the twinkling of an Eye.

81.

And *this* it was. The loathsom'st, the most fell  
*Disease*, that ever these sad eyes beheld,  
 Rest many a *life*, and left the *Bones* to dwell  
 For everlasting in a *foreign* Field.  
 Who will believe (*unseen*) what I shall tell:  
 In such dire manner would the *gums* be swell'd  
 In our mens *Mouths*; that the black flesh thereby  
 At once did grow, at once did *putrifie*.

82.

With such a horrid *stench* it *putrified*,  
 That it the neighb'ring *Ayre* infected round.  
 We had no circumpect *PHYSITIAN* try'de:  
 No *Lady-handed SURGEON* was there found.  
 But by a *CARVER* might have been supply'de  
 The *last*. 'Twas handling of a *dead-man's wound*.  
 The rawest *NOVICE*; with his *Instrument*  
 Might cut, and never hurt the *PATIENT*.

83.

In fine, in this wild *LAND*, *adieu* we bad  
 To our *brave* Friends (never to see them more)  
 Who in such *Ways*, in such *Adventures* sad,  
 With *Us* an equal burthen ever bore.  
 "How easily a burying place is had!  
 "The least wave of the *Sea*, any *strange shore*,  
 "Serve, as to put our *Fellows's Reliques* in,  
 "So of the bravest *Men* that e're have bin.

84.

Thus, from this fatal *Haven* we disjoine  
 With *more* of joy then what we brought, and *less*:  
 And (coasting upward) seek some farther *signe*  
 Of *INDIA*, to make out our present *guels*.  
 At *MOZAMBIQUE* we arriv'd in fine;  
 Of whose *false* dealing, and *hard* heartedness,  
 Thou must have heard: as also of the *Vile*  
 And *barb'rous* dealing of *MOZAMBIQUE'S Isle*.

Then

85.

Then to the *Sanctuary* of thy *Port*.  
 (Whose soft and Royall *Treatment* may suffice  
 To heale the sick, to cheer the *Alamort*,)  
 We were conducted by *propitious* Skyes.  
 Heer sweet Repose, Heer soveraign support,  
 Heer Quiet to our Breasts, Rest to our Eyes,  
 Thou doest impart. Thus (if thou hast attended)  
 Thou hast thy wish; my *NARRATIVE* is ended.

86.

Judge now (O *King*) if ever *Mortalls* went  
 Upon so long, upon so *desp'rate* ways.  
 Think'st Thou *ENEAS*, and the eloquent  
*VLYSSES* travayl'd so much *World*, as *These*:  
 Durst either (of the *watry element*,  
 For all the *Verses* written in their prayse)  
 See so much through his *Prowe*, through his *Art*,  
 As I have seen, and shall, or the *eighth* part?

87.

THOU, who didst drink so deep of *HELICONS*,  
 For whom *sew'n Cities* did contend in fine,  
 Amongst themselves, *RHODES*, *SMYRNA*, *COLOPHONE*,  
 Wise *ATHENS*, *Chyos*, *Argos*, *SALAMINE*,  
 And THOU, whom *ITALY* is proud to owne,  
 Whose *Voyce*, first low, then high (always *divine*,  
 And sweet) thy native *MINCIVS* (hearing) fell  
 Asleep, but *TIBER* did with glory swell:

88.

Sing, and advance with praises to the skye  
 Your *DEMI-GODS*, stretching your twanging lungs  
 With *WITCHES*; *CIRCES*; *GYANTS OF ONE EYE*;  
*SIRENS*, to rock and charm them with their *songs*:  
 More, give them (both with *Sayls*, and *Oars*) to fly:  
*CICONIANS*; and that *Land*, where there *mates* *Tongues*  
 With *LOTTO* toucht, makes them forget they're *slaves*,  
 Give them, to drop their *pilot* in the waves:

89.

Project them *winds* (carried in *baggs*) to take  
 Out, when they list, Am'rous *CALYPSOES* bold;  
*HARPIES*, their *meat* to force them to forsake;  
 Hand them to the *Elysian* shadows cold:  
 As fine, and as re-fin'd, as ye doe make  
 Your *ales* (so sweetly *dreamt*, and so well told)  
 The pure and naked *Truth*, I tell, will git.  
 The hand, of all the *Fabricks* of your *Wit*.

Q

Vpon

90.

Upon the *Captain's* honyed lips depends  
 Each gaping *Hearer* with fresh Appetite;  
 When his long *Story* he concludes and ends,  
 Fraught with *high deeds*, with *Horror*, and delight.  
 The vast *Thoughts* of our *KINGS*, the *King* commends:  
 And their *Warrs*, known where'te the *Sun* gives light:  
 The *NATION's* ancient *Valour* he extols:  
 The *loyalty*, and *Brav'ry*, of their *Souls*.

91.

The *PEOPLE* tell (with *admiration* strook)  
 To one another, what they noted most.  
 Not one of them can off those *People* look,  
 That came so far, That such dire *Seas* have crost.  
 But now the *Youth* of *DELOS*, who re-took  
 The reins, which *LAMPETUS's* Brother lost,  
 Turns them, to sleep with *THE'TYS* in the *DREE*:  
 The *KING* leaves *that*, in his *own* Houfe to sleep.

92.

"How sweet is *PRAYSE*, and justly purchas't *GLORY*  
 "By one's *own Actions*, when to *Heav'n* they soare!  
 "Each *nobler Soul* will strain, to have his *Story*  
 "Match, if not *darken*, All That went before.  
 "Envy of other's *Fame*, not *transitory*,  
 "Screws up *illustrious Actions* more, and mote.  
 "Such, as contend in *honorable deeds*,  
 "The *Spur* of high *Applause* incites their speeds.

93.

Those glorious Things *ACHYLLES* did in *War*  
 With *ALEXANDER* sank not half so deep,  
 As the *GREAT TRUMPET* That proclaim'd them, far  
 And neer; He envies *this*, *This* makes him weep.  
 The *Marathonian Trophies Larns* are,  
 Which suffer'd not *THEMISTOCLES* to sleep:  
 He said, no *Musick* pleas'd his ear so well,  
 As a *good Voice*, that did his *prayses* tell.

94.

*VASCO DE GAMA* takes great payns, to show  
 Those *NAVIGATIONS* which the *World* up-cryes  
 Deserve not in such gorgeous *Robes* to go,  
 As *his*, which doth astonish *Earth*, and *Skys*.  
 True: But that *WORTHY* (who did foster so  
 With *Favours*, *Gifts* *Rewards*, and *Dignities*  
 The *MANTUAN MUSE*) made *that* *ENEAS* sing,  
 And set the *ROMAN GLORY* on her wing.

SCIPIOS

95.

*SCIPIOS*, and *CESARS*, *Portugal* doth yeild;  
 Yeilds *ALEXANEDRS*, and *AUGUSTUSSES*:  
 But with those *lib'ral Arts* it doth not guild  
 Them though, which would file off their roughnesses.  
*OCTAVIUS* made compt *Verses* in the Feild,  
 Filling up so the *blanks* of *Busines*,  
 Forsaken *FULVIA* will not let me lye  
 Through *CLEOPATRA's* charms on *ANTHONY*.

96.

Brave *CESAR* marches conquering all *FRANCE*;  
 Nor was his *Learning* silenc't by his drumme:  
 But (in *this* hand a *Pen*, in *that* a *Lance*)  
 To th' *eloquence* of *TULLY* he did come.  
*SCIPIO* (whose *Wis* in other's *Socks* did dance)  
 Wrote *plays*, ev'n with that *Hand*, which had sav'd Rome.  
 Our *HOMER* doted *ALEXANDER* so,  
 That th' *I LIAD* was his constant Bedfellow.

97.

All, That have ere been *famous* for *COMMAND*,  
 Were learned too; or lov'd the Learned *All*:  
 In *LATIUM*, *GREECE*, or the most *barb'rous* Land,  
 But only in unhappy *PORTUGALL*.  
 I speak it to our shame; the cause no grand  
*POETS* adorn our *Countrey*, is the small  
 Incouragement to such: For how can *He*  
 Esteem, That *understands* not *POETRIE*?

98.

For *This*, and not for want of *Ingenie*,  
*VIRGIL* and *HOMER*, are not born with *Us*:  
 Nor will *ENEAS*, and *ACHYLLES*, bee,  
 ( *This fierce*, *Hee pious* ) if the *World* hould *thus*,  
 But ( which is worst of all ) for ought I fee,  
*FORTUNE* hath shapt our *Lords*, so *boysterous*,  
 So *rude*, so carelesse to be *known*, or *know*,  
 That they like well enough it should be so.

99.

Thant let the *Muses* be, by our *DE GAME*,  
 To my deer *Countrey* that my zeale was such,  
 As to commend her *noble Toyles* to *FAME*,  
 And her great *deeds* with a bould hand to touch:  
 For *Hee*, That's like him ( only in his *name* )  
 Deserves not of *CALIOPE* so much,  
 Or *TAGUS's* *Nymphs*; That They their golden Loom  
 Should leave, to carve his *ANCESTORS's Tomb*.

Q 2

Lowc

80.

But the high pregnant *Hopes*, we *there* embraced,  
 Bred not a joy unmixt with some *Allay*.  
 To *ballance* it, in t'other *scale* was placed  
 A new *disaster* by *RHAMNUSIA*.  
 "Thus gracious *HEAV'NS* their *Beams* have interlaced :  
 "These are the *interfearings* ; *This* the way,  
 "Of *humane* Things. *Black sorrow* holds the *Eye* :  
 "Light joy fades in the twinkling of an *Eye*.

81.

And *this* it was. The loathsom'st, the most fell  
*Disease*, that ever these sad eyes beheld,  
 Rest many a *life*, and left the *Bones* to dwell  
 For everlasting in a *forreign* Field.  
 Who will believe (*unseen*) what I shall tell ?  
 In such dire manner would the *gumms* be swell'd  
 In our mens *Months* ; that the black flesh thereby  
 At once did *grow*, at once did *putrifie*.

82.

With such a horrid *stench* it *putrified*,  
 That it the neighb'ring *Ayre* infected round.  
 We had no circumspect *PHYSITIAN* try'de :  
 No *Lady-handed* *SURGEON* was there found.  
 But by a *CARVER* might have been supply'de  
 The *last*. 'Twas handling of a *dead-man's* wound.  
 The rawest *NOVICE*, with his *Instrument*  
 Might *cut*, and never *hurt* the *PATIENT*.

83.

In fine, in this wild *LAND*, *adieu* we bad  
 To our *brave* Friends (never to see them more)  
 Who in such *Ways*, in such *Adventures* sad,  
 With *Us* an equal burthen ever bore.  
 "How easily a burying place is had !  
 "The least wave of the *Sea*, any strange *shore*,  
 "Serve, as to put our *Fellows's* *Reliques* in,  
 "So of the bravest *Men* that e're have bin.

84.

Thus, from this fatal *Haven* we disjoine  
 With *more* of joy then what we brought, and *less* :  
 And (coasting upward) seek some farther *signe*  
 Of *INDIA*, to make out our present *gues*s.  
 At *MOZAMBIQUE* we arriv'd in fine ;  
 Of whose *false* dealing, and *hard-heartedness*,  
 Thou must have heard : as also of the *Vile*  
 And *barb'rous* dealing of *MOZAMBIQUE'S* *Ile*.

Then

85.

Then to the *Sanctuary* of thy *Port*  
 ( Whose soft and Royall *Treatment* may suffice  
 To *heale* the *sick*, to *cheer* the *Alamort*, )  
 We were conducted by *propitious* Skyes.  
*Heer* sweet *Repose*, *Heer* soveraign support,  
*Heer* Quiet to our Breasts, Rest to our Eyes,  
 Thou doest impart. Thus ( if thou hast attended )  
 Thou hast thy wish ; my *NARRATIVE* is ended.

86.

Judge now ( *O King* ) if ever *Mortalls* went  
 Upon so *long*, upon so *desp'rate* ways.  
 Think'st Thou *ENEA*s, and the eloquent  
*VL*YSSES travayl'd so much *World*, as *These* ?  
 Durst *either* ( of the watry *Element*,  
 For all the *Verses* written in their prayse )  
 See so much through his *Prowe*se, through his *Art*,  
 As I have seen, and shall, or the *eighth* part ?

87.

THOU, who didst drink so deep of *HELICONE*,  
 For whom *sev'n* *Cities* did contend in fine,  
 Amongst themselves, *RHODES*, *SMYRNA*, *COLOPHONE*,  
 Wife *ATHENS*, *Chyos*, *Argos*, *SALAMINE*,  
 And THOU, whom *ITALY* is proud to owne,  
 Whose *Voyce*, first *low*, then *high* ( always *divine*,  
 And *sweet* ) thy native *MINCIVS* ( hearing ) fell  
 Asleep, but *TIBER* did with glory swell :

88.

Sing, and advance with praises to the skye  
 Your *DEMI-GODS*, stretching your twanging lungs  
 With *WITCHES*, *CIRCES*, *GYANTS* OF *ONE EYE* ;  
*SIRENS*, to rock and charm them with their *songs* :  
 More, *give* them ( both with *Sayls*, and *Oars* ) to fly  
*CICONIANS* ; and that *Land*, where there *mates* *Tongues*  
 With *LOTTO* toucht, makes them forget they're *slaves* ;  
 Give them, to drop their *pilot* in the waves :

89.

Project them *winds* ( carried in *baggs* ) to take  
 Out, when they list, Am'rous *CALYPSOES* bold ;  
*HARPIES*, their *meat* to force them to forsake ;  
 Hand them to the *Elysian* shadowes cold :  
 As *fine*, and as *re-fin'd*, as ye doe make  
 Your *Tales* ( so sweetly *dreamt*, and so well told )  
 The *pure* and *naked Truth*, I tell, will git.  
 The hand, of all the *Fabricks* of your Wit.

Q

Vpon

90.

Upon the *Captain's* honyed lips depends  
 Each gaping *Hearer* with fresh *Appetite*;  
 When his long *Story* he concludes and ends,  
 Fraught with *high deeds*, with *Horror*, and delight.  
 The vast *Thoughts* of our *KINGS*, the *King* commends:  
 And their *Warrs*, known where're the *Sun* gives light:  
 The *NATION's* ancient *Valour* he extols:  
 The *loyalty*, and *Brav'ry*, of their *Souls*.

91.

The *PEOPLE* tell (with *admiration* strook)  
 To one another, what they noted most.  
 Not one of them can off those *People* look,  
 That came so far, That such dire *Seas* have crost.  
 But now the *Youth* of *DELOS*, who re-took  
 The reins, which *LAMPETUSA's* Brother lost,  
 Turns them, to sleep with *THE TYs* in the *DEB*:  
 The *KING* leaves *that*, in his *own* House to sleep.

92.

"How sweet is *PRAYSE*, and justly purchas't *GLORY*  
 "By one's *own Actions*, when to *Heav'n* they soare!  
 "Each nobler *Soul* will strain, to have his story  
 "Match, if not *darken*, All That went before.  
 "Envy of other's *Fame*, not *transitory*,  
 "Screws up *illustrious Actions* more, and more.  
 "Such, as contend in *honorable deeds*,  
 "The *Spur* of high *Applause* incites their speeds.

93.

Those glorious Things *ACHYLLES* did in *War*  
 With *ALEXANDER* sank not half so deep,  
 As the *GREAT TRUMPET* That proclam'd them, far  
 And neer; He envies *this*, *This* makes him weep.  
 The *Marathonian* Trophies *Larums* are,  
 Which suffer'd not *THEMISTOCLES* to sleep:  
 He said, no *Musick* pleas'd his ear so well,  
 As a good *Voyce*, that did his prayfes tell.

94.

*VASCO DE GAMA* takes great payns, to show  
 Those *NAVIGATIONS* which the *World* up-cryes  
 Deserve not in such gorgeous *Robes* to go,  
 As *his*, which doth astonish *Earth*, and *Skys*.  
 True: But that *WORTHY* (who did foster so  
 With *Favours*, *Gifts*, *Rewards*, and *Dignities*  
 The *MANTUAN MUSE*) made *that* *ENEAS* sing,  
 And set the *ROMAN GLORY* on her wing.

SCIPIOS

95.

*SCIPIOS*, and *CESARS*, *Portugal* doth yeild;  
 Yeilds *ALEXANEDRS*, and *AUGUSTUSSES*:  
 But with those *lib'ral Arts* it doth not guil'd  
 Them though, which would file off their roughnesses.  
*OCTAVIUS* made compt *Verses* in the Feild,  
 Filling up so the *blanks* of *Busines*,  
 Forlaken *FULVIA* will not let me lye  
 Through *CLEOPATRA's* charms on *ANTHONY*.

96.

Brave *CESAR* marches conquering all *FRANCE*;  
 Nor was his *Learning* silenc't by his drumme:  
 But (in *this* hand a *Pen*, in *that* a *Lance*)  
 To th' *eloquence* of *TULLY* he did come.  
*SCIPIO* (whose *Wis* in other's *Socks* did dance)  
 Wrote *plays*, ev'n with that *Hand*, which had sav'd *Rome*.  
 Our *HOMER* doted *ALEXANDER* so,  
 That th' *ILIAD* was his constant Bedfellow.

97.

All, That have ere been *famous* for *COMMAND*,  
 Were learned too; or lov'd the Learned *All*:  
 In *LATIUM*, *GREECE*, or the most *barb'rous* Land,  
 But only in unhappy *PORTUGALL*.  
 I speak it to our shame; the cause no grand  
*POETS* adorn our *Countrey*, is the small  
 Incouragement to such: For how can *He*  
 Esteem, That *understands not* *POETRIE*?

98.

For *This*, and not for want of *Ingenie*,  
*VIRGIL* and *HOMER*, are not born with *Us*:  
 Nor will *ENEAS*, and *ACHYLLES*, bee,  
 ( *This* *feirce*, *Hee* *pious* ) if the *World* hould *thus*,  
 But ( which is worst of all ) for ought I fee,  
*FORTUNE* hath shapt our *Lords*, so *boyfsterous*,  
 So *rude*, so carelesse to be *known*, or *know*,  
 That they like well enough it should be so.

99.

Thankt let the *Muses* be, by our *DE GAME*,  
 To my deer *Countrey* that my zeale was such,  
 As to commend her *noble Toyles* to *FAME*,  
 And her great *deeds* with a bould hand to touch:  
 For *Hee*, That's like him ( only in his *name* )  
 Deserves not of *CALIOPE* so much,  
 Or *TAGUS's* Nymphs; That They their golden Loom  
 Should leave, to carve his *ANCESTORS* a *Tomb*.

Q 2

Love

100.

Love to my *Brethren*, and to do things *just*,  
Giving all *Portugal-Exploits* their dues,  
To serve the *Ladies*, to procure *their gusts*,  
Are th'onely *spurr*, and *int'rest* of the *Mus*.  
Therefore, for fear of black *Oblivion's* Rult,  
*Heroick Actions* let no man refuse:

For by my hand, or some more lofty strain,  
*VERTUE* will lead him into *HONOUR's* Fane.

End of the fifth Canto.

## Sixth Canto.

STANZA. 1.

THE *Pagan King* could never entertain  
The *NAVIGATORS* well enough he thought,  
The friendship of the *Christian King* to gain  
Of men, whose courage had such *wonders* wrought.  
It troubled him, his lot should be, to raig  
So far from *EUROPE*, with all good things fraught:  
And that his *happy Station* had, not bin  
Where *HERCULES* the *Mid-Land-Sea* let in.

2.

With *Games, Masks, Revels, Gambals* on the *Green*;  
With *Moorish-Dances* (their sport natural);  
With jovial *Fishings* (such as *EGYPT's Queen*  
Pleas'd the out-witted *ANTHONY* withal,  
When *Carbonadoed Fish* were hang'd unseen  
On her dropt *Hooks*, he treats the *PORKINGALL*  
Each day; with *Bauquets*, of *unusual Fare*;  
With *Frits*, with *Foules*, with *Flesh*, with *Fishes* rare.

3.

But now the *Captain* (seeing time spend fast,  
And that the fresh *Wind* woos him to be gon)  
From the indulgent *Land* taking in hast  
Th'appointed *Pilots*, and *Provision*,  
Resolves to quit it: of the *Ocean* vast  
Having no little *Portion* yet to run.  
His leave now takes he of the *PAGAN* free,  
Who prays from *All* a lasting *Amitie*.

He

4.

He prays them more, that *Port* (such as it is)  
That all their *Fleets* would visit, when they pass:  
For, greater good he doth not wish, then *this*;  
To give such men his *Realm*, and all he has.  
And, whilst he breathes, whilst, what he has, is his;  
Whilst the least sand is running in his *Glass*;  
He will be always ready to lay down  
For such a *King*, and *People*, *Life*, and *Crown*.

5.

*GAMA* went not behind, in *Complement*;  
And, weighing *Anchor* without more delay,  
To the rich *Kingdoms* of the *ORIENT*  
(Which he so long had fought) pursues his way.  
Now a direct and certain *Course* he went:  
The *Fleet*, this *Pilot* means not, to betray.  
Which (therefore) from the *hospitable* shore  
Goes now securer, then it came before.

6.

The *Oriental* Billows they divide  
Now in the *Indian Seas*: and (spying than  
Th' *Alcove*, whence *PHEBUS* rose as from a *Bride*)  
See their desires fullfill'd within a span.  
But spiteful *THYONEUS* (grudging the *Tyde*  
Of *Happiness*, which then to smile began  
On *PORTINGALS*, who well had earn'd the same)  
Repines, fumes, curses, and with *Rage* doth flame.

7.

He saw the *Stars* unanimous, to make  
Of *LISBON*, a new *ROME*; and that in vain  
It was for *Him* to hope (alone) to shake  
That, which the *SUPREME POWER* did ordain.  
Desperate, in fine, *OLYMPUS* doth forsake,  
To seek below what *There* he could not gain.  
Enters the *humid Realm*; and to the *Court*  
Of *Him*, that bears the *Trident*, doth resort.

8.

In the abstrusest *Grottoes* of the *DEEP*,  
Where th'*OCEAN* hides his head far under ground;  
*There*, whence to play their pranks the *Billows* creep,  
When (mocking the lowd *Tempests*) they resound,  
*NEPTUNE* relides. *There*, wanton *Sea-Nymphs* keep;  
And other *Gods* That haunt the *Seas* profound:  
Where *arched Waves* leave many *Cities* dry,  
In which abides each watry *Deity*.

The

9.

The never fadom'd *Bottom* doth expand  
A *Levell*, gravell'd ore with *Silver* fine,  
Where lofty *Turrets* rise from *drayned* Land,  
Of *Massive* stuff, *Transparent*, *crystalline* :  
To which, the neerer you shall hap to stand,  
The less will you be able to define  
If it be *crystal* which your *Eye* surveys,  
Or *diamond*, which cast such *glorious* Rays.

10.

The *Gates* are *Massive Gold*, richly imboss  
With ragged *Pearls* in their *Mother-shell* !  
In goodly *Sculpture* wrought, of wondrous cost,  
On which vext *LIBER'S* eyes did feed and dwell.  
Where first old *CHAOS* (in it own selfe lost)  
Varied with proper *shadows*, doth excell.  
Then the *FOUR ELEMENTS* (transcribed *faire*  
From that *foule*) *Copy* in their *Colours* are.

11.

There active *FIRE* got highest on the wing,  
Which without *matter* did it selfe sustayn,  
Till (to give *Soule* to ev'ry *living* Thing)  
By bold *PROMETHEUS* from the *Sun* twas tane.  
Next, subtle *AIR* with the *invincible Ring*,  
Gaping for *places* (importuning, vain)  
Now *vacant* in the *world*, which *that* doth not  
Step straight into, though nere so *cold*, or *hot*.

12.

Warted with *Mountains* (then) was the low *EARTH*  
In her *green gown* shadow'd with fruitfull *Trees* :  
Giving those *Creatures*, to which *she* gave *birth*,  
Such *sustenance* as best with *each* agrees.  
The carved *WATER* serves her for a *Gyrth*,  
And *brancht* (like *Veyns*) ore all her *Body* is :  
Innumerable sorts of *Fishes* breeding ;  
*Men* with her *Fish*, *Earth* with her *moysture* feeding.

13.

Another *door* upon it carved has  
The *War*, between the *Gods*, and *Gyants* bold,  
Beneath great *ETNA* cruelt *TIPHONIUS* was,  
Whence crackling *flames* in *sulphur Batts* are roll'd.  
*NEPTUNE* himself stood *beer*, of *breathing Brass*,  
Striking the *ground*, in that *contention* old,  
When the first *Horse*, to the *rude world*, gave *Hee* ;  
And *PALLAS* the first *peacefull olive-Tree*.

LYEUS'S

14.

*LYEUS'S* *Choler* would not let him stay  
To view the rest ; and, passing through this *Gate*,  
The *GOD*, who (told of his *Approach*) did stay  
At th'inner *Court*, receiv'd him there in *state* :  
Accompanied with *Nymphs* in bright *Array* ;  
Of whom, *each* seems to wonder, with her *Mase*,  
To see the *Water's King* ; paid *one* in *fine*,  
Of *many Visits* made the *King* of *Wine*.

15.

*NEPTUNE* (quoth *he*) O ! never think it strange,  
That *BACCHUS* comes *thy* succour to implore :  
"For *highest pow'rs*, and most secure of change,  
"Tis envious *FORTUNE'S* pride, to triumph o're.  
Call all thy *Peers* that in the *Ocean* range,  
Ere *more* I speak (if thou wilt hear me *more*)  
*Down-weight* of *misery* they shall discern,  
Let them *All* hear the wrongs which *All* concern.

16.

*NEPTUNE* (presuming it some hideous thing  
He would impart) doth *TRITON* streight command  
To call the *DEITIES* inhabiting  
The frigid *Waves*, on one ; and t'other hand.  
*TRITON*, who vaunts himself son of the *King*  
By *SALACEE* (ador'd in *Lusus's Land*)  
Was a great nasty *Clown* with all that boast :  
His *Father's Trumpet*, and his *Father's Poast*.

17.

His thick *bush-beard*, and his *long hair* (which hung  
Dangling upon his shoulders from his head)  
Were spongy *Weeds* ; so wet, they might be wrung :  
Which never *Comb* seem'd to have harrowed.  
The nitty points thereof, were tag'd, were strung  
With dark blew *Mussels*, of their own filth bred.  
He had (for a *Montera*) on his *Crown*  
The shell of a red *Lobster* overgrown.

18.

His *Body* naked, and his *genitals*,  
That he might swim with greater speed, and ease :  
But with *Maritime* little *Animals*  
By Hundreds, cover'd, and all hid, were these ;  
As *Crayfish*, *Shrimps*, and other *Fish* that cravvles,  
(Receiving *theirs* from the pale *Moon's* increase)  
*Oysters*, and *Periwinkles* with their *slime* ;  
*Snayles*, with their *Houses* on their backs that climb.

His

19.

His great wreath'd *Shell*, to his black mouth apply'de,  
 With all the *might* he had, he now did found;  
 Whose shrill and piercing noyse (heard far and wide  
 O're all the *Sea*) from *wave* to *wave* did bound.  
 Now all those *Gods* (without excuses) high d  
 To the bright *Palace*, from their *Quarters* round,  
 Of that moift *God*, who built the *Walls* of *Troy*,  
 Which angry *GREKS* did afterwards destroy.

20.

Old *Father OCEAN* first (with all the *sons*  
 And *Daughters*, he begat, environ'd) went:  
*NEREUS*, (That married was to *DORIS*) runs,  
 Who peopled all the *Crystall Element*:  
 The Prophet *PROTHEUS* (his *Flocks* left for once  
 To range the *bitter Meade* at full content)  
*He* likewise came; but *He* already knew  
 What, *FATHER BACCHUS* to the *Ocean* drew.

21.

Another way came *NEPTUNE'S* snowy *Wife*  
 (*URAN* and *VESTAS* daughter soveraign)  
*Grave* in her *Gate* (yet had her *Graveness life*)  
 And with a *Face*, that calmd the wand'ring *Main*.  
 A *Robe* of *Lawn* (whose *Spinster* had a strife  
 With *Her*, That with *MINERVA* strove in vain)  
 Of her bright *limbs* was the transparent *Lid*:  
 For they had too much beauty to be hid.

22.

Fair *AMPHITRITE* (then the flow'rs in *May*  
 Fresher, and sweeter) would not wanting bee:  
 The *Dolphin* (who advis'd her to obey  
 The love of the *Seas KING*) with *Her* brought *Shee*.  
 The *Sun* in all his glory, yields the *Day*  
 To *either's Eyes* (more worth than all they see).  
 They marched hand in hand (an equal paire)  
 For *Both*, the Spoues of *one* Husband, are.

23.

That *Queen* (who, flying *ATHAMAS* run mad,  
 Came so to compass an *immortal State*)  
 Went; and with *Her* her pretty *Infant* had.  
 (*Him* too, the *Gods* did to their *Ranks* translate)  
 Toying before his *Mother* tript the *Lad*  
 With painted *Cockles*, which salt *Seas* create:  
 Whom when the loofer sand molests and harms;  
 Fair *PANOPAEA* bears him in her *Arms*.

Likewise

24.

Likewise that *God*, who had been once a *Man*,  
 And, though a powerfull *Hearb* he chanc'd to tast,  
 Was chang'd t'a *Fish*; so from that loss began  
 A glorious life, turn'd *Deitie* at last;  
 Came adding water to the *Ocean*,  
 Still weeping the lewd *Tricks* by *CIRCE* past  
 On his lov'd *SCYLLA* (*Hee* below'd by *This*):  
 "Hate, where it springs from *love*, so mortall is.

25.

Seated (in short) the *Powers* that rule the *seas*  
 In the great *Hall*, majestick, and divine;  
 On gorgeous *Cushions* first the *Goddesses*,  
 The *Gods* in carved *Chayres* of *crystall* fine,  
 The *King* with gracious gestures *All* did please;  
 His *Throne* deviding with the *King of Wine*.  
 The *House* is filld with that rich sea-bred masse,  
 Which doth *Arabian Frankinsence* surpasse.

26.

When now the *whisprings* of the *Gods* were ceast  
 And *ceremonies* done between the *Kings*:  
 Burst *THYONEUS* began from hidden *Breast*  
 To powre the *Cause* out of his *sufferings*.  
 Knitting his brow a little (which confest  
 His leaded *Heart* hung heavy on the strings)  
*Hee*, that with *other's* weapons he may flay  
 The men of *Lusus*, thus his cards did play.

27.

*PRINCE*, who (of right) from one to t'other *pole*  
 The angry *sea* doft awe, and doft command,  
*Thou* that all *earthly* creatures doft comptroll,  
 And bridlest *Nations* with a *roape* of *sand*,  
 And (Father *OCEAN*) *Thou* whose *Billows* roll  
 About the *world*, and circumscribe the *Land*,  
 Least those meet *Bounds* which are for *All* decreed,  
 It's proper *dwellers* should presume t'exceed.

28.

And you, *SEA-GODS*, that wont not to permit  
 Your *Kingdom's* high *perogatives* be broke;  
 But, who'd dar'd to trespass upon *It*,  
 Felt, what it was, your *vengeance* to provoke:  
 What *tameness* this? what dull *lethargick* Fit?  
 Who had such pow'r to stay your *Anger's* stroke,  
 Ready (with cause) upon *mankind* to fall,  
 Frayle as the *Glasse*, yet venturing at *All*:  
 R



29.

*You saw*, with what unheard of Insolence  
The highest *HEAV'NS* they did invade of yore :  
*You saw*, how (against *Reason*, against *sense*)  
They did invade the *SEA* with *Sail* and *Oare* :  
*Actions* so *Proud*, so *daring*, so *immense*,  
*You saw*; and *We see* dayly more, and more :  
That in few years (*I fear*) of *Heav'n* and *Sea*,  
*Men*, will be called *GODS*; and but *men*, *WEE*.

30.

*You see* a little Generation *now*  
(Call'd by the *name* of one that *serv'd* me too)  
With haughty *Bosom*, with undanted *Brow*,  
Both *you*, and *me*, and all the *World* subdue.  
*You see*, your *Sea* with *winged* *Oak* they Plough.  
Farther, then *ROMAN EAGLES* ever flew.  
*You see*, your *Wealth* how they propose to drayn,  
Your *Statues* cancel, and your *walks* profane.

31.

When first the *MYNIA* went about (ye know)  
To cut a way through the forbidden *Flood*,  
How *BOREAS*, and his Fellow *AQUIL*o,  
(With all the rest) the *Treasures* then withstood :  
If *They* so *storm'd*, if *they* concern'd were so,  
That, as their own, *your* wrong they understood;  
*You* (whom it touches in a *neerer* way)  
Why sit ye *still*? for what do ye *delay*?

32.

Nor think (O *Gods*) that, for your *sole* concern,  
And for the great *Affront* which put I see  
On *you*, I have forfook the *COURT SUPERN*:  
But for *That* likewise which is offer'd *me*.  
For, all those *Honours* which my *sword* did earn,  
When (as the *World*, and *you*, can witness be)  
*INDIA* I quell'd, and quell'd the *ORIENT*,  
I by *this* *People* see trod down, and rent.

33.

For the *HIGH RULER*, and *his Fates* (who deale  
The *under-world*, as pleases best their *mood*)  
Have *mark'd* these men for *Glory*, *Pow'r*, and *Weale*,  
Greater then ever, in the *Ocean-Flood*.  
And (*Gods*) from *you* I must not *now* conceal,  
That they teach *sorrow*, ev'n to *Gods*. 'Tis good :  
*We* too, are *slaves* to their *prepostrous* Will;  
Which gives *Ills* to the *Good*, *Goods* to the *Ill*.

Now

34.

*Now* therefore from *OLYMPUS* am I toft,  
To seek some *Cure*, some *Balsome* for my wound :  
To see, if that *esteem*, I *there* have lost,  
May happily within *your Seas* be found.  
More would have said: But *Tears* the passage crost,  
Which (trickling down his *Cheek* in *Ropes*, that bound  
His *words*) with suddain fury did inspire  
And set the *watry Deities* on fire.

35.

So rough the billows of their *Anger* went,  
So swiftly and so high their rage did mount ;  
That no mature advice it did consent,  
Permit no pause, no weighing, no discount.  
*Orders* from *NEPTUNE* are already sent  
To mighty *EOLUS*, that without Count  
He slipt the struggling *Winds* from their strong *Caves*,  
And let no *Vessel live* upon the waves.

36.

*PROTHEUS* rose twice to speak, and went about  
*His* judgement in the matter to propound :  
Nor *Any* who were present, made a doubt  
But that it was some *Prophecy* profound.  
But still a rising tumult put him out,  
And in their sence the *Gods* did so abound,  
That *THE TYs* stuck not to exclaime; *Will you*  
*Be teaching* *NEPTUNE* what he hath to do?

37.

Then doth the proud *HIPPOADES* enlarge  
From their *close prison* the enraged *Winds*;  
And *them* with *animating* words discharge  
Against the Men of never-daunted minds.  
For a thick *cloud* hides *Heav'n* (as with a *Targe*)  
And *ARGUS*'s hundred Eyes, that guild it, blinds.  
The swelling *blasts* have in a trice o'rethrown  
*Tow'rs*, *Mountains*, *Houses*. — But of *that Anon*.

38.

Whilst in the *DEEP* was held this *Parlament*,  
The wearied *Fleet* (yet free from sad dismay)  
Before a gentle *Wind* pursuing went  
Thorough the tranquil *Ocean* their long way.  
That *Time* it was, when from the *ORIENT*  
Removed is the *Lamp* that rules the *Day* :  
Those of the *first* did lay them down to sleep,  
And others come the *second Watch* to keep.

R 2

Conquer'd

39.

Conquer'd they come with sleep, and (ill awake)  
 Repose their nodding heads against a faile.  
 Their Cloathes (thin, thin) but weak resistance make  
 To the *Night's* Ayre, which blows a nipping Gale.  
 Yawning, they stretch their Limbs; themselves they shake;  
 With their *seal'd* Eyes to ope can scarce prevaile.  
*Cures* against *sleep* they *practise*, they *devise*:  
 Tell thousand *Tales*, tell thousand *Histories*.

40.

What better *spur* (said one) to *past away*,  
 Or *pastime* to *deceive* the hours, that creep;  
 Then by some *pleasant* Tale, wherewith we may  
 Knock off the *leaden shackles* of dull *sleep*:  
 Quoth *LEONARDO* then (who, whilst a day  
 He hath to live, will faith to *CUPID* keep)  
 A *pleasant* Tale: then what can do so well  
 As one of Love: and *That*, my self will tell.

41.

Reply'd *VELOSO*; 'tis not *fit*, not *just*,  
 To treat *soft* subjects in so *hard* extremes.  
 For a *Sea-life* (replenisht with *disgust*)  
 Permits not *love*, permits not *melting* *Theames*.  
 Our *Story* be of *WAR*, bloody, Robust;  
 For *we* (the *West's*, and *Pilgrims* of the *streames*)  
 Are onely born to *horror*; and *distress*:  
 Our *future* dangers whisper me no less.

42.

To *This* they *All* agreed: and pray'd *VELOSE*,  
 What he *commended*, that *himself* would *doe*.  
 I shall (quoth *He*); then listen to my *Prose*:  
 I promise you an *old* Tale, and a *true*.  
 And (to incite, with apt *examples*, Those  
 That hear me, *great* *Beginnings* to pursue)  
 Of our own *Countrey-men* shall treat my *story*:  
 And let it be the *Twelve* of *ENGLAND'S* glory.

43.

When *JOHN* the son of *PEDRO* rul'd our Land  
 (Temp'ring his *People's* mouths with a soft *Bit*)  
 After he had with a *victorious* Hand  
 From potent neighbour's jaws deliver'd it;  
 In merry *ENGLAND* which, from *Cliffs* that stand  
 Like Hills of *snow* once *ALBION'S* name did git)  
*ERYNNIS* dire rank *seeds* of *strife* did sow,  
 Whence *Eusitanian* *Lawrels* chanc't to grow.

Twixt

44.

'Twixt the *fair damsels* of the *ENGLISH COURT*,  
 And *Barons* bold That did attend the same,  
 A hot *dispute*, beginning but in *sport*,  
 To end at last in *down-right-earnest* came.  
 The *Courtiers* (though the *Couriship* is but short  
 That gives reproachful terms to any *Dame*)  
 Said: They would prove, that such, and such of Them,  
 Had been too lavish of their *Honor's* gem.

45.

And if with *Lance* in *Rest*, or *Blade* in *Fist*,  
 To take their parts they had, or *Knights*, or *Lords*;  
 That *They*, in *open Field*, or *closed List*,  
 Would do them dye, with *Spears*, or else with *Swords*.  
 The weaker *Sex* (unable to *resist*)  
 With *deeds*, and less to *swallow* such base *words*)  
 Condemning *Nature*, That deny'de them *force*,  
 Unto their *Kin*, and *servants*, had recourse.

46.

But their *Accusers* (mark you:) being *great*  
 And *potent* in the Kingdom; neither *Kin*,  
 Nor *humble servant*, durst their *Cause* abet,  
 As their *Fame's* *Champions*, which they should have bin.  
 With *beauteous* *Tears* (which, from their blisful seat,  
 Might all the *Gods* to their assistance win)  
 Distilling down each *Alabaster* Cheek,  
 Unto the *DUKE OF LANCASTER* they seek.

47.

This puissant *Branch*, of *ENGLAND'S* royal *Tree*,  
 Had warr'd against *CASTLE* with *PORTUGALL*;  
 Where his *Camrades's* great *Hearts* he try'de did see,  
 And their *good stars* which bare them out in *All*;  
 Like proof of their *respect* to *Dames* had *He*,  
 When to that *Land* his daughter he did call;  
 With whole bright *Beautie's* beams our *Monarch* strook,  
 The vertuous *Princess* for his *Consort* took.

48.

*He* (loath to give them ayd with his own Hand,  
 Lest, so, he should foment a *civil flame*)  
 Says: when I past to the *IBERIAN LAND*,  
 To the *CASTILIAN CROWN* to lay my *clayme*;  
 Such *heavenly parts* in *PORTINGALLS* I scand,  
 Such *Couriship*, *Courage*, such high thirst of *Fame*,  
 That they alone (unless I much mistake)  
 With fire and sword your just defence can make.

To

49.

To them then (*injur'd Ladies*) if you please  
*Ambassadors* from me (for you) shall go,  
 Who, with meet *Letters* and smooth *Sentences*,  
 The wrong which you sustain to them may show.  
 Let *Letters* likewise from your selves, your Seas  
 Of *Tears* indeare; and from your Pens let flow  
*Nectar* of Words, to charm them to your Aye:  
 For there's your *Tow'r*, There all your hopes are laid.

50.

Th'experienc't *Duke* the *Dames* this counsell gave,  
 And streight to them *Twelve* valiant *Knights* did name;  
 And, that each *Dame* may know her *Champion* brave,  
 Bids them cast *Lots*, their number being the same:  
 And, by this way of *Lottry* when they have  
 Descry'de which *Knight* belongs unto which *Dame*;  
 To her own *Knight*, in *varied* phrase, each writes;  
 The *King*, to *All*; the *Duke*, to *King*, and *Knights*.

51.

The messenger arrives in *Portugal*:  
 The *Novelty* doth ravish all that *Court*:  
 The gallant *King* would be the first of *All*,  
 Might it with *Regal Majesty* comport.  
 Each *Courtier* longs, it to his chance would fall  
 In such a brave *Adventure* to consort;  
 And each one's glory doth in this consist,  
 To hear his name from the *LANCASTRIAN* List.

52.

In the old loyal *City* there, whence took  
 Was the eternal name of *PORTUGAL*;  
 He, to the *Rudder* who thereof did look,  
 Bad fit a *Frigat* light, with Oare, and Sayle.  
*Armours* and *Cloathes* (delays they cannot brook)  
*All*, of the fashion that did then prevail,  
 The *Twelve* provide: *Helms*, *Crests*, *Knots*, *Motto's* neat.  
*Horses*, and gay *Caparisons* compleat.

53.

Leave from that *King* is had, their sayles to losen  
 And pass out of the celebrated *DWEE*,  
 By Them that had the honor to be chosen  
 Of famous *JOHN OF GAUNT*, who knew them there.  
 A better, or a worse, in all the dozen  
 (For *skill*, or *force*) there was not: *Peers* they were.  
 But one (*MAGRYSE*) in whom new thoughts did rise,  
 Bespake his valiant *Fellows* in this wise.

Brothers

54.

Brothers in Arms, There hath been long in me  
 A strong desire through *forraign Lands* to range;  
 More *Streams*, then *Tribes*, and fresh *DWEE'S*, to see;  
*Strange Nations*, *Cities*, *Laws*, and *Manners Strange*.  
 Since in the *World* then many *Wonders* be,  
 And now I find this purpose cannot change;  
 I'll go before by Land (with your good leave)  
 To meet in *ENGLAND*, traversing the *SHREVE*.

55.

And if (arrested by his *Iron Mace*  
 Who is the period of each mortal thing)  
 I hap to fail th'appointed time and place;  
 To you small damage can my failing bring.  
 Fight for your selves, and me to, in that case.  
 But in my *aug'ring* Eare a Bird doth sing;  
*Chance*, *Rivers*, *Mountains* (all their malice meeting)  
 In *LONDON-TOWN* shall not prevent our greeting.

56.

This said, about his valiant Friends he cast  
 (In fine) his *Armes*; and, licenc't, went his ways.  
 He pass'd rough *LEON*: both *CASTLES* he pass'd:  
*Towns*, won by *Lusitanian Arms*, surveys:  
*NAVARR*: With *Pyrenean Mountains* (plac't  
 'Twixt *SPAIN*, and *France*, as if to part their Frays):  
 Survey'd (in fine) all that is rare in *FRANCE*,  
 To *BELGIAS* great *Emporium* doth advance.

57.

Heer (whether *sickness* 'twere, or fresh *Adventer*,  
 Advancing not) He many days did stay.  
 But our lev'n *Worthies* the salt *Ocean* enter,  
 And to the *Northern Climate* plough their way.  
 Arriv'd in the first *Port*, to the great *Center*  
 Of populous *ENGLAND* (*London*) travail'd They:  
 Lodg'd by the *Duke* upon the Bank of *THAMES*;  
 Egg'd on, and complemented by the *Dames*.

58.

The day was come, and now the hour at hand,  
 When with the dozen *ENGLISH* they must fight:  
 The *King* secur'd the *Lists* with an arm'd *Band*:  
 In compleat *Steel* begins to cloath each *Knight*:  
 Before each *Dame* (her *Honour's Shield*) did stand  
 A *SPANISH MARS* in dazeling *Armour* bright:  
 Themselves in *Colours*, and in *Gold* did shine,  
 With thousand *Jewels*, joyful and divine.

Bar

59

But *she*, to whom *MAGRISO* (who was not  
Arrived) fell; in *mourning* Rayment came;  
Because to have, it was *her* hapless lot,  
No *Knight*, to be the *Champion* of her *fame*.  
Howe're: th' *Elev'n* (before they leave the *Spot*)  
That they will so behave themselves, proclaim;  
As that the *Ladies* shall victorious be,  
Though of their number wanted two or three.

60.

Upon a high *Tribunal* took his place  
THE ENGLISH KING, with all his *Court* about.  
The *Combattants* by *Three* and *three* did face,  
And *fowre*, and *fowre*, their *Foes*; as it fell out.  
The *Sun*, from *GANGES*, till he ends his *Race*,  
Sees not another *Twelve* more *strong*, more *stout*,  
More highly *daring*, then those ENGLISH were,  
Who the lev'n PORTINGALLS confronted there.

61.

The golden *Bitts* the foaming *Palfreys* champ:  
Upon the glitt ring *Armes*, the *Sun* curvets,  
As when roll'd Cakes of *Ice* reflect his *lamp*,  
Or (mingling *Rays*) on *Daneers* gems it beats.  
Now in the *Ladies's* hearts some little damp  
(The *Troops* prepar'd to charge) the odds begets  
Of *Twelve eleven*; when (Loe!) incontinent,  
A mur'm'ring uproare round the *Scaffolds* went.

62.

Unto that common *Center*, where the *Rout*  
Began this tumult, ev'ry *Face* inclines.  
Enters a *Knight* on Horse-back, arm'd throughout,  
As one, who battail presently designs:  
Salutes the *King*; the *Dames*; faceth about,  
And, with th' *Elev'n*, the great *MAGRISO* joynes.  
His greedy *Arms* upon his *Friends* he throws  
(*Sure Card*) to lay them next upon his *Foes*.

63.

Then she that well perceiv'd this was the *Knight*  
Who came *her* honour to defend and raise,  
Cloathes too with *Helle's* Fleece; which (more then bright  
*Virtue*) the *brutish* *soule* loves, and obays.  
The signall giv'n, the *Trumpets* blasts, incite  
The warlick *minds*, inflam'd with *rage* and *praise*.  
*Spurs* are clapt to, *Reyns* slackned in a trice,  
*Speares* coucht in *Rest*, *Fire* from the struck ground flies.

The

64.

The furious *Genets* seem, in their *Career*,  
To make an *Earth-quake* with their thund'ring *Hooves*.  
The *Shock*, in *All* that then *Spektators* were,  
At once *Fear*, *Pleasure*, *Admiration*, mooves.  
This, doth not fall, but *flye* (dismounted *cleer*);  
That, *Steed*, and all (He better *Horseman* proves):  
One, his *white Armour* in *Vermillion* washes:  
One, with his *Helmet's* *plumes* his horse-croop lashes.

65.

There fell asleep for ever, *more* then one,  
And a short step from *life* to *death* did make:  
Here, runs a *Horse* (the *Man* strook down) alone:  
There, stands a *Man*, whose *Horse* the *Foe* down strake.  
The *English Honor* tumbles from its *Throne*:  
For two or three of *them* the *Liffs* forsake.  
With *Shields*, *Arms*, *Maile*, Those who to *Arms* appeale,  
And *Hearts* of *Spanish* mettle, have to deale.

66.

To lay out words in counting ev'ry *gash*,  
Each cruel *thrust* in that most bloody *Fight*,  
Is of those *Prodigals* of *Time*, and *Trash*,  
That tell you *stories* which they dreamt last night.  
Suffice it, I inform you at one dash,  
Through *courage* high, through never-equal'd *might*,  
The *Victory* went on the *Ladies's* side:  
*Ours* crop the *Bays*, and *They* are *justifide*.

67.

With *Balls* the *Duke*, with *Feastings*, and with *joy*,  
Treats the *twelve Victors* in his *Palace faire*,  
With *Cooks*, the *Bevy* of bright *Dames* imploy  
*Nets*, *Hounds*, and *Haulks*, in *Water*, *Earth*, and *Aire*.  
For *These*, their brave *Compurgators*, would cloy  
Each *day*, and *hour*, with thousand *banquets* rare,  
Whilst they in ENGLAND are content to roam,  
Without reverting to their dearest *Home*.

68.

But great *MAGRISO* (if we trust reports)  
Great things abroad still greedy to behold,  
Clung to those parts: where at the *Gallick Courts*  
Highly he serv'd the *Flandrian Countess* bold.  
For *there* (as one unpractis'd in no sports,  
To which *Thou MARS* inur'st thy *Schollers* old)  
He, hand to hand a *FRENCH-MAN* in the *Field*  
(Like *ROME's* *TORQUATUS*, and *CORVINUS*) kill'd.

dread

S

Another

69.

Another of the *Twelve* launcht out, into  
 HIGH GERMANY: where with an ALMAN He  
 Had a fierce *Combat*, who by means undue  
 Thought to have shorn his thred of destinie.  
 V E L O S O come to a full point; the *Crew*  
 Pray him, he would not with such brevities  
 Pass the *French Duel*, but be more exact  
 Therein: as likewise, in the *German Fall*.

70.

Just *here* (to drink his words, *they* listning All)  
 The *Master* (Loe! (who in the *Skye* did peepe)  
 His *whistle* sounds. From ev'ry Corner crawl  
 The *Sailors*, half-awake; and half-asleepe;  
 And, for the *wind* augments, he bids them fall  
 The *Top-sayles*, climbing to the *Scuttle* steep.  
 Awake (he said) ope, and unseale, your Eyes:  
 From yon black clowd, ye see, the *Wind* does rise.

71.

Not fully lor'd the windy *Top-sayles* were  
 When a great *Gust* upon a suddain came.  
 Strike, cry'd the *Master*, (so that all might hear)  
 Strike, strike, the *Main-sheets*; thrice he did exclaim.  
 The hasty *winds* (for *Tyrants* have no Eare)  
 Ere *struck* it could be, rushing thwart the fame,  
 Rend it to rags, with such a hideous rash,  
 As if (the *World* destroy'd) the *Poles* did clash.

72.

Then did the *Men* strike HEAV'N with a joynt-groane,  
 Themselves with *horror* struck, and pale dismay:  
 For (the *Sayle* split) the *Vessel*, hanging prone,  
 A pow'r of *Water* scoops up from the *Sea*.  
 Lighten (the *Master* cries with mournful tone)  
 Lighten the *Ship*: if ye would live, obey,  
 Run others to the *Pump* (w'are at the Brink  
 Of perishing) unto the *Pumpe*: We sink:

73.

Unto the *Pumpe* th'undanted *Soldiers* ran:  
 To which no sooner come, *their* parts to do:  
 But the *Ship* (stagg'ring like a drunken Man)  
 Their heels tript up, *them* to the *Larboard* threw.  
 Not three the sturdiest of the *Sailors* can  
 Manage the *Helm*, with all their strength put to.  
 The *Ship* is bound with *Ropes* in every part:  
 The *Land-men* lose their strength, *Sea-men* their Art.

Such

74.

Such the *impetuous* winds, that to have shown  
 More force, and fury, they could not devise;  
 Had they at once from all the *Quarters* blown  
 To throw down B A B E L I, which did threat the skyes.  
 The A M M I R A L L upon the overgrown  
*Mountains* of *water*, shrinks into the size  
 Of her own *cock-boat*: wondring *her selfe*, how  
 She did to live in such a *sea* till now.

75

The *second ship* (in which was P A U L D E G A M E)  
 Had her *main mast* snapt in the midst and broke:  
 The *people* in her (almost drown'd) the name  
 Of *Him*, that came to save the *world* invöke,  
 With like vain *Ecchoes* to the *Ayre*, exclaime  
 In the *Third*, all C O U L L I O S daunted folk;  
 Although that *master* so good order took,  
 That, e're the *storm* arriv'd, *her* sayles were strook.

76.

Now All to *Heaven* are hoysted by the fury  
 And rage of N E P T U N E, terrible and fell:  
 Now to the bottom of *his* waves All hurry,  
 As if their keels would knock the *Gates* of *Hell*.  
 The *East*, *West*, *South*, and *Northern* winds (to woory  
 The *word* by turns) from ev'ry corner swell.  
 Her self with *Torches* the deformed *Night*  
 (With which the *Pole* is all on fire) doth light.

77.

The *Halcion* along the ratling shore  
 With *strayned* voyce cries in a *dolefull* Key,  
 Rubbing with *this* the overplayst red soare  
 Of her own loss; by like tempestuous sea,  
 The amorous *Dolphins* hide them, which before  
 Did friske and dance about the *watry* sea;  
 Flying the cruell storm in *Caves* obscure,  
 Nor in the very *bottom* are secure

78.

Never such red-hot *Thunder-bolts* were made,  
 Rebelling *Gyants* to confound and awe,  
 By that *foule Smith*, who (by his *faire wife* pray'd)  
 Forg'd a rich *Armour* for his *son in law*:  
 Nor ever (by the *Thunderer* display'd)  
 That frighted *paire* such flakes of *lightning* saw  
 In the great F L O O D (they only left to mourn)  
 Who *stones* to *people* (a *hard* race) did turn.

79.

How many *mountains* did the *waves* uncrown,  
 Bouncing against them like a batt'ring *Ram* !  
 How many aged *Trees* the *wind* rusht downe,  
 Which by the *Cable-roots* at once up came !  
 Little thought *They*, the *earth* swept with their crowne,  
 To turn their *Heel's* to *Heav'n* in the low *dam*,  
*As* little thought the *sands*, which there were hid,  
 To floate upon the *top*, as *then* they did.

80.

VASCO DE GAMA (seeing his *Hopes* crost,  
 Just at the *Butt* and *end* of his desire,  
 Seeing the *Billowes* now to *Hell* goe post,  
 Now with fresh fury unto *Heav'n* aspire:  
 Confus'd with *horror* giving *All* for *lost*,  
 Seeing no *humane Fence* against such *Ire*)  
 To that *HIGH POW'RB* (who is the *sov'rain Ayd*,  
 And can *Impossibilities* (thus pray'd.

81.

*Protector* of the *Quires Angelicall*,  
 Whom *Heav'n*, and *Earth*, and angry *seas* obey;  
*Thou*, who the *Read-sea* mad'st a double wall,  
 Through which *thy* flying *ISRELL* to convey;  
*Thou*, who didst keep and save thy servant *PAUL*  
 From *open Rocks*, and *Shelvs* that *hidden* lay.  
 And sav'd'st (with *His*) from *Cataracks* down hurl'd  
 The second *PLANTER* of the drowned *WORLD*:

82.

If we have past *new* dangers numerous  
 Of other *SCYLLA'S* and *CHARIBDESSSES*;  
 Other dire *Syrts*, and *Quicksands*, *infamous*  
*ACROCE RAUNIAN ROCKS* in other seas;  
 Why, in the *Clofe*, doest thou *relinquish us* ?  
 Why, throw us *off*, after such *scapes a These*,  
 If with our *labours* thou art not offended,  
 If thy sole service be *thereby* intended ?

83.

O *happy* men, whose lot it was to dye  
 On whetted point of *Mauritanian Lance*;  
 Whilst, smear'd with *beauteous dust* of *AFRICK*  
 The *CHRISTIAN FAITH* they (fighting) did advance  
 Whose *glorious deeds* remain in *History*,  
 Or carv'd in everlasting *Verse* perchance,  
 Who losing a *short life*, a *long*, did git:  
*Death* sweetned with the *Fame* attending it.

Whilst

84.

Whilst this he says, contending *Winds* (that roare  
 Like two *wild Bulls* when one with t'other copes)  
 Augment the *horrid Tempest* more and more,  
 And (*ratling*) whistle through the *Spiny Ropes*.  
 The flashing *Light'ning* never does give o're;  
 The *thund'ring* such, that there are now no hopes  
 But that *HEAV'N'S Axles* will be streight unbuilt:  
 The *ELEMENTS* at one another tilt.

85.

But, see, the *amorous* star, with twinkling Ray,  
 Conspicuous in the *EASTERN HEMISPHERE* !  
 Fair *Harbinger*, and *Usher* of the *Day*,  
 It visits *Earth*, and *Sea*, with forehead cleare.  
*She*, from whom arm'd *ORION* flinks away,  
 And who this *Star* sits guiding in her *Spheare*,  
 Spying what *Risk* her deare *Armada* ran,  
 At once with *Anger*, and with *feare*, grew wan

86.

Here hath been *BACCHUS* (says she) I am sure.  
 Will he ne're leave this rancour? but in vain.  
 He shall not *wag* the *Ruine* to procure  
 Of *mine*, but I will have him in the *Train*.  
 She stoops like *Lightning* from *OLYMPUS* pure  
 Upon the troubled *Kingdom* of the *MAYN*;  
 Her *Nymphs* to crown them (as for wagers) bids  
 With *waking ROSES* that new ope their lids.

87.

With *thousand-colour'd* Garlands she commands  
 Their flowing *locks* a little be comptroll'd:  
 (Who would not judge, *LOVE* there, with his own hands,  
 Inamell'd *painted flow'rs* upon *true gold*?)  
 Her purpose is, to fetter in those *bands*  
 Th' *inamourd Winds*, where *there* they wander *bold*:  
 The *Faces* of those loved *Nymphs* to shew them  
 (More faire then *Stars*) to charm and to subdue them.

88.

And so it prov'd. For she no sooner did,  
 But presently they faint, they dye away.  
 Under their wings their bashful heads they hid:  
 In humble posture at those feet they lay.  
 The slip, *Those* take them up in, is the thrid  
 Of that bright *Hair*, which scorns the mid-day's Ray.  
 Then, to her servant *BOREAS*, thus did say  
 His sweet and bosom friend, *ORYTHIA*.

Fierce

89.

Fierce BORRAS, *This* is not the way to prove  
That e're thou lov'dst, as thou pretend'ft to doe,  
For meek, and soft as his wings down, is LOVE:  
And fury ill befits a Lover true,  
Either this *madness* from thy mind remove.  
(What shall I say? couldst thou indure a shrew?  
I shall be frighted with it, wee must sever:  
"Feare choler may ingender, but love never.

90.

Fayre Galatea likewise lays the case  
To blustering NOTUS, who, full well she knows,  
Hath many a long sigh fetcht for that sweet Face,  
And is at her devotion doth suppose.  
The Raunter (scarce believing such a grace)  
His heart, too ample for his bosome grows.  
The pleasure of his Mistressse to fullfill,  
He thinks it a cheap bargain, to fit still.

91.

The others take the other winds aside,  
And her too boystrous lover each reproves.  
They give them to the Queen of Beautie, tyde,  
Calme as the Lambs and gentle as her doves.  
She gives them back to them, and (their faith tryde)  
Promis'd returne eternall of their loves:  
Worn on the Nymphs's white hands, e're thence they stir,  
In the whole voyage to be true to Hir.

92.

Now rising SOL with gold those Mountayns lips  
Which GANGES (murmuring) washes: when a Boy  
From the tall Am'rall's scuttle shews the ships  
LAND, to the prow, with that (late storm's Annoy,  
And halfe their Voyage, over (each heart skips,  
Repriev'd from its vain fears. For now with joy,  
The Pilot (whom MELINDIANS to them put)  
Cryes: if I err not, LAND of CALICUT.

93.

*This* is that Land (I'm sure) for which y'are bound:  
*This*, the true INDIA, which we see before:  
Then (if your vast desires one world can bound)  
Quiet your Hearts, ye have what ye explore.  
Now GAMA could not hold, when as he found  
(To his high joy) the Pilot knew the shore,  
With Knees sticht to the decks, Hands spread to Heaven,  
Eternall thanks by him to GOD are given.

Thanks

94.

Thanks he did give to GOD (and well he might)  
Who was not onely pleas'd, to Him to show  
That LAND, which he had fought through so great fight,  
And for the same such shocks did undergo:  
But snatcht him with strong Hand that very night  
From watry Grave, through winds that rag'd so,  
Through Thunder's stroke, through blasting Lightning's beame  
As one awak't out of some horrid dreame.

95.

By dreadful dangers, by such Brunts as these,  
By such Herculean labours, and vast toyles,  
They That in GLORIE'S Schools take their degrees,  
Acquire immortal Lawrels and fat spoils;  
Not wholly leaning, against rotten Trees  
Of ancient Houses, not, on empty Styles;  
Not, on rich Couches, wrapt in Sables soft,  
Of the Muscovy Merchant dearly bought.

96.

Not, by new-fangled dishes exquisite;  
Not, by eternal Visits tedious;  
Not, by successive pleasures infinite,  
Effeminating Bosomes generous;  
Not, by a never quenched Appetite:  
Whereby, old Wantons FORTUNE makes of us  
To that degree, We know not how to rise,  
Or step, to any Vertuous Enterprise.

97.

No, but by tearing out of Horror's mouth  
Honours, which we may truly call our owne;  
By cloathing Steel, incountring Hunger, Drowth,  
VVatchings, high winds, and Billows overgrown;  
Conqu'ring dull cold, in Bosome of the South,  
T'other extreme of the inflamed Zone;  
Gulleting in, corrupt and putrid meat,  
The Spice, and Sawce, with which the Valiant eat.

98.

And, by accustoming a Face (where doubt  
Sate once) secure, serene, fearless of Harm,  
To march through Bullets whizzing round about,  
And taking here a leg, and there an Arm.  
These (HONOUR'S Brawn) make a man proof throughout,  
Make him scorn Money, and false Honour's charm:  
Money, and Honours, which light FORTUNE made;  
Not VERTUE; who is just, solid, and stayd:

Sums,

99.

S H E E, shapes an understanding *round*, and *cleer*,  
 E X P E R I E N C E the *Hammer* and the *Pile*:  
 S H E E constant sits (as in a *Throne* of *Spheare*)  
 Regarding busie *Mortalls* with a *smyle*:  
 S H E E (where *discretion* doth a *Kingdom* steer,  
 Nor partiall *Favour* merit doth beguile)  
 Is suddainly caught up, *High Rooms* to fill:  
 Not, by her seeking; but, against her will.

End of the sixth Canto.

## Seventh Canto.

### STANZA. 1.

V V Ellcom, O wellcom (Friends) to that good *LAND*  
 Which by so many hath been coveted,  
 'Twixt *INDUS*, and the silver *GANGES*'s strand,  
 In the *Terrestriall Heav'n* that hides his head.  
*Valiant* and *Happy* men, put forth a *Hand*  
 To crop the *Lawrells* which from *others* fled:  
 For ( *loe!* ) ye see; before your faces, *loe!*  
 The *Territory* where all *Riches* flow.

2.

To you I speake, ye *sons* of *Lusus* old;  
 Who, of the *world* compose so *small* a stake.  
 What talk I of the *world*? of that *small fold*  
 Belov'd by *him*, who the *round world* did make.  
*You*, whom from conquering of *Nations* rold  
 In *Vice* not only *dangers* did not take;  
 But neither *Avarice*, or want of love  
 To Holy *CHURCH*, whose *Head* is crown'd *Above*.

3.

*You* ( *PORTINGALLS* ) as *front*, as ye are *Few*;  
 Who never care how small your numbers be:  
*You*, who are *Usurers* of *losses*: *you*,  
 Who *fragle life* chaffer for *eternitie*  
 Thus *PROVIDENCE* was pleas'd That *him* ( who drew  
 The *shortest lost* ) we of more use should see  
 T'extend the *Fayth*, then all the *CHRISTIAN KINGS*:  
 " So much thou ( *CHRIST* ) exaltest little Things!

The

4.

The haughtie *GERMANS*, a *great Flock* ( behold!  
 In a *large pasture*, into *Factions* broke,  
 Who ( not to be restrayn'd within *one Fold*,  
 Nor yet content to justify with stroke  
 Of *Argument* what *few rally* they hold )  
 Some *for*, and some *against* the *Roman Yoke*,  
 Their *fatall pistols* in that *Quarrell* span,  
 Which should be all discharg'd at *OTTAMAN*.

5.

See *ENGLAND'S Monarch*, styling himself yit  
 For deeds long past *KING* of the *HOLY TOWNE*,  
 The filthy *ISMAELITE* possessing it  
 ( What a *reproaching Title* to a *CROVNE!* )  
 How in his frozen *Confines* he doth sit,  
 Feeding on empty smoake of *old Renown*,  
 Or gets him *new*, on *Christian Foes* alone,  
 Not, by recov'ring what was once his own!

6.

Meane time an *UNBELIEVER* is for *Him*  
 Head of *IERUSALEM* on *earth*, whilst love  
 Of *earth*, hath made him an unusefull *lim*  
 Of the *IERUSALEM* which is *Above*.  
 Of the *FRENCH* then, what shall we say, or deem,  
 Who ( call'd *MOST CHRISTIAN* ) doth his *style* disprove.  
 Who doth not only in her *Ayd* not come:  
 But ev'n invites the *scourge* of *CHRISTENDOME*?

7.

To *CHRISTIAN'S* Lands findst thou thy *Title* good  
 ( Having so fayre a *Kingdom* of thine own )  
 Not, to *CYNIFIUS*, and *NYLE*'s sev'nfold Flood,  
 Old *Enemies* to *true Religion*:  
 There shouldst thou vent the heate of thy *French* blood,  
 'Gainst the *Rejectors* of the *Corner-stone*.  
*LEVVIS*, and *CHARLES*, left thee their *Name* and *seat*:  
 Not that which styl'd one *SAINT*; the other *GREAT*

8.

In the last place, what shall we judge of *Them*,  
 Who by base *sloath*, and *Ryot* ( rather *Rot* )  
 Shorten their days, drown'd in their own wealth's stream,  
 Their ancient *Valour*, buried, and forgot?  
 From *Lux*, *Oppression* springing, from this stem,  
*Dissensions* in a people giv'n to plot:  
 I speake to *Thee* ( *ITALIE* ) brought loe  
 With thousand *Vices*. and thine own worst Foe.

T

At



9.

Ah, foolish CHRISTIANS! are *you*, happilie,  
 Those *Teeth* which CADMUS did to Earth commir,  
 Self-Bane (for *Children* of one *wombe* ye bee,  
 And *All* one heav'nly *Father* did begit):  
 The HOLY SEPULCHER do ye not see  
 Posselt by *dogs*? how *Those*, themselves can knit,  
 To wrest from *you* your *old Inheritance*,  
 And on your *shames* their name in *Arms* advance?

10.

Ye see it is a *principle of state*,  
 A rooted custome, in the HAGARENE,  
 Armies on *Armies* to accumulate  
 Against the *people* That on CHRIST doe leane.  
 But, amongst *you*, doth low rank *seeds of Hate*,  
 And *Tares* of *strife*, the *Enemie unclean*.  
 How can ye sleep *secure*, how can ye close  
 Your *Eyes*, having both *them*, and *you*, your *Foes*?

11.

If love of *powre*, and *empire* uncomptroll'd.  
 Set you a work to conquer *others Lands*,  
 Both HERMUS and PACTOLUS's streams behold,  
 Rouling into the Ocean *golden sands*!  
 ASSYRIA spins, and LYDIA, thrids of gold;  
 AFFRICK'S rich *Mynes* imploy her *Negroes* hands.  
 Against THE TURKE let Bootie league you all:  
 If not, to see THE HOLY CITY Thrall,

12.

That *Hellish project* of the IRON AGE,  
 Those *Thunderbolts of Warr* (the *Cannon-Ball*)  
 At TURKISH GALLEYS let them spit their Rage,  
 And batter prou'd CONSTANTINOPLE's Wall.  
 Thence, to their *Holes* in *Caspian* Clifles, ingage  
 The *frighted monsters* back again to crawl,  
 And *Scythian* Wains, that in your EUROPE build,  
 With *barb'rous* spawn her *civill Countreys* fild.

13.

The THRACIAN, GEORGIAN, GREEK, ARMENIAN,  
 Cry out upon you, that ye let them pay  
 (*Sad Tribute*!) to the brutish ALCORAN  
 Their *Christian-children*, to be bred that way:  
 To scourge the arrogant MAHUMETAN  
 Your *hands* unite, your *heads* together lay.  
 Unwise, ungodly, Glory, cease pursuing:  
 By being *valiant* to your *own* undoing.

But

14.

But whilst (*mad People*) you refuse to see,  
 Whilst thirst of your own blood diverts *you* All;  
 Christian-Indeavours shall not wanting be  
 In this same little *House* of PORTUGALL.  
 Strong places upon AFFRICK's Coast has *she*;  
 In ASIA a *Style Monarchicall*;  
 Dominions in AMERICA she has;  
 And, were there more *Worlds*, Thither she would pass.

15.

And turn we to behold in the mean while,  
 To our Sea-faring *Worthies* what befell;  
 After that gentle VENUS, with a *File*  
 Of BEAUTIES, the *inamour'd Storm* did quell:  
 After they came in sight of that vast *foyle*,  
 Sought with a purpose so unchangeable,  
 The CHRISTIAN FAITH into the same to bring,  
 To introduce *new Laws*, and a *new King*.

16.

No sooner come at that *new Land*, a fort  
 Of little *Fisher-barks* they light among,  
 Directing them the way into the *Port*  
 Of CALICUT, whereto the same belong.  
 Thither they bend their *Prows* (being the *Court*  
 Of MALABAR) A *City* fair, and strong:  
 In which a *King* his Residence did hold,  
 Who, round about, a spacious LAND comptroll'd.

17.

On this side GANGES and the YND beyond  
 A large and famous Province is markt forth;  
 On the *South* bounded by the *Ocean-Strand*,  
 By the *Emodian Mountain* on the *North*,  
 Sundry both *Laws* and *Kings* obeyth this *Land*,  
 Sundry pretended *Deities* ador'th:  
 Some, beastly MAHOMET; some, *Idols* dead;  
 Some, *Living Creatures* in that *Region* bred;

18.

In that *long Mountain*, which all ASIA laces  
 (Running athwart so vast a *Continent*,  
 And borrowing sev'ral names of sev'ral places  
 Through which it runs) Two *Fountains* have their vent;  
 Whence YND, and GANGES (starting for *two Races*  
 At the same *Post*, and at the same length spent)  
 Dye in the INDIAN SEA: Now *This*, and *I*hey,  
 Make the true INDIA a *Pen-Insula*.

T 2

'Twixt

19.

"Twixt these expiring *Rivers*'s Mouths wide  
 From the broad *Countrey* a long *point* extends,  
 In fashion not unlike a *Piramide*,  
 Which (fronting *Ceylan's Isle*) in th'Ocean ends.  
 And where (first thrust out of the Mountain-side)  
 The great *Gangetick Arm* a *Richness* lends,  
*Tradition* says; the *Folk*, That there *did dwell*,  
 Of dainty *flow'rs* were nourisht with the smell.

20.

But the *Inhabitants* That *now* are found  
 (In names and manners differing from the old)  
 Are *Delis*, the *Patans*, who most abound  
 In *People*, and in *Countreys* which they hold;  
 The *Decanies*, the *Oriass*; That found  
 Their hopes of being fav'd, in what th'are told  
 Of founding *Ganges*. Then, *Bengala's Land*;  
 With which can none in *Competition* stand.

21.

*Cambaya's* Warlike *Kingdom* (this of yore  
 Held great *King Porus*, as the fame doth goe):  
 The *Kingdom* of *Narsinga*; powerful more  
 In *Gold*, and *Jewels*, then against a *Foe*.  
*Here* (from the *Indian Ocean's* Billows hoare)  
 Discerned is of *Mountains* a long *Rowe*;  
 Serving for *Nat'ral Walls* to *Malabar*,  
 Inroads of those of *Canara* to bar.

22.

*Gat* the *Countrey's Natives* call this *Ridge*:  
 From foot whereof skirts out a narrow *Down*,  
 Which (*backt by that*) is by a natural *Seige*  
 Of angry *Seas* affronted. *Here* the *Town*  
 Of *Calicut* (undoubted *Serv'raign Liege*  
 Of all her *Neighbours*) rears her lofty *Crown*:  
*Seat* of the *Empire*, *Fair*, and *Rich*; and *Him*  
 That's *Lord* thereof, they stile the *Samorim*.

23.

The *Fleet* arriving close to that rich strand,  
 A *Portingall* is sent in a *long-Boate*  
 To let the *Pagan Monarch* understand  
 Their coming from a *Region* so remote.  
*He* (through the *River* entering the *Land*,  
 Which enters there the *Sea* by a wide *Throate*)  
 With his strange *Colour*, *Physnomy*, *Attire*,  
 Makes all the flocking *Multitude* admire.

Amongst

24.

Amongst the *Rout*, which *Him* did swarm to see,  
 Comes *one*, trayn'd up in the *Arabian's Lore*,  
 Having been born in Land of *Barbarie*,  
*There*, where *Anteus* was obey'd of yore.  
 Whether, the *Lusitanian People*, *He*  
 Knew meerly as a *neighbour* to that shore;  
 Or (bitten with their *steel*) was sent so far  
 On *Fortune's* errand by the chance of *War*:

25.

The *Messenger* with jocund Face survey'd,  
 He, in plain *Spanish* gave him thus the *Haile*;  
 How, to *this World*, in name of *Heav'n* (*Cam'rade*)  
 So distant from thy native *Portugale*!  
 Op'ning a passage through rough *Seas* (he said)  
 Which never *mortal Wight* before did sayle,  
 We come to seek of *Indus* the great streame,  
 Whereby to propagate the *Gospel's* beam.

26.

Astonisht at so great a *Voyage* stood  
 The *Moor* (his name *Monsayde*) briefly told  
 Their sad *disasters* on the *azure Flood*,  
 And hair-breadth *Scapes*, by this same *Lusitan* bold.  
 But since, his main *Affair* (he understood)  
 Unto the *King* alone he would unfold;  
 He telis *Him*, *He* at present is not there:  
 Being retir'd into the *Countrey* near.

27.

So that (until the *News* at *Court* have bin  
 Of their prodigions passage through the *Mayn*)  
 Please him, to make his homely *Nest*, his *Inne*;  
 With *Victuals* of the *Land* hee'l entertain  
*Him There*: and, being well refresh'd therein,  
 Himself will bring him to the *Fleet* again.  
 For that, the *World* hath not a thing more sweet;  
 Then in a *distant Land* when *Neighbours* meet.

28.

The *Portingall* with *Bosome* not ingrate  
 Accepts the *Offer*, kind *Monsayde* made.  
 As if their friendship were of ancient date,  
 With *Him*, he eat, and drank, as he was pray'd.  
 Towards the *Ships* (that done) return they straight:  
 Which the *Moor* knew, when he the *Build* survey'd.  
 They climbe the *Amiral*: where both *Man* and *Boy*,  
 Receive *Monsayde* with a gen'ral joy.

The

29.

The *Captain* (rapt) *Him* in his Arms did squeeze,  
 Hearing the *Musick* of the *Spanish Tongue*;  
 And (seated by him) Shreives him by degrees  
 Touching the *Land*, and things thereto that long.  
 But, as in *THRACIAN RHODOP* the *Trees*,  
 And *Bruits*, to hear his golden *Lute* did throng  
 Who did his lost *EURIDICE* deplore:  
 So throng'd the *common-men* to hear the *MORE*.

30.

*He* thus begins. *Omen!* whom *NATURE* plac'd  
 Neer to the *Nest* where I my birth did take;  
 What *Chance*, or stronger *Destiny*, so vast  
 So hard a *Voyage*, made you undertake?  
 For some *hidcause* from *TAGUS* are ye past,  
 And unknown *MINIUS*, through that horrid *Lake*  
 On which no *Barke* before did ever floate,  
 To *Kingdoms* so conceal'd, and so remote.

31.

*GOD*, *GOD* hath brought you: *He* hath (sure) some grand  
 And special buis'ness *here* for you to do.  
 For *this* alone, he leads you by strong Hand  
 Through *Foes*, *Seas*, *Stormes*, and with a heav'nly *Clew*.  
*INDIA* is *this*, with sev'ral *Nations* man'd:  
 Great *NATURE*'s bounty *All* beholding to  
 For glist'ring *Gold*, for sparkling *Stones* of price,  
 For oderiferous *Gums*, for burning *Spice*.

32.

The *Province* ye are anchor'd now upon,  
 Is call'd *MALABAR*. In the old way  
 It worships *Idols*: The *Religion*  
 That bears in all *these* parts the greatest sway,  
 Held 'tis, by sev'ral *Kings*: yet onely one  
 Rul'd it of old, as their *Traditions* say.  
 The last *King*, was *SARAMAPERIMAL*,  
 Who in one *Monarchy* posselt it *All*.

33.

But, certain *strangers* coming to this *Ream*  
 From *MECHA* in the *Gulph* of *ARABIE*,  
 Who brought the *Law* of *MAHOMET* with Them  
 (In which my *Parents* educated me)  
 It so befell, with their great *skill*, and stream  
 Of *Eloquence*, *These* to that hot degree  
 This *PERIMAL* unto their *Faith* did win,  
 That he propos'd to dye a *Saint* therein.

Ships

34.

*Ships* he provides and therein (curious)  
 For *Off'rings* lades his richest *Merchandize*;  
 To turn *Monastick*, and *Religious*,  
 There, where our *LEGISLATIVE PROPHECY* lies.  
 Having no *Heir*, left of the *Royal House*;  
 Before he parted, he did *cantonize*  
 His *Realm*. Those servants, he lov'd best, he brings  
 From want, to wealth; from *Subjects*, to be *Kings*.

35

To one, *COCHIN*; t'another, *CANANOUR*;  
*CHALE*, t'a *Third*; t'a *Fourth*, the *PEPPER-ISLE*;  
 To *This*, *COULAN*; To *That*, gives *CRANGANOUR*;  
 The rest, to them who most deserv'd his smile.  
 One young man onely (who had mighty pow'r  
 On his Affections) was forgot the while.  
 For whom was left poor *CALICUT* alone,  
 A *City* since; Rich, great, by *Traffick* grown.

36.

*This* gives he *Him*: and (to eke out the same)  
 A shining Title *Paramount* the Rest.  
 That done, his *Voyage* takes; his life to frame  
 So, as to reign hereafter with the *Blest*.  
 And hence remain'd of *SAMORIM* the name  
 (By which *imperial pow'r*, and *beight's* exprest)  
 To that young man and to his *Heirs*: from whom  
 This (who the *EMPIRE* now enjoys) is come.

37.

The *NATIVE'S* manners (*poor*, as well as *rich*)  
 Are made up all of *Lyes*, and *vanitie*.  
 Naked they go: onely a *Cloth* they stich  
 About those *Parts* which must concealed be.  
 Two *Ranks* they have, of *People*; *Nobles*, which  
 Are *NAYRES* stil'd: and *Those* of *base degree*  
 Call'd *POLEAS*. To *Both* the *Law* prescribes  
 They shall not marry out of their own *Tribes*.

38.

And *Those* That have been bred up to one *Trade*,  
 Out of another may not take a *Wife*;  
 Nor may their *Children* any thing be made,  
 But what their *Parents* have been all their life.  
 To touch a *NAYRU* with their *Bodys shade*,  
 A scandal is to his *prerogative*.  
 If *themselves* chance to touch them as they meet,  
 With thousand *Rytes* himself he washes sweet:

Just

39.

Just so the JEWISH PEOPLE did of yore  
The touch of a SAMARITAN Eschew.  
But, when ye come into the *Countrey*, more,  
And things of greater strangeness ye shall view.  
The NAYRES onely go to war: Before  
Their *King*, they onely stand a Rampire trew  
Against his Foes. A *Sword* they alway weild  
With their *right-hand*, and with the *left* a *Shield*.

40.

Their *Prelates* are call'd BRAMENS (an *old* name,  
And (amongst *them*) of great *Preheminence*):  
Of his fam'd *Sett*, who *Wisdom* did disclame,  
And took a *stile* of a more *modest* sence.  
They kill no *living thing*, and highly blame  
All *flesh* to eat with wondrous abstinence:  
But *other* flesh their Law doth not forbid,  
Yet *They* as prone thereto, as if it did.

41.

Their Wives are common: but are so to none  
Save those, who of their *Husbands's* Kindred are.  
(O blessed *lot*, blest *Generation*,  
On whom fierce *jealousie* doth wage no war!)  
*These* are the *Customes*, but not *these alone*,  
Which are receiv'd by Those of MALABAR.  
The LAND abounds in Trade of all things; Isle,  
Or *firm-Land* yields from CHINA unto NYLE.

42.

Thus did the MOOR recount. 'But Gossip FAME  
Crying the *News* about the *City* went  
Of a *strange people* come, with a *strange* name:  
To be inform'd the truth when the *King* sent.  
*Now*, through the gaping streets, inviron'd came:  
With either *Sex*, and *Ages* different,  
The *noble Men* dispatched by the *King*  
The *Gen'rall* of the *Fleet* to *Him* to bring.

43.

And *Hee* (thus licenc'd by the SAMORIM  
To disembarque) departs without delay,  
The noblest of his LUSIANS hon'ring *Him*  
As his bright Trayn (*himself* more bright then *They*)  
The sweet variety of colours trim  
Dazles the ravish'd people all the way,  
The compact *Oare* strikes, leisurely the *water*  
Of the *Sea* first; of the *fresh River* after.

Upon

44.

Upon the *Key* a potent *Officere*,  
Whom in their *Tongue* the CATUAL they call,  
Begirt with NAYRES, stood to welcome *There*  
The brave DE GAME with *Pompe* unusuall:  
Whom in his Arms himselfe to land did beare,  
Then points him to a *Cowch Pontificall*:  
On which (*their* custome of most antient date)  
Upon *mens* shoulders he is born in state.

45.

Thus *Hee* of LUSUS, *Hee* of MALABAR,  
Move to the place where *them* expects the *King*.  
The other PORTINGALLS, and NAYRES are  
Their *Infantry* advancing in a Ring.  
The *multitudes* (like *Baggage* in a War)  
Confused, pester one and t'other *Wing*.  
They would aske questions, but have not the pow'r:  
Their mouths were stopt for *that* in BABBL's Tow'r

46.

Ride talking GAMA, and the CATUAL,  
Of things which the *Occasion* ministred:  
MONSAYDE the *Interpreter* of *All*,  
As understanding what by each is sed.  
Thus marching, and ariving where the tall  
And sumptuous *Fabrick* did erect it's head  
Of a rich TEMPLE in the *Citie's* Center,  
At the large two leav'd door abreast they enter.

47.

There stand the Figures of their *Deities*  
Carv'd in cold *stone*, in dull and stupid *wood*:  
In various *shapes* presented to the *Eyes*,  
In various *postures* as the *Feind* thought good.  
Some, in yet more *abominable* wise,  
(CHIMERA-like) with *shapes repugnant* stood.  
The CHRISTIANS (us'd t'adore GOD-MAN) deride  
To see *Men Beasts*, and *Monsters* deicide.

48.

One's humane Head a paire of *Horns* disgraces  
(JUPITER HAMON stood in LYBIA so):  
Another had one *Body*, and *two* *Faces*,  
(Thus the old ROMANS did old *Fanus* show):  
A *Third*, with hundred *Hands*, fifty *embraces*  
(Like BRIAREUS) pretends at *once* to throw:  
A *Fourth* *Hee* grins with a *dogs* Face (the plain  
Ador'd ANUBIS in MEMPHITICK FANE).

U

Hee

49.

Here, by the *barb'rous* people of that *Seet*  
 Their *Superstitious Worship* being payd;  
 Their course, without digression *Both* direct  
 To where the *King* of these vain *GENTILES* stayd.  
 The *Trayn* augments; through *Those*, who the aspect  
 Of the strange *Captain* to behold, assay'd.  
*Women*, and *Boys*, from all the *Houses* gaze:  
 These *style* the *Roofs*; *Their Eyes*, the *Windows glaze*.

50.

Now they approach with slow and solemn pace  
 The beautiful and oderiferous *Bow'rs*,  
 Which barr'd the *prospect* of the *Royal Place*;  
 In *structure* sumptuous, though not high in *Tow'rs*.  
 For *They* their nobler *Buildings* interlace  
 With fanning *Groves*, and aromatick *Flow'rs*.  
 Thus liv'd enjoying that rude *People's King*  
 In *City*, *Countrey*; and in *Winter*, *Spring*.

51.

On the fair *Frontispieces*, *Ours* decry  
 The subtlety of a *Dadalian Hand*,  
 Fig'ring the most remote *Antiquity*  
 In lasting *Sculpture* of the *INDIAN-LAND*.  
 So *lively* are presented to the *Eye*  
 Those *Ancient Times*; That *They*, who understand  
 From learned *Writers* what the *Actions* were,  
 May read the *Substance* in the *Shadow* There.

52.

Appears a copious *Army*, which doth tread  
 The *oriental Land*, *HYDASPE's* laves.  
 By a sleek ruddy *Warriour* was it led,  
 Fighting with *heavy javelins* curl'd in waves.  
*NYSA* stood by her *Founder*: by *Her*, slid  
 The *River's* self, washing her *winy Caves*.  
 So right the *God*, that *THERBAN-SEMIER*  
 (Had she been present) would have cry'de; 'Tis *HIS*.

53.

Farther, a vast *Assyrian* multitude,  
 That drank whole *Rivers* e're they quencht their thirst.  
 A *Woman* Captain, with rare *Form* indude;  
 And of a *Valour*, great, as was her *Lust*.  
 By her side (never cold) her *Palfrey* chew'd  
 The foaming *Bit*, and (fiery) paw'd the dust,  
 (Her *NINUS's* *Rival*) with whom yet 'twas done  
 More innocently, then she lov'd her *Son*.

Yet

53.

Yet farther; trembled in the *fancied* wind  
 The glorious *Ensignes*, *GREECE* triumphant bore  
 (The world's *THIRD MONARCHY*) spreading from *YND*  
 One con'uring wing to the *Gangetick* shore.  
 A young man led them, of a boundless mind,  
 From head to foot with *Lawrells* cover'd ore:  
 Who would not bee (so high his *Thoughts* did rove)  
 The son of *PHILIP*, but the son of *IOVE*.

54.

The *LUSIANS* feasting with these *Aets* their eyes,  
 The *CATAL* unto the *Captaine* sayd,  
 The time draws neer, when *other Victories*,  
 Shall blot *these* out, which thou hast now surwayd,  
*Heer* shall be graven, *modern Histories*  
 Of a *strange people*, that shall us invade.  
 Such our deep *Sages* find to be our doom,  
 Poring into the things which are to come.

55.

By the *black Art* they doe moreover tell;  
 That, to prevent so great approaching *Ill*  
 By *humane wisdom*, tis impossibel:  
 For vaine, is *earthly wit*, against *Heav'n's will*.  
 But, say withall; Those *strangers* shall excell  
 So much in *Martiall* and in *civill skill*;  
 That through the *World* it will in after story,  
 Be fed: The *Conquerers* are the *Conquer'd's* glory.

56.

Discourfing thus they enter the gilt Hall,  
 Where leans that *EMPEROR* magnificent  
 On the rich *Couch* (which take it worke, and all)  
 Could not be matcht beneath the *Firmament*.  
 His *Face* and *posture* (that *Majestickall*;  
 And this *secure*) his *Fortune* represent:  
 His *Robes* are cloth of gold: A *diadem*  
 Upon his *head*, with many a flaming *gem*.

57.

An old man (at his elbow) with grave meen  
 Upon the knee did ever and anon  
 Of a hot *plant* present him a leaf green;  
 Which, as of custome, he would chaw upon.  
 Then did a *Bramen* of no mean esteem,  
 Approach *DEGAMA* with slow motion;  
 To present *Him* unto the *MONARCH* great:  
 Who *there* before him, nods him to a seat.

U 2

D 2

59.

DE GAMA seated neer to the rich Bed  
 (His Eyes keeping off) with quick and hungry,  
 The SAMORIM upon the *Habit* fed  
 Of his new *Guests*, their uncouth *bew*, and *Guyse*  
 With an *emphatick* *Voyce* from a deep head  
 (Which much his *embassie* did authorize  
 Both with the *King*, and all the *People* there)  
 The *Captain* thus accosts the *Royall* care.

60.

A potent *King* (who governs yonder, where  
*Hew'n's* ever-rolling wheeles the *day* adjourn,  
 Benighting earth with earth, that *Hemisphere*  
 Which the *sun* leaves mourning till his Return)  
 Hearing from FAME (which makes an *Ecchoe* there)  
 How this IMPERIAL CROWN by Thee is worn.  
 (The sum'd up *Majestie*, of INDIAN LAND)  
 Would enter with thee into *Friendship's* Band.

61.

And (through long windings) to thy COURT send me,  
 To let the know, that *whatsoever* stores  
 Goe on the *Land*, or goe upon the *sea*,  
 From TAGUS there, to NYLÉ's enriched shores:  
 All that by *Zeland Merchants* laden be:  
 By tributary *Ethiopian-MORBS*:  
 From *scething* *River*, or from *froZen* *Barr*:  
 Heapt up and centerd in his *Kingdom*, are.

62.

Then if thou wilt, with *leagues* and *mutuall* *Tyes*  
 Of *Peace* and *Freindship* (stable and divine)  
 Allow commerce of *superfluities*,  
 Which bounteous NATURE gave his *Realms* and *Thine*,  
 (For *Trade* brings *Opulence* and *Rarities*,  
 For which the *Poor* doe *sweat*, the *Rich* doe *Pine*)  
 Of two great fruits, which will from thence redound,  
 His shall the *glory*, *thine*, the *Gain* be found.

63.

And (if it so fall out, that this fast knot  
 Of *Amitie* be knit between you two)  
 He will assist thee in all adverse lot  
 Of *Warr*, which in thy *Kingdom* may *insue*,  
 With *Soldiers*, *Arms* and *Shipp's*, and coldly, not,  
 But as a *Brother* in that case would dot,  
 It rests, that thou resolve me in the close,  
 What he may trust to touching this *propose*.

This

64.

This was the *Errand* of the *Captain* bold,  
 To whom the *Pagan Monarch* answer'd thus:  
*Ambassadours* from such farr parts, we hold  
 No little honour to our *Crown*, and *Us*,  
 Yet shall not in this case our *will* unfold)  
 Till with our COUNCELL we the thing discuss:  
 What this *King* is, informing our self well,  
 The *people* and the *Land* whereof you tell.

65.

In the mean time repose you from the *Quoyle*  
 Of labour past, and nauseating *Seas*:  
 Whom we will back dispatch, within a while,  
 With such an *answer* as shall not displease.  
 Now *Night* (Task mistress of all *earthly* *Toyle*)  
 Gives *humane* labours wonted stint, to ease  
 Exhausted *lims* with sweet *Vicissitude*:  
 Eyes, with the *leaden* *Hand* of *sleep* subdude

66.

In the most noble lodgings of the *Court*,  
 The PRIMEKE MINISTER OF INDIAN LAND  
 (With the Applause of people of each sort)  
 Did feast DE GAMA, and his valiant Band:  
 The CATAULL (that he may make report  
 To his dread *Leige*, who gave him in command  
 To find it out, which way the strangers came,  
 What *Laws*, what *Faith*, what *Countray*, and what *name*)

67.

Soon as he spies the fired *Axel-tree*  
 Of the fayre *Delian* youth the *day* renew,  
 Sends for MONSAYDE, upon *Thorns*, to bee:  
 At large informed of this NATION new.  
 Prompt and inquisitive, he asks if *Hee*  
 Can give him full *Intelligence* and *trew*,  
 What these strange people are (for he did heare,  
 That to his *Countray* they are neighbours neer.)

68.

A punctuall accompt, of every thing  
 He knew of them, he charg'd him to afford;  
 As that which was a service to the *King*,  
 Whereby to judge of the propos'd accord.  
 MONSAYDE answers: That which I can bring  
 Of light thereto, is spoken in a Word.  
 Thus much I know; they are of yond same *STRYN*,  
 Where *PHEBUS*, and my *Nest*, bathe in the *Mayn*.

By

69.

By *them* a certain *Prophet* is ador'd,  
 Born of a pure and incorrupted *Mayd*,  
 Conceiving by the *Spirit* of the *Lord*,  
 The *Lord* of life, by whom the *world* is swayd.  
 Of *them*, that which my *Parents* did Record,  
 Was that of bloody *Warr* the noble Trade  
 To it's full pitch by their strong *Arm* is wound:  
 Which to our cost *their predecessors* found.

70.

*Them* (arm'd with *virtue* above humane strayne)  
 They threw out of their delectable *Seates*  
 By golden *TAGUS*, and fresh *GUADIANE*,  
 Through glorious and memorable *Feats*:  
 Nor so content (ploughing the stormy *Mayn*  
 Toth' *Africk side*) ev'n in our owne *Retreates*  
 Let us not live secure: but pull us out  
 From our Strong *walls*, and *there* our *Armies* rout.

71.

Nor have they shown lesse strength of *Hand* and *Brayn*,  
 In whatsoever *other* warrs did chance  
 With many warlick *Nations* of their *SPAYNE*,  
 And some that fell down by the way of *FRANCE*.  
 So that, in fine, no story doth remayne,  
 That ever they were quell'd by *foreign Lance*;  
 Nor for those *HANNIBALS* (I will be bound)  
 As yet, was ever a *MARCELLUS* found.

72.

But if this *Information* (as I make  
 Accompt it does) appear to *Thee* too short,  
 Of *them*, let *them* inform thee. Thou mayst take  
 (So doe they hate a *lye*) their *own* report.  
 Goe view their *Fleets*, their *Arms*, and how they rake  
 With *foundd Brass*, which tames the strongest Fort:  
 And it will please thee, of the *PORTINGALL*  
 To see the *ciuill Arts*, and *Martiall*.

73.

To see the things the *MOOR* exalted so,  
 Now the *IDOLATER* is of a flame,  
 Calls for his *Barge* in hast, for he will goe  
 To view the *ships* in which *DE GAMA* came.  
 Together from the cover'd *shore* they rowe:  
 Cov'ring the *sea*, the *NAYNES* doe the same.  
 They climbe the strong and goodly *Ammirall*:  
 By her long *side* aboard doth *hand* them *PAUL*.

Her

74.

Her *waste-cloaths* *Scarlet*, and her *Banners* are  
 Of the rich *Fleece* which by a *worm* is bred:  
 In *them* are painted glorious deeds, in War  
 Archiev'd by valiant Hands of *WORTHIES* dead.  
 Here a *pitch-Field* and there a *single jar*;  
 Fierce one, and t'other: *Pictures* full of dread!  
 From which, since *them* the *Pagan* first did spye,  
 He never could recal his greedy *Eye*.

75.

To know, the Things he sees, he doth beseech.  
 But first, *DE GAMA* prays him sit, and prove  
 A little of those delicacies, which  
 Those of the *Sect* of *EPICURUS* love.  
 The foaming *Goblets* with the *Liquor* rich,  
 Devis'd by *NOAH*, swell, their banks above.  
 The *Pagan* sits; but cannot *Eat* (he saith)  
 Truth is, it crost a *precept* of his *Faith*.

76.

The *Trumpet* (which in *Peace* doth represent  
 War, to the Fancy) rends the Ayre. In Thunder  
 The fired *Diabolick-Instrument*  
 Speaks audibly to it's infernal *Founder*.  
 The *Pagan* observes *All*: but (most intent  
 On the *Defunct*) seems to confine his wonder.  
 To those brave *Deeds*, which in a little *Sphere*  
 Are by *Mute Poetry* described there.

77.

He starts upon his Feet; with *Him* (betwixt  
 Whom, he was plac't both the *DE GAMES*: and, from  
*VASCOS* ride side *COELLIO*. The *MOOR* fixt  
 His Eyes, upon the warlike *Transcript* dumb  
 Of an old man, who in his Face had mixt  
 Something divine, nor, till the *World's* one Tomb,  
 Shall ever dye. Clad in the *Greekish mode*.  
 A *Bough* in his right hand, what he was show'd.

78.

His right hand held a *Bough* — But O blind man  
 I! That (unwise, and rude) without your clew  
 (*Nymphs* of *MONDEGO*, and the *Tagan Stran*)  
 A course so long, so intricate, pursue.  
 I lanch into a boundless *Ocean*,  
 With *Wind* so contrary; that, unless you  
 Extend your favours, I have cause to think  
 My brittle Barke will in a moment sink.

Behold

79.

Behold how long, whilst I strain all my *pow'rs*  
 Your *TAGUS* singing, and your *PORTUGALS*;  
*FORTUNE* (new *Toyles* presenting, and new *Sow'rs*)  
 Through the *World* drags me at her *Charets-Tayle*:  
 Sometimes committed to *Seas*'s rolling *Tow'rs*,  
 Sometimes to bloody dangers *Marteale*!

Thus I (like desperate *CANACEE* of old)  
 My *Pen* in *this*, my *Sword* in *that hand* hold.

80.

Now by declin'd and scorned *poverty*  
 Degraded, at Another's Board to eate.  
 Now (in possession of a *Fortune* high)  
 Thrown back again, farther then ever yet.  
 Now scapt, with my life onely, which hung by  
 A single *Thrid* (ev'n *that* a load too great):  
 That 'tis no less a wonder, I am here,  
 Then *JUDA*'s *King*'s new lease of fifteen yeere.

81.

Nay more (*my Nymphs*) I thus being made an *Iffe*  
 And *Rock* of *want* (surunded by my *Woes*)  
 The same, whom I swam singing all that while,  
 Gave me, for all my *Verses*, but course *Prose*.  
 Instead of hoped *Rest* for long *Exile*,  
 Of *Bays* to thatch my head (which bald now grows):  
 Unworthy *scandals* they therein did hayle,  
 Which laid me in a miserable *Jayle*.

82.

See, *Nymphs*, what learned Lords your *TAGUS* breeds!  
 What *Patrons* of good *Arts* we live among!  
 Are *these* the *favours*, and are *these* the *meeds*,  
 For *Him* That makes *them* glorious with his *Song*?  
 What *Precedents* are *these*, what likely seeds  
 To raise in future curious *WITS* and strong,  
 To register the *Acts* of all those men,  
 That merit *Fame* from an *immortal Pen*?

83.

Then in this *Flood* of *Ills* let it suffice  
 That *your* sole grace and favour I obtain;  
 And chiefly *here*, where such *Varieties*  
 Of honorable *deeds* I must explain.  
 Give it me onely *you*: For (by your *Eyes*)  
 On any, that deserves it not, one grain  
 I will not spend: not flatter *Duxes*, nor *KINGS*,  
 Pain of ungrateful to your *sacred springs*.

Nor

84.

Nor think, O *Nymphs*, I'll waste *your* pretious *Fame*  
 On *Him*, who to his *King* and *Countrey's weal*  
 Prefers his *private interest* (The same  
 Will from the *Throne*, yea from the *Altar*, steale).  
 No, no *Ambitious man* shall hide his shame  
 Under my *leaves*, who mounts, that he may deale  
 More largely to his *Lusts*, and exercise  
 His *Office*, not, but his *impieties*.

85.

No man, That stalks with *popularity*,  
 Thereby to catch the *Prey* he hath design'd:  
 Who, with the erring *Vulgar* to comply,  
 Changerth as oft as *PROTHEUS*, for the *Wind*.  
 Nor (*MUSES*) fear, that ever sing will I  
 Whom, with grave *Face*, grave *case*, grave *pace*, I find  
 (To please the *King* in the new *Place* he's in)  
 Fleece the poor *People* to the very skin.

86.

Nor *Him*, who finds it just (and so it is)  
 The *King's* *Laws* should be kept in ev'ry thing:  
 But does *not* find it just (and that's amis)  
 To pay the sweat of *those* that serve the *King*.  
 Nor *Him*, who *says his Book*, and thinks with *This*  
 (Though *unexperienc't*) he hath wit to bring  
 All to his *Rules*: and, with a niggard *Hand*,  
 Rates *services*, he doth not understand.

87.

*Those* (and *those WORTHIES onely*) will I sing,  
 Who their dear lives have ventur'd and laid down,  
 First for their *GO D*, and after for their *KING*;  
 To be repaid with *use* in due renown.  
 Help me *APOLLO*, and the *Muses's Ring*,  
 With doubled *Baze* their *Lawrell'd* heads to crown:  
 Whilst (almost tyr'd) I *here* take breath a while,  
 So with fresh *Spirits* to renew my *Toyle*.

End of the seventh Canto.

X

Eighth



## Eighth Canto.

## STANZA. 1.

ON the first *Figure* stuck the HAGARENE,  
Which in the waving *Flag* did come and go :  
Upon a *leavie staffe* it seem'd to leane,  
With a long combed Beard, white as the snow.  
Who this grave *Warriour* is, and what should meane  
That same *device* he bears, he longs to know.

PAUL tells him : whose wise words which here infuse,  
MONSAYDE rendred, who both *Idioms* knew.

## 2.

These *FIGURES* all (which, *moving*, seem *alive*)  
As *fierce* and *warlike* as they show, for here ;  
By the bright fame that doth of them survive,  
In *truth*, and *Fact*, more *fierce* and *warlike* were.  
They stand *far off* in time : Through *perspective*  
Of cleer *WITS* yet, they *loom* both *great* and *neer*.  
This thou now seest, is *Lusus*, from whom *Fame*  
Gives to our *Kingdom* *Lusitania's* name.

## 3.

He was that *THEBAN'S* Son, or else *Camrade*,  
Who in so many *Lands* did *Lawrels* gaine.  
Following the *Wars* (which he did make his *Trade*)  
This *Lusus* built at length a *Nest* in *SPAIN*,  
With those delicious *Fields* so well apaid  
(Th'*Elysian* once) 'twixt *DWEE*, and *GUADIANES*,  
That *there* he set up his long *Rest*. He gave  
A *Name*, to *Those* ; and *Those*, to *Him*, a *Grave*.

## 4

The *leavy staffe* (he bears for his *Device*)  
The *Thyrus* is, That *BACCHUS* self did beare ;  
Which is to *Us*, a *letter* of *Advice*  
And this was his own *Son*, or *Friend* as deare.  
Seest Thou *Another*, who long *Seas* did slice  
With wand'ring *Keele*, and *Lands* by *TAGUS* there,  
Where he a *Fane* to *PALLAS* sacred calls,  
And is the *Author* of *eternal Walls* ?

## 5.

It is *Ulysses* : who that *Temple* founded  
For *Her* with *Eloquence* his *Tongue* that guilded.  
If he in *ASIA* here fair *TROY* confounded,  
In *EUROPE* there great *LISBON* hath he builded.  
Who may this *other* be, which *dead* and *wounded*  
That sows the *field* (his sword with both hands weilded)  
*Death* and *Destruction* on great *Hoasts* that flings ;  
Whete painted *Eagles* flye with *true ones* wings ?

## 6.

Thus said the *Pagan*. Thus replies *DEGAME*.  
This, thou now seest, a keeper was of *Ewes*  
(And know, that *VIRIATUS* was his name)  
But, better then a *Hook*, a *Sword* could use.  
With *this*, he did affront the *Roman Fame*,  
Invincible : nor *Fame* once got, did loofe.  
No, *ROME* had ne're with *Him*, nor shall (that's more)  
That luck, with *PYRRHUS* which she had before.

## 7.

By *Valour* not, but creeping *trechery*,  
They rob'd him of, his life. Why doest thou wonder ?  
In desp'rate *Cases* *MAGNANIMITY*  
It self, doth teare it's proper laws in sunder.  
Behold *Another* (for *Indignity*  
Receiv'd) with *Us* that did his *Countrey* thunder !  
To gain immortal *Honour* he chose well  
With *whom* to do it, if he must *rebell*.

## 8.

With *Us*, behold, *He* likewise puts to flight  
Those *Birds* that are the *Favourites* of *JOVE* !  
So long ago, *Nations* of greatest might  
Knew how to yield, when *against ours* they strove.  
See with what *wyle*, and artificial *slight*,  
Our *People* he to fight his *Quarrel* drove,  
Th'*inspiring Hind*, that helpt him with *Advice* !  
He, is *SECTORIUS* : she, is his *DEVIC*.

## 9.

Behold that *other* Flag ! *There* painted, see,  
Of our first *Kings* the great *Progenitor* !  
*We* make him an *HUNGARIAN* ; but, there bee,  
That do affirm, he was a *LORRAIGNOR*.  
After that overcome the *MOORS* had he,  
*GALLEGOS*, and the *LEON-WARRIOR*,  
Went holy *HENRY* to the *Holy War* :  
To *sanctifie* the *Trunk* whence our *Kings* are.

10.

Surpriz'd with wonder, *who is this* (demands)  
 Tell me, *who this* is (cries the C A T U A L L)  
 That doth, so many *Troops*, so many *Bands*,  
 Destroy and scatter with a *Force* so small:  
 So many *Batailles* strikes with his own hands:  
 With whose fierce *Rams* so many strong *Towers* fall:  
 That fights in *blood* up to the *Saddle-bow*,  
 Whilst *Flags* and *Crowns* fall at his feet like snow:

11.

'Tis first *ALPHONSO* (doth *DE GAME* return)  
 Who from the *MOOR* all *PORTUGALL* did take.  
*FAME* by the waters of black *STYX* hath sworn  
 Ne're more to sing of *ROMAN* for his sake.  
 He, lov'd of *Heav'n*, with love of *Heav'n* did burn;  
 Whom *GOD* the scourge of *MOORS* (his Foes) did make:  
 Their *Throne* and *Walls* broke down to let *CHRIST* in,  
 And nothing left there for his *Heirs* to win.

12.

Had *CÆSAR* fought, had *ALEXANDER GREAT*,  
 With such thin *Troops*, so slender, and so short,  
 Against such num'rous *Armies*, as were beat  
 By this brave *King*, of every kind, and sort:  
 Believe't nor *He*, nor *He*, with *JOVE* had eat;  
 Nor their proud *Fames* made such a lowd report.  
 But leave his *Acts* (too glorious to unfold!)  
 His *Vassails* deeds are worthy to be told.

13.

*This*, whom thou see'st upon his *pupil* (broke)  
 All patience lost, casting an angry *Face*;  
 Bidding him rally up his scatt'ed *Folke*,  
 And turn again to justify the place:  
 Turns the *young man*, turns the *old man* That spoke,  
 And turns with *them* the *day* in a small space:  
*E G A S* the name, which the brave old man hath,  
*Tutor* of *MARS*, myrrour of *Subjects* faith.

14.

*There*, how he marcheth with his children, look,  
 (Barefoot, and Ropes about their *Necks*) t'his end;  
 Because the *young man*, as he undertook,  
 To pay *CASTLE* low *Homage* could not bend!  
 He ray'd the *Seige* with *Craft*, and *Oaths* he took,  
 When vain were *Arms* the *Rampire* to defend.  
 He pays the *forfeit* with his *Babes*, and *Wife*:  
 And, to preserve his *Master*, gives his *life*.

Left

15

Left did that *CONSULL*, who through folly was  
 Caught at the *CAUDINE GALLOW*: in a *Trap*,  
 When *Him* insulting *Samnites* forc't to pass  
 Under that shameful *yoak* they there did clasp.  
 He, (brave and constant) did *himself* disgrace,  
 To save his *Army* in so sad mishap:  
*This* gives to *shame*, and *death*, *himself*, his deer  
*Children*, and guileless *Spouse*: the last goes near.

16.

See'st thou *this man*, who from an *Ambuscade*  
 Beats up a *King*, besieging a strong *Town*,  
 The *Leaguer's* rays'd, the *King* his pris'ner made:  
 A deed great *MARS* could with had been his own!  
 See him again (now *Head* of an *Armada*)  
 Massacring *MOORS* upon the watry *Down*!  
 Boarding their *Galleys*, carrying clear away  
*PORTUGAL'S* mayden *Victory* at *Sea*!

17.

It is *DON FUAS ROUPINIO*; on the *Land*,  
 And on the *Ocean*, gaining equal *Fame*:  
 Which from the *fired Galleys* (near the *Strand*  
 Of *AVILA*) shines glorious in *their* flame.  
 See, how content he fails by the same *Hand*,  
 The *Fortune* alter'd, but the *Cause* the same!  
 Like *Palme* (deprest in vain) through shafts of *MORNS*:  
 His happy *Soule* to *Heav'n* triumphant soars.

18.

See'st thou not, landing *there* in strange *Attire*  
 From a great *Navy*, *Troops* *Auxiliar*;  
 Not without which, our first *King* did acquire  
*LISBON* (their *Prologue* to the *Holy-War*)!  
 Of *these*, did *HENRY* (famous *Knight*.) expire.  
 Behold *Palms* sprouting from his *Tomb*! They are  
*CHRIST'S* supernatural *Badge*, for *Him* to wear  
 Who, born a *GERMAN*, dyed a *Martyr* there.

19.

See a *Priest* brandish (not in vain) his *Blade*  
 Against *ARRONCHEZ*, with revenge sharp whet,  
 To quit for *LEYRIA*, which They taken had  
 Who couch the *Speare* in *Rest* for *MAHOMET*!  
 'Tis *PRIOR TEUTON*. — But, a *Seige* is laid  
 To *SANTAREN*. Look, how *Secure*, and *Great*,  
 That *FIOR* plants upon her scaled wall  
 The ever-winning *Cinques* of *PORTUGALL*!

Behold

20.

Behold once more (where SANCHE overthrows  
In a fierce war the ANDALUSIAN MOORE.)  
He kills th' *Alferex* charging *through* the Foes,  
And makes SEVILLA'S *Standard* mat the floore.  
MEM MONIZ 'tis; (How like his *Sire* he shows,  
The *Phoenix* of his *Ashes*?) worthy sure  
The *Royal Flag*, and *This*; who *his*, did put  
Up, with his *Hand*; the *Foe's* feld at his *foot*.

21.

See *Him*, that by his *Lance* descending slid  
With the two *Centenells's* two *heads* by night,  
To where he hath his men in *ambush* hid,  
With whom he gains the *Town* by *force* and *slight*!  
That takes for *Arms* the *Knight*, who take *that* did,  
And the cold *Heads* in one hand of the *Knight*.  
He, That achiev'd this unexampled *deed*,  
His *name*, is GERRARD: *Surname*, without *dreed*.

22.

Doest thou not see a wrong'd CASTILIAN  
By their *ninth* King ALPHONSO (for old gall  
To those of LARA) to the MOORS That ran,  
Making himself a Foeto PORTUGALL?  
ABRANTES with those *Infidels* he wan  
With whom into our Countrey he did fall:  
But a bold PORTINGALL, with a small Force,  
Here takes him pris'ner; routed Foot and Horse.

23.

DON MARTIN LOPEZ is the man, that crops  
The *Lawrels* he was grasping. But behold  
An *Apostollick Warriour*, That chops  
For *Lance* of *Steel* his *Crofters staffe* of *gold*!  
See, how *erect* the *stagg'ring* minds he props!  
How *hot* to fight the MOOR, his men grown cold!  
Behold his *Vifion* in auspicious skyes,  
With which the *few* he has, he fortifies!

24.

Then SEVILL'S *King*, and *He* of CORDOUA,  
With other *two*, Loe routed! Nor alone  
Routed, but *slain*! The strength that got this *Day*,  
Was not of *Man*: GOD claim'd it as his *owne*.  
See now ALCACER hath no more to say,  
Though, lin'd with *steel*, her *Battlements* of *stone*.  
To MATTHEW (LISBON'S *Bishop*) she submits:  
Who Sprigs of *Palme* into his *Miser* knits.

Behold

29.

Behold a *Master* poud'ring from CASTELL  
(A PORTINGALL by Birth) ALGARVES Land  
How he does conquer, his devouring Steel  
Incount'ring none that can the same withstand.  
Strong *Towns* (by broad day scal'd) see, what they feel:  
Such his good *star*, so certain is his *Hand*.  
Big with *Revenge* (Loe!) TAVILA he takes,  
And makes it smart for the SEVN HUNTERS's *sakes*.

20.

See, how of SYLVES *Master* he became  
By *Stratagem*! (the MOOR paid dearer for't)  
CORREA DON PELAYO is his name,  
In whom (to envy) *Wit* and *Force* comfort.  
But the PAYR-ROYAL thou o'restest of FAME,  
That did such Fears in *French* and *Spanish Courts*.  
By *Fasts*, and *Tournaments*, and *Duels*, there,  
Immortal *Lawrels* they did win and wear.

31.

Loe, by the name of KNIGHTS ADVENTURERS,  
Into the *Kingdom* of CASTELL they come;  
Where, in *BELLONAS sports*, not one but beares  
The *prize* away (they prove *true jests* to some)!  
See, dead, the prow'd *Castilian Cavaleers*,  
That challeng'd one of them by sound of drum!  
RIVERS GONZAGUE was *He*. Propt with his *sword*,  
His *Gyant-Fame* did LETHES *River* ford.

32.

Mark well that *Knight*, by FAME so lov'd and sung,  
That her old *Theames* are scorn'd, are out of date!  
Of his dear *Countrey*, by one thrif that hung,  
On his strong shoulders he sustayn'd the weight.  
See, where (with *Anger* dide) a peale he rung  
To a coud *People*, and degenerate,  
That they a *stranger's yoke* might from them fling,  
And take the *sweet one* of their *native King*.

33.

See, through this *Counsel*, and his *promess* too,  
Guided by GOD, and his good *star* alone,  
What was *impossible* in *humane* view,  
The vast *Castilian Army* overthrown!  
See, through his *Valour, force*, and *care*, a new  
Clear *Victory* (inferiour unto none)  
Over a *People*, fierce as num'rous, Here  
Twixt GUADOANA and GUADALQUIVIR

Seeft

30.

Seest thou not *There* how almost routed is  
The *Lusitanian Host*, through the retreat  
Of this *Religious Leader* (whom they mis)  
Th'assistance of the *Lord of Hosts* t'intreat?  
See, with pale haste he's now found out by *his*,  
Who tell him, there's no dealing with so great  
A *Pow'r*; that he *himself* would look thereto,  
And with his presence cheer his fainting *Crew*!

31.

But see, with what a *holy carelessness*  
He answers them; 'Tis yet too soon to goe:  
As who, by *Faith*, already did possess  
The *Victory* which *GOD* will streight bestow.  
*POMPILIUS* thus (his *Kingdom* in distress  
By suddain inroad of a potent Foe)  
To Them That bring him the *ill News*, replies;  
And I (ye see) am offering sacrifice.

32.

What his name is thou long'st to know (I see)  
That with such boldness on his *GOD* did seize:  
The *LUSITANIAN SCIPIO* it should bee,  
Were not a greater *NUNIO ALVAREZ*.  
O *Countrey* blest in such a *Son* as He,  
Indeed thy *Father*! whilst *SOL* compasses  
This *Globe* of *NEPTUNE*, and of *CERES* yellow,  
To mourn again, thou ne're shalt own his fellow.

33.

Victorious, see, in the same *war*, and *Cause*,  
Another *Captain* of a *Squadron* small!  
He routs *Commendum'd Knights*, and lays his paws  
On the great *Prey* they marcht away withal.  
See where his reeking *Blade* again he draws,  
Rescuing his *Friend* from *Foes* That lead him Thrall:  
His *Friend*, a martyr for his loyalty!  
*PEDRO RODRIGUEZ LANDROAL* was *Hee*.

34.

See yon *Faith-breaker*, paying an old score  
And the base *pelfe* he up at int'rest took!  
*GIL-FERNAND-ELVAS* plays his *Auditore*,  
And with the *Debtor's* death crosses the Book.  
*Here* drowns, in their *Castilian* Owners gore,  
The *SHERREZ-Fields* (their *sacks* they may go look).  
But see *PEREYRA*, who, like *Lightning* thrown  
Upon the *Foe's Armada*, shields his *own*!

Behold

35.

Behold, how poor *seventeen* of *PORTUGALL*  
(Upon a *Mountain*) brave resistance make  
Against *four hundred* of *CASTELL*, That wall  
Them in on ev'ry side, to sweep the Stake!  
But (to their cost) *these* find a crew so small  
More then *Defendants* in that bloody *Wake*.  
A deed deserving everlasting *Rimes*:  
Match it *elsewhere*, in *old* or *modern* Times.

36.

Of *Ours* (I grant) *three hundred* did ingage  
And rout a thousand *ROMANS*, in that Time  
When *VIRIATUS* came upon the Stage,  
Aud his *Fame* lightned through each wond'ring *Clime*.  
Whence *Those*, who follow'd him in that brave *Age*,  
Left to their *Race* this *Legacie* sublime,  
Never to fear a *Foe* for *multitude*:  
Which, that we do not, pretty well w'have shew'd.

37.

Two *Princes* here (*PEDRO*, and *HENRY*) see  
Generous *Progenie* of our first *JOHN*!  
The *one*, forc'd *FAME* into *HIGH GERMANIE*  
To lacquay him (defrauding death of *one*):  
*T'other*, to trumpet *Him* through the wide *SEA*  
For it's *discov'rer*; and (his *Pen* by thrown)  
Makes enter'd *CEUTA* see on t'other side  
His *Lance* can prick the bladder of her *Pride*.

38.

Behold the *Earle DON PEDRO*, holding out  
Two *Seiges*, 'gainst the pow'r of *BARBARIE*!  
Behold *another Earle*, as strong, as stout,  
As *MARS* himself, and fam'd for *Chevalrie*!  
Who, not content (with *Foes* claspt round about)  
*ALCACEER* to defend most gallantly,  
Of his *KING* too the pretious *life* defends;  
And (as his *Bulwark* there) his *own* expends.

39.

Many a *FIGURE*, in these *Flags* that wants,  
The *PAINTER* (truly) did to add intend,  
But *Pencils* he doth lack, lacks *Oyle*, and *Paints*:  
"Meed, Honour, Favour, are *Arts's Life*, *Nurse*, *Freind*.  
The fault in our degenerating *Plants*  
From those high *Trunks* of which they do descend.  
Of *Vanitie* we see sufficient *Flow'rs*:  
But where's the good *Fruit* of their *Ancestours*?

Y

Those

40.

Those truly noble Ancestors of theirs  
 (From whom this swelling greatness had it's Rise)  
 For VERTUE's love, digested bitter Cares,  
 And of their Houses to inhance the Price.  
 Blind! to intaile (with wealth) *float* on their Heirs  
 (VERTUE supplying *fewel* unto Vice)  
 Disfig'ring them to boot: For, in this case,  
 "The Founder's Glory is his Seed's disgrace."

41.

Others there are, with *wealth*, and Pow'r that flow  
 Above their Banks; nor nobly born, nor faire.  
 The fault of KINGS: who on one *Minion* throw  
 (Sometimes) more then a thousand *worthier* share.  
 Of These wouldst thou behold the *Pictures*? No:  
 It is a *vanity* their Friends can spare.  
 As monstrous Creatures MYRRORS fly, or break:  
 So these men hate the PICTURE that doth speak.

42.

I not deny, but *some* (whom I could name)  
 Deriv'd from great and worthy Ancestry;  
 By high and honorable Parts proclame,  
 And correspond with, their nobility:  
 Who, if the light of their Fore-Fathers Fame  
 Their brighter Vertue do not clarify;  
 Yet, keep it in they do. But, of this Crew,  
 The PAINTER tells me there are very few.

43.

Thus PAUL DE GAMA blazons those great deeds  
 Which *there* in various Ink are written faire;  
 Which by a Master's hand (whose skill exceeds)  
 In so cleer Perspective there painted are.  
 Th' intentive CATAL distinctly reeds  
 The History, as legible, as rare:  
 A thousand times he asks, a thousand heard,  
 The Battails delicate which *there* appear'd.

44.

But cleft was now the Sun's ambiguous light  
 Between the one and t'other Hemisphere;  
 In neither was it day, in neither night,  
 But morning's twilight here, and Ev'nings there:  
 When, from the warlike Ship, the FAVOURITE  
 And noble NAYRES, to the City steer  
 To court dull sleep; which breeds all living Things  
 Of fable Night under the downy wings.

Meane

45.

Mean time the famous *Augurs* of the Land  
 (Who falsly think, or so are thought at least,  
 To see by *magick* all things beforehand  
 In entrails of a sacrificed Beast)  
 Do their black office, at the King's command,  
 To scrutinize, what shall befall the E A S T  
 By the arrival through the hanfell d *Maine*,  
 Of these unheard of *Guests* from unknown SP A I N E.

46.

Of Lyes the Father shews them *here* signes true;  
 That a strong yoke, which they should ne're remove,  
 Their endless Bondage, shall, this People new,  
 Their wealth's consumption, and their people's prove.  
 The frighted AUGURS with pale horror flew  
 To tell the KING, that which infernal JOVE  
 Made legible by their astonisht Eyes  
 In the red letters of the Sacrifice.

47.

Confirming This, T'a Priest (a Zealous one,  
 And pillar of the Law of MAHOMET,  
 Whose Bosome with that Gall did over-run  
 Wherewith both *Sells* against CHRIST's Law are set,  
 In that false Prophet's shape, who from the Son  
 Of Bond-mayd HAGAR did descend) the yet  
 Inraged BACCHUS, and who never cleers  
 His filthy Stomack, in a Dream appeers.

48.

And, guard you, guard you, People mine (quoth He)  
 From Ills provided for you by the *Foe*,  
 That cuts a passage to you through the Sea:  
 Guard you, before the danger neerer row.  
 Th amazed MOOR starts from his Rest, to see  
 Who gave him this Alarm. Thinking *Tho*,  
 'Tis but a Dream (like common Dreams, in deep  
 Of Night) returns into the Arms of sleep.

49.

BACCHUS returns, and says. Knowst thou not (MOORE)  
 The great Law-Giver, who the ALCORAN  
 Shew'd thy Fore-Fathers, without which Thy *store*  
 Would fail, and half thy Flock be CHRISTIAN?  
 Rude, do I watch for Thee, and dost thou snore?  
 Well, those white Guests (I'd have thee to know, than)  
 Shall bring great dammage to that Law, my Pen  
 Deliver'd over unto stupid Men.

Y 2

Now,

50.

Now whilst this People's strength is not yet knit,  
Think how ye may resist them by all ways.  
For, when the *Sun* is in his *nonage* yit,  
Upon his *morning Beauty* Men may gaze;  
But let him once up to his *Zenith* git,  
He strikes them *blind* with his *Meridian Rays*:  
So *blind* will ye be, if ye look not too t,  
If ye permit these *Cedars* to take root.

51.

This said: both *he*, and *sleep*, vanish at once.  
The *MOOR* remains: rockt in his *Bed* with fright.  
Th'infused *poysen* working in his sconce,  
He starts, and to his servants cries a *light*.  
When the new light (which doth precede the *Sun's*)  
Disclos'd it self *Angelical*, and *white*:  
The *Chief* of that vile *SECT* he did convoke,  
To whom his *Dream* in every point he spoke.

52.

Then sev'ral, and cross Reasons they discourse;  
As they from *others*, or *themselves*, dissent.  
Secret *way-layings*, open *Fend*, and *Force*,  
And sev'ral ways of each they do invent.  
But, when *those* seem'd too *fine*, and *these* too *course*,  
To take a middle way is their intent.  
To do *their* buis'ness with *another's* Hand,  
They mean to bribe the *Grandeers* of the *Land*.

53.

With *Gold*, and other *Presents* underhand,  
The *ruling men* they to their *Partie* gaine;  
Giving them *speciously* to understand,  
These *Guests* will put a *period* to their *Raigne*:  
That of lewd *Vagabonds* they are a *Band*,  
Who, plying to and fro the *Western Mayne*,  
Live on *Pyratick* spoyle, without (in fine)  
Or *KING*, or *LAWs*, or *humane*, or *divine*.

54.

O how a *Perfekt KING* it doth behove  
To chuse his *FAVOURITES* and *COUNCELL* such  
As are lin'd through with *VERTUE*, and *her* love;  
As feel of *CONSCIENC*e a true *inward* touch!  
For *He* (who in the *highest Orb* doth move)  
Of things *remote* can onely have so much  
Intelligence, whereby to judge, as *They*  
That are his outward *Organs* will convey.

Nor

55.

Nor ev'n on *VERTUE* let him so much dore,  
T'adore't in *picture*, or without *Controule*  
T'employ't; as some, who in a simple *Coat*  
Have trust an *Hypocrite* (a *preying Foule*)  
And, if a *Saint* indeed, hee'l speak by rote  
In *worldly* matters: For the *Dove* like foule  
Seeld with an *ANGEL'S Quill*, hath *Eyes* to find  
The way to *Heav'n*, but to the *Earth* is blind.

56.

But *here*, these avaritious *CATUALS*,  
Who did that *Pagan-Kingdom* rule and sway,  
*Brib'd* by *infernal* People to play false,  
The *Portingal-Dispatches* did delay.  
Now the wise *Leader* of the *PORTINGALS*,  
Of all the *Indian Prince* can do, or say,  
Caring for nothing back with him to bring  
But *news* of this *discov'rie* to the *King*:

57.

In *this alone* takes pains. For well he knew,  
When he should carry back *this news alone*,  
That *Navies*, *Arms*, and *soldiers* would insue  
From *MANUEL*, who fills the *Regal Throne*,  
With which to *CHRIST*, and *Him*, he would subdue  
The *Globe* of *Earth*, and *Sea*: That *Himselfe* s one  
Sent out but as a *Dove*, as a *Line* hurld,  
To *spy*, and *sound*, this *OCEAN*, and this *WORLD*.

58.

Resolv'd he is, the *Pagan King* to find,  
And pray *dispatch*, that he may take his leave;  
Which *now* he sees, those *spightful* People mind  
(If *they* can help it) he shall ne're receive.  
The *King*, who with suggestions of that kind  
Was shook and startled you must needs conceive  
(Too *credulous* to ev'ry *AUGUR'S* word,  
Much more to *All*, and when the *MOORS* concurr'd)

59.

*Free'd* with this fear hath his ignoble Brest.  
On t'other side the *sacred Thirst* of *Gaine*  
(A *Vice* in *Him* that's *Paramount* the rest)  
Kindles a *fire* which *thaws* that *Frost* againe.  
For his *advantage* he sees manifest,  
If he with *cleer intentions* entertaine,  
And with *firm Actions* cherish, and pursue,  
The *League* which *PORTUGAL* invites him to.

His

60.

His COUNCELL then commanded to attend,  
 He found no *one* that did in this comply:  
 Because on *Those*, who should their judgements spend,  
*Money* had done it's office pow'rfully.  
 For the magnanimous *Captain* he doth send.  
 To whom (arriv'd) with a *Majestick* Eye;  
 If, *here*, the pure and naked *Truth*, to me  
 Thou wilt *confess*; I pardon thee (quoth *He*).

61.

I am assur'd, th' *Ambassage* thou hast done  
 To *me* in thy *King's* name, is meerly coyn'd:  
 For that, nor *King*, nor *Countrey* doest *Thou* own,  
 But (*vagabonding*) sayl'dst with ev'ry wind.  
 From farthest *SPAIN's* remotest *Region*  
 Would any *King*, or *Prince* (in his right mind)  
 A *single ship* much less a *Navy* send,  
 Through so *incertain* ways to the *WORLD's* end?

62.

And, if *thy King* support his Majesty  
 Which great and potent *Realms*, which he commands;  
 Thy *unknown Truth* to prove and testifie,  
 What pretious *presents* knit this *friendship's* bands?  
 "In *resents* rich, in sumptuous *Gnists* and high,  
 " *Kings* speak their loves: *Their Rhet'rick's* in their *Hands*.  
 A *Hand*, that gives not *Any* falsifies:  
 Nor will a *Sea-man's* testing it suffice.

63.

If banisht from thy *native soyle* thou be  
 (As many a *man* hath been of great *Renown*)  
 Welcom, by *Jove*, both to my *Realms*, and *me*:  
 "For to the *Valiant* ev'ry *Land's* his own.  
 Or if, a *Pyrat*, thou infest the *Sea*;  
 Spare not through *fear*, or *shame*, to make *that* known:  
 "For in all times, a vital breath to draw,  
 " *NECESSITIE* hath been *exempt* from *Law*.

64.

He said. *DE GAMA* (finding this *new Face*  
 Of *Things*, is from the greedy *CATUALLS*;  
 Suborn'd, by *ISHMAEL's* malicious Race,  
 The *Royal Ear* to poyson with things false)  
 With such a high *assurance*, as the Case  
 Requir'd, instead of fresh *Credentials*,  
 (Which *VENUS ACIDALIA* did inspire)  
 To his wife *Breast* (surcharged) thus gave fire.

65.

If the gilt *Cup* of *Lyes* (which *MAN* betrayd  
 Out of his *Paradice*) had not *pledg'd* bin  
 By our *first Parents*, and by them *convayd*  
 From *hand* to *hand* through foul *original sin*;  
 Till in the *hand* of *MAHOMET* it stayd,  
 Who suckt the very *dreggs* that were therein:  
 Most mighty *King*, thou never had'st receiv'd  
 This *Calumny* by that damn'd *Seet* conceiv'd.

66.

But, in as much as there's no *good* that's *great*  
 Done withour *great Contract*; and *Actions* tall  
 (For man his bread in his *Brows* sweat must eat.)  
 That stand *ontiptoe*, are tript at by *All*;  
 Therefore *they* brand me for a *Counterfait*,  
 Therefore doest *Thou* my *Truth* in question call,  
 Although so *cleer*, that *see it* needs thou must,  
 Didst thou not *credit* whom thou shouldst *Mistrust*.

67.

For, if I liv'd by robbing on the *Sea*,  
 Or (wreck of *Fortune*) banisht my dear *Home*;  
 What need I go so far to seek my *Prey*?  
 For unknown *Mansions* need I hither roam.  
 What *gain*, what *hopes*, could make me in this way  
 To tempt the fury of the *waves* that foam,  
*Antartick* colds, *Heats* of the *burning line*,  
 Where *Aries* hangs, the *Equinoxial sign*?

68.

If on great *Gifts* of estimation high  
 The *credit* due to me thou pin and cast;  
 My comming now was onely to descry  
 Where *NATURE* hath thy ancient *Kingdome* place:  
 But to my *Countrey*, and *Dread Leige*, if I  
 Through *Fortune's* goodness get, long *Seas* re-past;  
 At my return I promise thee (*O King*)  
 That such *CREDENTIALS* never man did bring.

69.

If unto *Thee* an uncouth thing it show,  
 That, where her farthest Arm *HESPERIA* flings,  
 A *King* should send me to thee, *Thou* should'st know  
 That nothing possible is hard to *Kings*.  
 Then *Kings* of *PORTUGALS* (if *this* be so)  
 May be allow'd, for spreading of their wings,  
 Something of greater, and of larger scope,  
 Then what is giv'n for *common Kings* to hope:

70.

Know, that for sev'ral *Generations* past  
 Our Kings have firmly purpos'd in their hearts,  
 With all those *Toyles* and *Dangers* to contrait  
 Wherewith *Heroick* deeds whole *NATURE* thwarts:  
 And (Enemies to *sloath*) of th'*OCEAN* vast  
 Piercing into the undiscover'd Parts,  
 Aspir'd to know the end of it, and where  
 The farthest *Countreys*, which it wathes, were.

71

The worthy *Project* of the learned *Branch*  
 Of that *victorious King*, who, to displant  
 From his dear *Nest*, did through the *Sea* first lanch,  
 Of *AVILA* the last Inhabitant  
 He joyning one unto another planch,  
 (As far from *Idle* as from *Ignorant*.)  
 Discover'd all those Parts, which lighted are  
 By *Arge*, *Hydra*, th' *Altar*, and the *Hare*.

72.

Gath'ring fresh courage *then* from the event,  
 In that those first endeavours prov'd not vain,  
 Discov'ring farther new *Advent'ers* went  
 Successively the secrets of the *Maine*.  
 Th'*Inhabitants* of *AFRICK*, That frequent  
 Her *SOUTHERN CAPE*, and never saw *CHARLS WAYN*,  
 Were seen by *These*: leaving behind each *Isle*,  
 And *Continent*, which Both the *Tropicks* broyle.

73.

With this so high *Resolve*, and fixt therein,  
 Our *Nation* quell'd, and triumpht over *Chance*:  
 Till *I*, now ending what *Those* did begin,  
 The farthest *Pillar* in thy *Realm* advance.  
 Breaking the Element of molten *Tyn*,  
 Through horrid storms *I* lead to *thee* the *Dance*,  
 From whom (to carry to my *King*) I ask  
 Onely a *sign* that I have done my *Task*.

74.

This is *Truth* (*King*) For, for so doubtful gain  
 So inconsiderable a *Content*,  
 As (were it other) I could hope; so vain  
 A *lye*, and formal, I would scorn t'invent.  
 No, on the *restless Bosome* of the *MAYN*,  
 To set my *Rest* up, I would first content  
 Forever; and by *Tyracy* to get  
 An unjust living out of others sweet.

So

75.

So that, O *KING*! if my great *Veritie*  
 Thou hold (as 'tis) for single and sincere;  
 Dispatch me to my *Prince* with brevity,  
 Hold me no longer from my *Country* deare.  
 But if the scruple still remain in thee,  
 Ponder the *Reasons* I have render'd *Here*,  
 I lay them in thy piercing judgements *scale*  
 Secure: "For great is *truth*, and will prevail.

76.

The *King* markt all along the *Confidence*  
 Which *DE GAME* ev'n proved his discourse.  
 A full assurance of h's *Innocence*,  
 A perfect credit did this speech inforce.  
 He weighs the copious *Words*'s magnificence,  
 Th'authoritie with which they fetch their source:  
 Thinks now the *CATUAL* deceived is;  
 But He is *brib'd*: and so he thinks amis,

77.

Added to this, his avaritious *Eye*  
 Upon the gainful Trade of *PORTUGALL*  
 Makes him obey; and rather to comply  
 With the brave *Captain*, then the *Moorish* gall.  
 In short, he bids *DE GAMA* presently  
 Get him aboard his *Fleet*; and, without all  
 Suspect of harm, whatever *Merchandice*  
 To send ashore to sell, or truck for *Spice*.

78.

In fine, he bids him send of every thing  
 That in *Gangetick Kingdoms* is not met;  
 Ifought that fits them from that *Land* he bring  
 Where the *Land* ends begins the *ocean* great  
 Now, from the awful presence of the *King*,  
 Illustrious *GAMA* parteth; to intreat  
 The *CATUAL*, That of the *Ports* had charge,  
 (His *Own* from shore) to order him a *Barge*.

79.

A *Barge* he prays from this illustrious Lord:  
 But this is more, then he is well content  
 (As ruminating mischief) to afford:  
 Pretending this and that impediment.  
 Yet (as in order to his going aboard)  
 Far from the *Royal Court* with *Him* he went,  
 Where *he* (unnoted by the *King*) may write,  
 To *Avarice* what *malice* did indite.

Z

He



80.

He tells him, yonder afar off, that He  
 Hath imbarcation fitter for his turn;  
 Or that to morrow it may better be,  
 If he till then his going will adjourn.  
 Now did abused G A M A plainly see,  
 By this *put off* unto another morn,  
 The *great one* too is in the *Moorish* plot:  
 Which t l that instant he suspected not.

81.

This C A T U A L was *one* (and *first*) of Those  
 That were corrupted by that crooked *Sett*:  
 And whom the S A M O R I M (that lov'd him) chose  
 Th' Affairs of all his *Empire* to direct.  
 In *Him alone* those *devils* now repose.  
 To bring their plotted Treason to effect.  
 He (who consents to break his *Master's* faith)  
 Steps not an inch beside *their* chalked path.

82.

To be dispatcht D E G A M A begs, and prays,  
 But begs in vain, in vain he pray'rs lets fall:  
 Protests th' *Embargue*; now will this please (he says)  
 The noble *Successor* of P E R I M A L.  
 Why these *Impediments*, why these *delays*,  
 When he should fetch the *Goods* of P O R T U G A L?  
 Since, what commands the *Sov'raign* of a *Land*,  
 None hath authority to countermand.

83

The bribed C A T U A L small reck'ning made  
 Of this *Protest*: rather in spiteful mood  
 Some never-heard of *Treason* (to be waigh'd  
 Out of the Stygian dam) within did brood.  
 Or, how he may imbrew his cursed Blade  
 In those detested veins, confid'ring stood:  
 Or, how the *Ships* he may blow up, or burn.  
 That they may never into S P A I N E return.

84.

Thats it (ev'n that they never see S P A I N E more)  
 For which the M O O R S infernal *Funta* bribe:  
 That so they may not wealthy I N D I A's shore  
 Unto the *King* of P O R T U G A L describe.  
 In fine D E G A M E goes not: the R E G I D O R E  
 Forbids, in favour of that barb'rous *Tribe*.  
 Nor without his permission can it be:  
 For a stop laid on all the *Boats* had He.

85.

To all the *Captain's* importunities,  
 The *Pazan* bids him in a word, command  
 (For the more ready truck of Merchandize)  
 To have his *Ships* brought close up to the Land.  
 It is the way of *Thieves*, and *Enemies*  
 (He says) at distance with their *Fleets* to stand.  
 "No sign so sure of one that *Ill* intends  
 "As to suspect *ill dealings* from his *Friends*.

86.

Wise G A M A understood by half a word,  
 The Cause the C A T U A L did ne'er desire  
 To have the *Ships*, was, that with *fire* and *Sword*  
 He *openly* might wreake on them his Ire.  
 'Twas time (he thought) he *now* himself bestir'd,  
 That he assemble *now* his Wits intire.  
 His *Fancy* musters, to defeat all plots:  
 All things he fears, and all things counterplots.

87.

As of a *Mirroure*, the reflected light,  
 Of burnisht *Steel*, or *Cristal* without stain,  
 Which struck by S O L (as if in fell despight)  
 Strikes the next *man* it meets, or *Thing* again:  
 And (mov'd by nimble Hand of some young *spright*  
 About the House, who is in gamefome *vain*)  
 Skips on the *Floor*, the *Roof*, the *Wall*, the *Chaire*;  
 And has you *here*, and *There*, and *ev'ry where*.

88.

So shot the wav'ring *Fancy* to and fro  
 Of circumspect D E G A M A; imagining  
 That possibly the Boats, C O B L L I O  
 Might to the shore (as he had order'd) bring.  
 Back to the *Navy* (if that were) to row,  
 He sends to Him forthwith advertising;  
 On *Him*, or *That*, lest ought attempted be  
 By the M O O R S cruel *Infidelitie*.

89.

Such should be *All*, who in *war's* Trade profound  
 Would imitate and match illustrious men;  
 Fly like the *Needle* all the *Compass* round,  
 First divine *Dangers*, and prevent them *then*,  
 With martial skill try *ev'ry* depth, and ground,  
 And for the *Foe's one* fence play shew Him *ten*;  
 Believe all *is*, that *maybe*: For (in brieft)  
 "To say, *I thought* is ugly in a C H I E F.

Z 2

90.

The *MALABAR* protests, that he shall rot  
In prison, if he send not for the *Ships*.  
*He* (constant, and with noble *Anger* hot)  
His haughty *menace* weighs not at two chips.  
*All*, that base *malice* dares or *do*, or *plot*,  
When her black trailing bowels forth she rips,  
Alone hee'l bear, e're he will dis-ensure  
His *King's Armada* which he hath secure.

91.

*All* that long *night*, and *part* he *there* was held  
Of the next day, when to the *SAMORIM*  
He means again to go: but was withheld  
By a strong *Guard* plac't in the entry dim.  
The *Pagan* (seeing how he still rebell'd,  
And fearing lest the *King* should punish *Him*  
In case he knew, as know he must e're long,  
If this restraint proceed, the barb'rous wrong)

92.

Bids him then send for, and expose to sale,  
Not *some*, but *all* the *Merchandise* he brought,  
That men may buy and truck in open scale:  
"For where *free Trade* is barr'd there *war* is fought,  
*DE GAMA* (though he pierce through this thin vaile  
And plainly views the *Evil* of his *Thoughts*)  
Consents thereto: because he well doth see  
That with his *Goods* he buys his *libertie*.

93.

Th'agreement is, that *Boats* the *Pagan* find  
Such as are fit to Land the *Merchandise*,  
For to send *his* the *Captain* doth not mind  
To be *embarqu'd*, or *sunk* by *Enemies*.  
To fetch such *Spanish wares*, as *Vend* in *YND*,  
Are soon dispatcht, the *Indian Almadies*.  
The *Captain* to his *Brother* writes, to lade  
The *Goods* with which his *Ransom* must be paid.

94.

Landed they are: which wondrously doth please  
The *CATUAL's* infamous *Avarice*.  
Therewith doth *DIEGO* stay, and *ALVAREZ*:  
With pow'r to truck, or sell them at a price.  
That (*more*, then *KING*, *Pray'rs*, *Honor*, or *All* these,  
Upon a soul infected with that *Vice*)  
A *Bribe* can do, the *Pagan* heer doth show:  
Who, for the *Goods* did let *DE GAMA* go.

For

95.

For *Those*, he lets *Him* go: before he quit  
The *Pawn*, on which he *now* hath layd his hand,  
Meaning a better penny thence to git  
Then if he kept the *Captain* still on Land.  
*He* (scapt out of the *Trap*) thinks it no wit  
On t'other side, to come within command  
Again: but (safely got aboard his *Fleet*)  
In his own *Nest* takes sleeps secure, and sweet

96.

At leisure *then* he walks upon his *Decks*  
To see what *Time* and *Patience* will bring forth.  
No *Ruler* hath he *there* to make him vex:  
Imperious, brib'd, without or *shame*, or *worth*.  
*Now* let the judging *Reader* mark what *Rex*  
The *Idol Gold* (which all the *World* ador'th)  
Plays both in *poor* and *Rich*: by *Money's* Thurst  
All *Laws* and *Tyes* (*Divine*, and *Humane*) burst.

97.

Slain by the *Tracian King*, to seize a vast  
Intrusted *Treasure*, *POLIDORO* was.  
When stern *ACRYSIUS* thought his *Daughter* fast,  
A *Show'r* of *gold* did pierce a *Tow'r* of *Brass*.  
The yellow *Bracelets* of the *Foes*, did cast  
Such tempting beams on the *TARPEIAN LASS*,  
That she, for *Those*, the *Tow'r* of *ROME* unbarr'd:  
Who brain'd her with the *Bribe* for a reward.

98

*This* strongest *Forts* subverts, and overthrows:  
Makes *Kindred*, *Kindred*; and *Friends*, *Friends* betray.  
*This* noble-men ignobly doth dispose:  
Delivers *Captains* to their *Foes* a *Prey*.  
*This* blasts of pure *Virginitie* the *Rose*:  
Trampling on *Fame* and *honour* by the way.  
*This* bribes ev'n *LIBRALL ARTS* (it's pow'r is such)  
Makes *JUDGMENT* have no *fight*, *CONSCIENCE* no *touch*.

99.

*This*, in unheard of *Sences Text* doth take:  
*This* makes and unmakes *Laws* in the same case:  
*This* perjures *Subjects*, and *This KING*: doth make  
Stoop to the *Lure*, like *Eagles* from their place.  
Ev'n golden *minds* (of *those* That *All* forsake  
For *GOD*) this *Antichrist* doth debase  
To vilest mettle: with this *Diff'rence* thought,  
That still *These* glister with a *holy show*.

End of the eighth Canto.

## Ninth Canto.

## STANZA. 1.

Long in the *City* the Two *Factors* lay,  
Without dispatching off the *Merchandise*.  
So many *rubbs* are scatter'd in their way  
By the false *INFIDELS*, that no man buyes.  
All, *These* design thereby, is to delay  
*INDIA'S Discoverers* There (whom *they* call *spyes*)  
Arriv'd till they the Fleet of *MECHA* see,  
With which this *other* overwhelm'd may be.

## 2.

At the far end o'th' *ERYTHREAN SEA*  
Where (calling it by his dear *Sister's* name)  
The goodly *City* of *ARSINOE*  
(Which afterwards to be call'd *SUEZ* came)  
Was founded by *EGYPTIAN PTOLOME*,  
The Port of *MECHA* lyes: which hath it's fame  
From *MAHOM's* superstitious *Lavatory*,  
Promising *Heav'n* through watry *Purgatory*.

## 3.

*GIDDA* the *Port* is call'd, in which did meet  
The *Trade* of that *RED SEA* and flourish most:  
The *Gain* whereof was not a little sweet  
To *EGYPT's Soldan* who then rul'd that *Coast*.  
From *hence* to *MALABAR* a warlike *Fleet*  
Of *INFIDELS* the *Indian Ocean* crost  
Each year, in that *EMPORIUM* to find  
Health-giving *Drugs*, and *Spices* of each kind.

## 4.

The *Ships* expected by the *MOORS*, are *These*,  
With which (not onely *great*, but built for *Fight*)  
*Them*, who supplant their *Traffick* in those *Seas*,  
To wrap and burn in crackling flames and bright.  
In this *Sure Card* themselves they so much please,  
That, all they wish to gorge their *Appetite*,  
Is, that the *Strangers* will but stay so long  
Till from fam'd *MECHA* come this *Navy* strong.

But

## 5.

But the *GREAT GOVERNOR* of *Heav'n* and *Earth*  
(Who, for what *He* before all *Time* did doom,  
Likewise decreed fit means, which to the birth  
Should bring the same when the full *Time* should come)  
Kindled unlikely love on the cold *Hearth*  
Of a *MOOR's* breast (*MONSAYDES*) sending whom  
Before, *He* to *DE GAMA* gave advice  
Of *All*, and for his payns had *PARADISE*.

## 6.

This man (of whom the *MOORS* had no suspicion,  
Being *one* himself, but on the contrary  
To all their secret *junta's* gave admission)  
Did to the *Captain* this *foule play* descry.  
*He* visits oft the *Fleet*, and repetition  
Makes of his visits oft, though far it lye:  
To heart he lays the danger it is in,  
Through the black *Project* of the *SARACIN*.

## 7.

*He* tells the cautious *GAMA* of the *Fleet*.  
Which from *ARABIAN MECHA* comes each yeere.  
And how those *Coun:rey men* do thirst to see t,  
As a sure *Engin* to destroy him there.  
That it comes stuf't with *Soldiers*, and in *It*  
Doth horrid *Thunderbolts* of *VULCAN* beare:  
So that confid'ring, how his own is brusht.  
It may thereby be overpowr'd and crusht.

## 8.

*DE GAMA*, besides *this*, considering  
That now the time it self calls him away;  
And that for better answer from the *King*  
(Who loves the *MOORS*) he may till doomsday stay:  
Sends one ashore, the *Factors* summoning  
To come aboard forthwith; and, lest that *They*  
Be stop't, if their intent perceiv'd should be;  
Commands them do it with all secrecie.

## 9.

But long it was not e're a rumour went  
(And it fell out to be a rumour true)  
That the two *Factors* were to prison sent,  
'Cause from the *City* they by stealth withdrew.  
The *Captain*, seeing which way the world went,  
Seiz'd (by *Reprisal*) without more ado  
Some, That were then aboard his *ship*, lin'd well  
With *Precious Stones* which they desir'd to sell.

Grave

10.

Grave *CitiZens*, and wealthy were *These* all;  
 Well known, and well allide in *CALICUT*:  
 Therefore, to see them bound for *PORTUGALI*,  
 Into an *uproare* did the *City* put.  
 For streight to work the sturdy *Sea-men* fall:  
 The *Capstone* roles, their *seu'ral* strengths set to't  
     In *seu'ral* manners: *some* the *Cable* halling,  
     With the *Bar* others their hard *bosoms* galling.

11

*This*, hangs by the *main-yard*; and now untyes  
 The flowing *Saile*, with a great *cry* displayd:  
 When to the *SAMORIM* with greater *cryes*  
 Is told how hastily the *CAPTAIN* waigh'd.  
*Their Wives* and *Children* (trust up in this wife  
 That are) a noyse, as they were murther'd made  
     In the *KING's* hearing; screaming they should lose,  
     *These* their dear *Fathers*: their deare *Husbands*, *Those*.

12.

The *Lusitanian Merchants*; with the *Ware*,  
 (There's no delaying) freely he remands,  
 Although thereat the *MOORS* do stamp and stare,  
 Or else his *own* must visit uncouth Lands.  
 With all *excuses*, to make things look faire,  
 Sends to *his King*. *DE GAME* (who understands  
     The *Restitution*, better then the *Cringe*)  
     Returns some *BLACKS*, and gives the *ships* their swinge.

13.

He *coasts* it homewards, fully satisfy'de  
 That he in vain solicits with *that King*  
*A peace* and *friendship*, to be ratify'de  
 By mutual Trade, as he propos'd the thing.  
 But, having now that noble Land descry'de  
 Which lay much hid under the *Morning's* wing,  
     For his deare *Countrie* with this *news* is bound:  
     Carrying sure *signes* of that which he hath found.

14.

He carries *MALABARS*, retain'd by Him  
 Perforce, of *Those*, who the stopt *Factors* brought  
 Aboard from the inforced *SAMORIM*.  
 He carries burning *Pepper*, which he brought;  
*Nutmegs* (the which their own dry'de flow'rs up trim)  
 From *BANDA*; the black *Clove* (for which is sought  
     *MOLUCO'S ISLE*) and *Cinnamon*, through which  
     *Ceylan* is noble, beautiful, and rich.

All

15.

All *these* provided by the diligence  
 Of good *MONSAYDE*, whom he carries too:  
 Who fir'd with *Evangelick* influence  
 To have his name writ in *CHRIST's* book doth sue.  
 O happy *AFRICAN*! whom *PROVIDENCE*  
*DIVINE*, out of *infernal darkness* drew;  
     And, so far from thy *Countrie*, found a way  
     To thy *true Countrie* to reduce thee, stray.

16.

Thus vanish from the spicy Territory  
 The happy *ships*, whose *Prows* directly stand  
 OF GOOD HOPE pointing at THE PROMONTORY  
 (*South-Bound* of *NATURE* fixt by her own Hand);  
 Bearing the evidence and welcom story  
 To *LISBON* of the *Oriental Land*:  
     Once more committed to the rude annoy  
     Of *Seas* uncertain betwixt fear and joy.

17.

That they are going to their *Countrie* deare,  
 To their dear *Parents*, and *Aboads* at last;  
 To tell their wond'rous *Navigation*, there,  
 The various *Nations* seen, and *Dangers* past;  
 That now the *Harvest* of their *Toyles* is neare,  
 The *Fruits* of their *Adventure* ripe to tast;  
     Is such a joy as cannot be *express*  
     By their faint *Tongue* pent in their narrow *Brest*.

18.

But *CYPRUS's Queen*, who by the *King* of *HEAVN*  
 Was made the *LUSITANIANS's Patroness*,  
 And for a *Guardian Angel* to them giv'n,  
 To whom she many yeers hath prov'd no less;  
*Glory*, for which they have so bravely striv'n,  
*Amends* for their so well indur'd distress,  
     Means them by way of *earnest* beforehand;  
     And in sad *Seas* the *Pleasures* of the *Land*.

19.

Having a while revolved in her thought  
 The world of *Sea* which they have back to pass,  
 The world of *Woes*, that God on them had brought  
 In *AMPHIONIAN THEBES* twice-born that was:  
 It is her purpose, joys, so dearly bought  
 With *Griefs*, to fill them in an ample glass;  
     To cook them some *delights*, find them some nest,  
     Where in the rolling *Empire* they may rest.

Aa

In

20.

In fine an *Inn* of pleasure by the way  
 To bait and strengthen tyr'd *Humanity* :  
 To give her gallant *Sea-men* (not their *Pay*,  
 But) the use here of fair *ETERNITY*.  
 She means to tell't her *Son*, and well she may ;  
 For, with *his shafts* it is, she makes the *high*  
     *GODS*, stoop to the base ground : and, with *his fire*,  
     *Unworthy mortals* to bright *Heav'n* aspire.

21.

This well digested, she resolves in fine  
 There, in the middle of the *briny frost*,  
 To have in readiness an *Ile* Divine,  
 With flow'rs on green inameld and imboist :  
 For she hath many in those *Seas*, which joyned  
 To that *blest Land* which our *first mother* lost ;  
     Besides those sweet ones in the *Midland Seas*,  
     Impounded by the Gates of *HERCULES*.

22

There will she have th' *Aquatick maids* prepare  
 To these rare men their graces to impart ;  
 All that are honor'd with the name of *Faire*  
 (The glory of the *Eye*, Base of the *Heart*)  
 With *Balls*, and *Banquets blithe* and *debonayre* :  
 For she inspires into their breasts the dart  
     Of secret love, that *they* with all their might  
     Of their *Gallants* may study the delight.

23

Such once her *Project*, for the man she bare  
 To *TROY'S ANCHISES* neer to *SIMOIS'S* flood ;  
 To get him *welcome* in that *City* fair  
 Which in the compass of an *Oxe-hide* flood.  
 Her *boy* she seeks (for, without *Him*, her rare  
*Beauty* is nothing) *CUPID* giv'n to blood :  
     That, as to *Him of yore* she recommends  
     Her *sailing son*, so now, her *sailing Friends*.

24.

She yokes those *Birds* unto her *Coach* of gold  
 Which sing their own sad *Dirge* with long white necks :  
 And *those*, into the which was turn'd of old  
*PERISTERA*, That gather'd flow'rs by pecks.  
 The flying *Goddeſs These* in *Rings* enfold,  
 Exchanging kisses with lascivious *Beaks*.  
     *She*, where she passes, makes the *Wind* to lye  
     With gentle motion, and serenest the *skye*.

Over

25.

Over *Idalian Mountains* now she hung,  
 The *winged Boy* residing in that *Land*,  
 To get an *Army* up of *Bow-men* young.  
 For a great *War* which he hath then in hand  
 Against the rebel *WORLD* ; where late have sprung  
 Much *Weeds*, as he is giv'n to understand :  
     Loving those things, wherewith 'tis richly stor'd,  
     To be made use of, not to be ador'd.

26.

He sees *ACTEON* hunting, so inclin'd  
 To that mad *ſport*, and brutal *exercise*,  
 That a deform'd *wild-beast* to follow (blind)  
 The Beauty of a *humane* Face he flies :  
 And (to torment him with a *Fair Unkind*)  
 Shews stript *DIANA* to his gazing eyes.  
     Now, let him take good heed he do not prove  
     A *Prey*, ev'n to those *Hounds* he doth so love.

27.

He sees the *great ones* of each *Land*, that none  
 Have *Publike Good* so much as in their *Eye* :  
 Sees they love nothing but themselves alone ;  
 Which is part *Intrest*, and part *Philautye*.  
*Courtiers* he sees (men That besiege a *Throne*)  
 How for *true Doctrine* they vent *Flattery*.  
     'Tis husbandry *these* like not in a *King*  
     To weed the *Flow'rs* out of his *Corn* in *Spring*.

28.

He sees, how *Those* that owe a *vowed* love  
 To *Povertie*, and *Charitie* to *Men*,  
 Love *Riches* onely, and to floate Above,  
 Pretending *justice*, and a *Conscience* clean.  
 They tell the *People*, what doth *Them* behove ;  
*O BEDIENCE*, in the *deed*, the *Tongue*, the *Pen*.  
     *Laws* they set up in favour of the *CROWN*,  
     *Laws* in the *People's* favour they pull down.

29.

He sees, in fine, none love that which they should  
 But onely what complies with some vain lust :  
 Therefore his hands can be no longer hold  
 From *punishments* that may be sharp, yet just.  
 His *Captains* prickt, his *Soldiers* are inrol'd  
 Fit for a *War* which undertake *he* must,  
     With the misgovern'd *World* : whereby to quell  
     *All* that persist against him to rebel.

A 3 2

Swarms

30.

Swarms of these little *How'ers* (newly flown)  
 At several works, busie as *Bees*, are all;  
 Some whetting *Arrow-Heads* on bloody *Hane*,  
 Others the shafts of *Arrows* shaving small.  
 Working they sing, and sing of love alone,  
 And then that Love it is *Scraphical*:  
 In *Parts*; and in the *burthen* all do joyne;  
 The *Ditty*, excellent, the *Tune* Divine.

31.

On the immortal *Anvils* (where their Arts  
 They use, the *steeld points* to forge, and fit)  
 Instead of *Embers* there are burning *Hearts*,  
 Which bring their *Bellows* with them (panting yit):  
 The *streams*, with which they temper their *steeld darts*,  
*Tears*, which from miserable *LOVERS* flit:  
 The sparckling *flame*, the never-quenched *fire*,  
 (Which *burns*, and not *consumes* them) is *desire*.

32.

Some of these *Archers* exercise their *Hand*  
 On the hard *Bosomes* of the *Vulgar* rude;  
 The *bor'd Ayre his't* (by this we understand  
 The *fighings* of the wounded *multitude*);  
 For *Sugeons*, *Nymphs* to *Cure* them ready stand,  
 With *Sov'raign Vertue* to this end indu'd:  
 Who, to the *Hurt* not onely life can give,  
 But make, ev'n *them* that ne're were *born* to live.

33.

Some of these *Nymphs* are faire, and some are not,  
 According to the Nature of the *Wound*:  
 Into the *blood* if once the *Taint* be got,  
 Oft ugly *Treacle* gives the *Patient* sound.  
 There are, whom *Spells* and *Philters* do besot;  
 Nay! d to their *Seates*, they wils not how and bound:  
 Where *this* is, *Love* hath us'd against fraile *Hearts*  
*Unlawful weapons*, shooting *poyson'd darts*.

34.

From these *raw Soldiers*, out of *ranke* and *life*,  
 A thousand rash, and senceless *Darts* are sped:  
 A thousand senceless *loves* are born the while  
 In the low *People*, to be pittied.  
 Ev'n amongst *Those* in *highest Forms*, of *vile*  
 And *horrid Love* are thousand *patterns* read:  
*BIBLIS*, and *MYRRA*, for *one fax*; for *t'other*,  
*Th'ASSYRIAN SON*, and the *JUDEAN BROTHER*.  
 And

35.

And *you* (*Great Lords*) by *shepherdes* meane  
 Under the *yoke* of *Love* have oft been brought,  
 And *you* (*great Ladies*) with rude *Clowns* uncleane  
 In *VULCAN's* subtle *Nets* have oft been caught:  
*Some*, watching the dim fall of the *Serene*,  
*Some*, pitchie *Night*, o're *Tiles*, or *Walls* to vault.  
 Though for these *fordid fires* (if *right* we *did*)  
 More then the *Son* the *Mother* should be chid.

36.

But the swift *Coach* now softly on the *Green*  
 The white *Swans* (ballanc't in their *Harnes*) put;  
 On which *DIONE* (in whose *Cheek* is seen  
 The *Snow-mixt Rose*) sets light her milky foot.  
 The *Archer* meets her with a jocund meen  
 Who shoots at *HEAV'N*, and doth not miss the *But*.  
 With *Him* in *Squadron* his *SUB-CUPIDS* move,  
 To do their *Homage* to the *QUEEN OF LOVE*.

37.

*she* (not to spend the pretious time in vain)  
 Snatching her *Child* up, confidently said;  
 Dear *Son*, in *whom*, and whose strong *Arm*, I reign;  
 And the *Foundations* of my *Pow'r* are laid;  
*Son*, in *whom* all my *strengths* always remain;  
 Who feard st not *Them*; That made great *JOVE* afraid;  
 I have a special *buis'ness* to be done,  
 In which I greatly need *thy pow'r* my *Son*.

38.

The *LUSITANIANS*, harast out, behold!  
 Who are *my Care* of long *Antiquity*;  
 Because my *Friends* (the *Fates*) to me had told,  
 Wheree're *They* go, my worshipt name should fly.  
 And, for they imitate my *ROMANS* old  
 In all *Heroick Actions*, therefore I  
 Resolve, for them to do a *Guardian's* duty,  
 And raise the *Posse* of the *Realm of Beauty*.

39.

And, since the malice of the God of *Wine*  
 Spun them new troubles upon *Indian-ground*,  
 When from the furies of the swelling *Brine*  
 They crope out weather-bearen, and half-drown'd;  
 Therefore in middle of the *Sea* (in fine)  
 Which they their bitter enemies have found,  
 And neer that *INDIA*, I would have them breathe,  
 And of their *Labours* the *first-fruits* receive.

40.

As wanton *Fishes* then therein are strook,  
 So do *Thou* strike the fair *NEREIDES*;  
 That on these *LUSITANIANS* they may look  
 With *amorous* eyes, who carry home the Keys  
 Of their discover'd World. Sick with the Hook  
 Let them on shore an *Isle*; an *Isle* (in *Seas*  
*Immense*) which *I* have deckt with all the Flow'rs  
 Or *ZEPHYRUS* breathes, out; or *FLORA*, pow'rs.

41.

There with a thousand *dishes* delicate,  
 With oderiferous *Wines*, and *Roses* sweet,  
 In crystal *Palaces* immaculate,  
 In *lillie sheets* (they whiter then the sheet)  
 In fine with thousand joys past *Vulgar* rate,  
 Let the obliging *Nymphs* their *Heroes* meet  
 (wounded with *love*) and yield up *Nature's* treasure,  
 To be all ranfackt at the *Victor's* pleasure.

42.

In *NEPTUNE'S* *Realm* (to which I owe my birth)  
 A fair and manly *Off-spring* would I have;  
 To serve for *pattern* to the Bastard-Earth,  
 Which with rebellious Heart thy *pow'r* doth brave:  
 That men may know, From *Thee*, the *Foe* of mirth  
*Hypocrisie*, nor *walls of brass* can save.  
 Ill can it be resisted on the *Land*,  
 If in the *Sea* burn thy immortal *Brand*.

43.

She had not ended when the *Wag* her Son  
 Prepares himself to do as he was told:  
 Calls for his *Iv'ry Bow*, ingrav'd upon,  
 Whose *Arrow-points* are tagg'd with heads of *Gold*.  
 Ravisht with joy the *CYPRIAN PARRAGON*  
 Sets the *Boy* by her, in her *Coach*, which troll'd,  
 The rains enlarged to those *Birds*, whose *Song*  
 The death of *PHATHON* laments so long.

44.

But we do want a certain necessary  
 Woman, to broke between them *CUPID* said;  
 Whom, though to *Him* she had been oft contrary,  
 Yet, of his side, he had as often made:  
*Rash Boaster*, who both *Eyes* and *Truths* doth carry,  
*Sister* to *Them* that did the *Gods* invade,  
 Who with a thousand *Tongues* spreads where she flies,  
 That which she saw but with a hundred eyes.

Her

45.

Her find they out, and make her go before:  
 Who with a ratling *Trumpet* doth proclame  
 The *Praises* of the *Navigators* more  
 Then of all else she e're vouchsaf't to name.  
 Now in the hollows of the *Rocks* did roare,  
 And the hoarse *Waves*, the piercing voice of *FAME*.  
*Truth* she relates, and *Truth* esteem'd to be,  
 For with the *Goddes* went *CRDULITIE*.

46.

Brib'd with this *Praise*, this excellent *Report*,  
 The *Gods* (whom *BACCHUS* so inflam'd had erst  
 Against these gallant men, in *NEPTUNE'S* *Court*)  
 With passion for them are a little pierc't.  
 The *female Breasts* (that quit with less effort  
 The prejudices they receiv'd at first)  
 Now call it an ill *Zeale*, a *cruel mind*,  
 Which to such *Verine* made them prove unkind.

47.

The bloody *Boy* strikes while the *Iron's* hot.  
 Shafts, follow shafts, the *Sea* roares with his shoots.  
*Some*, through the fickle *Waves* point black are shot:  
*Some*, hit on *Rocks*; nor, to be rocks, it boots.  
 Down drop the *Nymphs*, each hath her deaths wound got,  
 All dart out burning sighs from their heart-Roots;  
 No *Face* yet seen: "For *Shafts*, which *LOVE* lets flye,  
 "Kill in the *Eare* as sure as in the *Eye*."

48.

With doubled force the *Lad*, that tam'd was never,  
 Makes the two *horns* meet of his *Iv'ry Moon*.  
 More, then of *All*, he aymes at *THEBETYS'S* *Liver*:  
 For more then *All* hath she against him done.  
 Now not *one shaft* is left in *all* his *Quiver*,  
 In *all* the *Sea* *NYMPH* left alive not one:  
 Or if (being hurt) they *live*, it is for *This*,  
 That they may feel how sweet such *dying* is.

49.

Make room, ye azure *Billows* of the *DEEP*:  
 Loe! *VENUS* comes, and brings the *Med'cine* with her!  
 The pregnant *Sayles* on *NEPTUNE'S* surface creep,  
 Like her own *Swans*, in *Gate*, *out-chest*, and *Fether*.  
 That their *desires* like *equal* pace may keep,  
 And *neither* to great *LOVE* complain of *either*,  
 The *Mens* bold *fires* shall prefs chaste *HYMENS* bands,  
 The *Female-Blush* do *BEAUTIE'S* *QUEENS* commands.

All

50.

All the faire *Quire* of the *Nereides*  
 Is now prepar'd, and in a lofty Dance  
 (After their *loving* custome) through the *Seas*  
 To th' *Isle* by *Venus* shew'd, at once advance.  
 The skillful *Goddeſs* there erudiates *Theſe*  
 In all she did, when *Love* her Breasts did lance.  
*They*, whom the *Sea* had conquer'd, are not nice  
 To listen to the *Mother's* sweet advice.

51

The lofty *ships* went cutting the vast *Sea*  
 In their long *Voyage* to their *Countrey* deare,  
 Least *that*, they had, should fail them by the way,  
 Proling about for water *fresh*, and *cleare*.  
 When (to their suddain joy) at break of day  
 Th' *inamour'd Isle* doth to them *All* appeare.)  
 Streight *Memoon's* mother, delicate and faire,  
 Spread all her sweetness through the purged *Ayre*.

52.

They see *Aloofe* the *Island* fresh, and green,  
 Which *Venus* carries floating on the *Main*,  
 Just as the *Wind* does their white *Sayles*; and seen  
 The *ships* are from the *Isle* too, but not plain.  
 For, left by *Them* o'reshot it should have been,  
 Making her *Wish*, and *Preparations*, vain;  
 (What cannot *Venus Acidalia* do?  
 She mov'd it *plum* in the *Armada's* view.

53.

But fixt it; when she saw, *They* saw, and fought  
 The *Island* with their *Keels*: so, on the *Floods*  
 Was *Delos* fixt, when forth *Latona* brought  
*Apollo*, and the *Goddess* of the *Woods*.  
 Thither through sliced *Seas* their way they wrought  
 Where a calm *Bay* the crooking *shore* includes,  
 Whose glis'ning *Sands* with interfused *vains*  
 Of purple *Cockles* *Cytherea* stains.

54.

Three goodly *Mountains* with a graceful pride  
 Thrust their majestick *Heads* into the *Ayre*  
 (With green imbroydred *Hangings* beautify'de)  
 In this gay *Isle* delicious, fresh, and faire.  
 From their three *Tops* three crystal *Springs* did glide,  
 Lacing the *Liv'ry* their rich *Margents* ware.  
 Jumping on *Feebles* while their *Cryſtals* brake:  
 Such *Musick* never *Water-works* did make.

In

55.

In a pure *Valley* which those *Hills* divides,  
 As by appointment the three *Currents* meet,  
 Shaping a *Table* with proportion'd sides,  
 Broad, and beyond imagination, sweet.  
 A *Frenge* of *Trees* hangs over it, and prides  
 It self, in so cleer *Glaſs* it self to greet:  
*Now* prancks its *locks* therein, and *now* retires;  
*Now* looks again, and its own form admires.

56.

A thousand gallant *Trees* to *Heav'n* up-shoot  
 With *apples*, odoriferous, and faire:  
 The *Orange-tree* hath in her tightly *fruit*  
 The colour *Daphne* boasted in her *Haire*:  
 The *Citron-tree* bends almost to her *Root*  
 Under the yellow burthen which she bare:  
 The goodly *Lemmons* with their *button-Caps*,  
 Hang imitating *Virgins* fragrant *Paps*.

57.

The *savage-trees* (That doe the *Forest* there  
 With *leavie-Haire* innoble and adorn)  
 Are, *Poplars* of *Alcides*; *Laurels*, deare  
 In vain unto the *Golden God* *Unshorn*;  
*Myrtles* of *Venus*; the proud *Pine* severe,  
 That *Cybele* for meaner love did scorn.  
 The speared *Cypress*, from this *vale* of *Vice*,  
 Stands pointing at *Celestial Paradise*:

58

The fruit *Pomona* gives, *Nature* bestowes  
*Heer* lib'rally, and in the kinds all good;  
 Better then *elsewhere* it in *Gardens* growes,  
 'Tis *heer* undrest, unplanted in the *Wood*;  
 The *Cherry*, that begs *outside* from the *Rose*;  
 The *Mulberry*, stain'd with *true-Lovers* blood;  
 The *Peach*, translated from its *Mother-soile*  
 In *Persia*, and made better by *Exile*.

59.

Th'ingenuous *Pomgranat* shews his Heart,  
 With which Thou, *Rubie*, lovest thy esteem:  
 From her lov'd *Elme* the *Vine* doth not depart,  
 Her *Clusters* loading *Him*, some red, some green:  
 And, *Pear* pyramidall, if loth thou art  
 To dye before thy time, hide thee between  
 The *Leaves*; for to anticipate thy Fate  
 Ten thousand *feather'd-Minſtrels* lye in waite.

B b

The



60.

The fine and noble *Carpets* then (which *there*  
Lye to be trod on by the meanest Plant)  
Make those of *PERSIA*, *course*; and *pleasanter*  
*These* of the gloomy Valley *All* will grant.  
*NARCISsus*, there, over the water cleere  
Hangs his sick head, who what he had, did want.  
There haunts the *Grand-child-Son* of *CYNARAS*,  
For whom Thou, *PAPHIAN QUEEN*, cry'st yet, *alas*!

61.

It was not easie to be understood  
(The self-same *colours* seen in *Skyes*, and *Bow'rs*)  
Whether *AURORA* lent the *Flowers* blood,  
Or borrowed *complexion* of the *Flow'rs*  
There, *ZEPHYRUS* and *FLORA* painting stood  
The *Vi'let*, with the *Pale* of *Paramours*;  
The *Flow'r-de-lis*, with *blew*; the lovely *Rose*,  
Just *such*, as in a *Virgin's* *check* it blows.

62.

The *Lilly*, white; in whose pure snow the print  
Sits of the *Morning's* *Tears*: and *Marjorame*:  
The doleful *ay*, read in the *Hyacint*;  
A *Flow'r* *LATONA'S* son loves for the name.  
*FLORA* bets high *POMONA* knows no stint,  
*She* *Vyes* with *Flow'rs*, with *fruits* This sees the *Game*:  
Nor *Flow'rs*, and *Fruits*, are *All* that place affords;  
The Earth hath *Beasts* besides, and the *Ayre* *Birds*.

63.

Along the *Lake* the snowy *Swan* did sing,  
*Him* *PHILOMELA* answers from a *Bough*;  
*ACTEON* drinks out of the crystal *Spring*,  
Nor fears the *shadow* of his *horned* *Brow*.  
Here the close *Hare* (to whom her fear gives wing)  
Starts from her *Form*; or, from a *Brake* the *Row*:  
The wanton *Sparrow*, there, to his dear *Nest*  
Bears in his *Bill* the little *Chirpers* feast.

64.

The second *ARGONAUTS* now disembarked  
From the tall *ships* into an *EDEN* green.  
There, in this *Isle*, this *Forest*, or this *Parke*,  
The fair *Nymphs* hide, with purpose to be seen.  
*Some* touch the grave *Theorba* in shades darke,  
*Some* the sweet *Lute*, and gentle *Violeen*:  
*Others* with golden *Cross-bows* make a show  
To hunt the *Bruis*, but do not hunt them though.

Thus

65.

Thus counsell'd them *their Mistress*, and her *Art's*:  
That so, the more their own desires they Master,  
And seem a *flying prey* to their *sweethearts*,  
It might make *them* to follow on the faster.  
*Some* (who are *Conscious* that their *skins* have darts,  
And put their trust in *naked Alabaster*)  
Bathe in *Diaphane* streams, their *Roabs* by-thrown,  
And ask no *Ornament*, but what's their own.

66.

But the bold *Striplings* setting on the sand  
Their nimble feet, which long'd to touch the ground.  
(For not a man of them but came a land  
To see what *Savage Game* might there be found)  
Dreamt not to finde *Game* ready to their hand,  
In that sweet *Forest* (without snare, or Hound)  
So *Debonayre*, so *tender*, so *benigne*,  
As was *there* hurt by means of *ERICINE*.

67.

*Some* (who with *Guns* and *Cross-bows* make account  
The *Royal Stag*, and *Lordly Buck*, to slay)  
Through the sharp *Bushes* resolutely mount,  
And lofty *Forest*; where no *Foot-path* lay.  
*Others* in *Shades* (which *PHEBUS'S* *Arrows* blount)  
Walking, or resting, while the *Heats* away  
By those sweet *Brooks*, which (stumbling as they pass  
Over white *Peebles*) to the *Sea* did hast.

68.

When suddainly, thorow the *Green-wood* leaves,  
Variety of *Colours* they descry;  
*Colours*, which soon the judging eye perceives  
Are not of *Roses*, or fresh *Flow'rs* the *dye*:  
But, of fine *wool*; or *That*, the rich *worm* weaves:  
Of which *LOVE* makes his *Lure*, and *Sauces* high;  
Of which their *Garments* *Humane* *Roses* make,  
To make the *Bird* sell for the *Feathers* sake.

69.

Amaz'd *VELOSO* with a lowd voice try'd;  
Strange *Game* (my masters) in this *Forest* rise:  
The ancient *Poets* *Tales* are verify'd,  
And this *Isle* sacred to the *DERTIERS*.  
Nay, what to *humane-fancy* is deny'd  
To hope, or comprehend, see with your *Eyes*!  
And see, what *wonders*, what great *blessings* then,  
The *world* and *Nature* hide from *vulgar* men!

B 2

Chase

70.

Chafe we these *Goddesses*; it shall be seen  
 If they be *Real* or *Fantastical*.  
 This said (more swift then *Bucks* o're *Pastures* green)  
 Through the rough *Brakes* and *Woods* darted they *All*.  
 The *Nymphs* went flying the thick boughs between,  
 Yet not so *Swift*, as *Artificial*.  
 Skreeking, and laughing softly in the close,  
 They let the *Greyhounds* gain upon the *Does*.

71.

One's golden *Tresses* up the wind did blow,  
 The light *coats* of *Another* as she fled:  
 The *desire*, kindled by the *naked Snow*,  
 Upon the dainty *Prospect* (greedy) fed.  
 This falls on purpose, and whilst she doth go  
 To rise (with *kindness*, more then *Anger*, red)  
 He that *pursues*, falls over her; like *one*  
 That rubs the *Mistress* when his *Bowle* is *gone*.

72.

*Others* (who *Game* in other *Parts* did seek)  
 Chop on the *Goddesses* that bathing were.  
 These suddainly begin a fearful shriek  
 As if they wonder'd to see *Mortals* there.  
*Some* (sliding through the *Laund* their *Bodies* sleek,  
 As who should say; *shame* less, then *force* We fear)  
 Scud to the *Cops*, exposing to the *Eye*  
 What to the greedy *Hand* they did deny.

73.

There *is*, That (hiding with a *Veile* of *Glass*  
 (*DIANA*-like) if not her *Lims*, her *blushes*)  
 Sinks where she stands: There *is*, That (on the grass  
 Snatching her *Cloaths* that lye) shoots through the *Rushes*.  
 Amongst the *Rest*, an eager *Lad* there was,  
*Rayments* and all, into the *Bath* that brushes  
 (For, whilst he stript, he feared to lose the *Game*)  
 To quench in *water* his tormenting *flame*.

74.

As a rough *Water-dog*, to fetch and seek  
 That's us'd, and wait upon his *Master's gun*,  
 Seeing him lay the *Steel-Cane* to his *Cheek*,  
 Aym'd at a *Duck*, or *Teal*, to him well known;  
 Before the *blow*, into the *stream* or *creek*  
 (Sure of the *Quarry*) doth impatient run,  
 And, barking, swims: The *Lad* so, from the shore  
 Swam to the *Nymph* whom *Love* had shot before.

Another

75.

Another (*LEONARD*) whom *Books* adorn,  
 Stout, noble, handfom, amorous, and young;  
 On whom *GOD CUPID* had not cast *one* scorn,  
 But *all* his *gall* into his *potion* wrung;  
 So that he well might think, he was not born  
 To any luck in loving; yet, among  
 His *faults*, 'twas *one*, that *on* he still would play  
 (As *Gamesters* use) in hope 'twould turn one day.

76.

'Twas *here* his fortune, in pursuit to fall  
 Of fair *EPHYRE* (*LOVE's* own *sister-Twin*)  
 But *one*, who would give dearer then they *All*,  
 What *Nature* gave to *Her* to give *agin*.  
 On *Her*, *He* (spent with running) lowd doth call.  
 O *Cruelty*, lodg'd in too fair an *Inn*,  
 If to thy *Shrine* (quoth *he*) I'm vowed whole,  
 Stay for my *Body*, since thou hast my *soul*!

77.

All (out of breath, and weary) *Nymph* divine,  
 Are yielding to the pressing *Enemy*.  
 Through *Bryers* and *Thorns* *Thou* onely still fly'st *Thine*:  
 Who told thee, I am *I*, that follow thee?  
 If thou were't told it by that *star* of mine,  
 Which, wherefoe're I fly, *shoots* after me;  
 Ah! do not credit *That*: For when as *I*  
 Did so, thou canst think how it would lye.

78.

I tire with tiring *Thee*, my *spirits* waft;  
 And if thou *fly*, thereby to flye my touch.  
 I can assure thee (fair one) *stay* thou may'st,  
 And yet I ne're the neer, my *star* is such.  
 Stay, if thou please; and see but (if thou *stay'st*)  
 The *slight* of *hand*, the which my *Fate* (so much  
 In vain deplor'd) will finde at last, to reare  
 A *Wall*, between the *Sickle* and the *Eare*.

79.

O flye me not! So may *Time* never flye  
 Thy *Beauty* out of sight. For, do but turn;  
 Dast with the beams of thy *Majestick Eye*,  
 No *sawcy* fire in me will dare to burn.  
 What *KING* could break the force of *destiny*?  
 What *ARMY* conquer it? and *mine* hath sworn  
 To thwart *me* still. Yet stay: I'm happy than:  
 And thou shalt do what *KINGS*, nor *ARMIES* can.

With

80.

With my *malignant* *star* doest *Thou* take part?  
 To help the stranger is not *nobly* done.  
 Carriest *Thou* with thee my *Grief-loaden* heart?  
 Send it me back, and thou wilt faster run.  
 That *Soul* of mine, grown heavy with long smart,  
 Hang'd in those *Tresses* which out-shine the *Sun*,  
 Does it not *clog* them? Or, since it came *there*,  
 Hath it chang'd *mood*, and weighs but for one *Here*?

81.

With this *hope* onely thy white feet I trace,  
 That either *Thou* her weight will not indure,  
 Or *she*, by being in that *heav'nly* place,  
 Will change her *luck*, and *better* *stars* procure.  
 And, if *that* change, flye never such a pace,  
*Love* can hit *flying* I am very sure;  
 And, if he hit, *Thou't* stay; and, on *this* score,  
 If thou do stay, of *Heav'n* I ask no more.

82.

The fair *Nymph* now fled not so much to sell  
 The *jewel* dear, for which the *Lad* pursu'd her;  
 As, the sweet *Tunes* to *hear*, that from him fell,  
 And amorous *laments* with which he woo'd her.  
 Her *Eyes* (now bath'd in *smiles* and *tractabell*)  
 Turn'd upon *Him*, who with his *charms* subdu'd her;  
 All melted in pure *love*, languidly *sweet*,  
 She lets her self fall at the *Pastor's* feet.

83:

O what *devouring* *Kisses* (multiply'd)  
 What *pretty* *whimp'rings*, did the *Grove* repeat!  
 What *flatt'ring* *Force*! What *Anger* which did *chide*  
*Itself*, and *laught* when it began to *threat*!  
 What more then this the blushing *MORNING* spy'd,  
 And *Venus* (adding *Her's* to the *NOON's* heat)  
 Is better *try'd*, then *guess'd*, I must confess:  
 But *Those* who cannot try it, let them *guess*.

84.

For first with all the *Rites* of *wedlock* joyn'd  
 Were the *low'd* *Sea-men* to th' *AQUATICK* *POW'RS*:  
 What gentle *Tongue*, and what white *Hand* could bind,  
 The *Nymphs* had added in those *sacred* *Bow'rs*.  
 And now their *Lovers* heads they crowned (kind)  
 With *gold*, and *Lawrel*, and abounding *Flow'rs*:  
 Promise, to keep them company for ever;  
 Whom *life*, or *death* with *honor*, shall not sever.

85.

The *Chief* of them (whom all the *rest* went after,  
 And did obey in all things her behest,  
 Of *URANUS* and Holy *Vesta* Daughter,  
 As by her Face was easie to be guest,  
 Filling with wonderment both *Earth*, and *Water*)  
 Th' illustrious *Captain*, worthy of the Best,  
 With *grave* and *Royal Ceremonies* took:  
 Shewing her *Greatness* in her *Pompe* and *Look*.

86.

*HIM* (whom she first acquainted with her *name*,  
 Then, in a kind *exordium* mixt with state,  
 Gave him to understand she *Thither* came  
 By the immutable decree of *Fate*;  
 To *Him* of the promiscuous *Globe* and *Frame*  
 Of the *vast* *EARTH*, and *OCEAN*, to relate  
*Parts* undiscover'd, by *Prophetick* Spirit:  
 Which *He* alone, and his brave *SPANIARDS* merit)

87.

Taking up with her by the hand, she led  
 Unto a *Mountain's* top, high and divine;  
 Where a rich *Pyle* erected the proud head,  
 Of crystal all, with massive gold and fine.  
*Here* all the live-long day they rioted  
 In full delight, and sports to sports that joyn.  
 Within the *Palace* she enjoys her *love*:  
 The others *theirs* within the flow'ry *Grove*.

88:

*Thus*, the fair *Bevy*, *thus* the *Valiant Crew*,  
 Divide the *How'rs* by innocent, by chaste  
*Delights*, and such as *Mortals* never knew,  
 In recompence of so long labours past.  
 And *thus* the *meed*, to such high Actions due  
 Of noble *Prowess*, ev'n the *World* at last  
 Pays (in despite of *Envy*) with the sound  
 Of a great *Name*; which *Time*, nor *Place* shall bound.

89.

For these fair *Daughters* of the *OCEAN*,  
*THEY'S*, and the *Angellick* pensil'd *ISLE*,  
 Are nothing, but sweet *Honour*, which *These* wan;  
 With whatsoever makes a *life* not vile.  
 The *priviledges* of the *MARTIAL* *MAN*,  
 The *Palm*, the *Lawrell'd* *Triumph*, the rich *spoile*,  
 The *Admiration* purchac't by his sword;  
 These are the *joys*, this *Island* doth afford.

90.

So those *false Godships* which *ANTIQUITY*,  
To all *illustrious Men* a zealous Friend,  
In *Starry Heav'ns* created, to which *shee*  
Made them on towring wings of *Fame* t'ascend,  
For honorable *Acts* they did, for free  
And noble *Suff'rings* (*VERTUE's path*, the end  
Whereof, is *smooth* and *pleasant* like our *Isle*,  
Though it self *craggie*, *steep*, and full of *toile*.)

91.

What meant they, but an *Immortality*  
Giv'n by the *World* for *Actions* Sovereign,  
To *such* as *ARTS*, or *ARMS*, advanc'd t'a high  
And *heav'nly* pitch, being born of *humane* strain?  
For *JOVE*, *APOLLO*, *MARS*, and *MERCURY*,  
*ÆNEAS*, *ROMULUS*, the *THEBANS* *TWAIN*,  
*JUNO*, *DIANA*, *CERES*, *PALLAS*; *All*  
Dwell (as *you* doe) in brittle *Earthen* Wall.

92.

But *FAME* (the *Trumpet* of deeds great and good)  
Gave them *new* Names and *Titles* on the Earth;  
*GODS* of the *whole*, and *GODS* of the *half-blood*,  
*GODS* by *Adoption*, and *GODS* by *Birth*.  
If ye love *Fame* then, if make *These* ye wou'd,  
(As *Men*) your *patterns*, though (as *GODS*) your *Mirth*,  
Fly Sloath; by *which* the *Soule*, which *Heaven* gave  
To be the *Body's Queen*, becomes its *Slave*.

93.

Curbe, with a *Bit* of *Iron*, *AVARICE*,  
*AMBITION* curb, to which y'are too too prone;  
And curb the black and detestable *Vice*  
Of *TYRANNY*, and base *OPPRESSION*.  
" For these *vain Honours*, this *false Gold*, give price  
" (Unless he have it in *himself*) to *none*,  
" Better *deserve* them, and to goe *without*;  
" Then *have* them *undeserved*, without doubt.

94.

Either in *peace* promote *impartiall Laws*,  
That so *great Fish* devour not the *small Fry*;  
Or (armed) tear out of the *Great Turks* jaws  
The *Christians* prey, on which he stretcht doth lye.  
The *Kingdom's greatness*, by this means ye'll cause;  
Nor *lessen*, but *augment*, your *own*, thereby.  
In *Riches* merited ye will abound;  
And with *true Honor* have your *Temples* crown'd.

And

95.

And to your *KING* ye so pretend to prize,  
Ye shall bring honour; *now*, with *Councils* grave:  
*Now*, with your *Swords*, which will immortalize  
*You*, as they have done your *Fore-Fathers* brave.  
I ask you not *Impossibilities*:  
" *He* That will, always can. Then, *each* shall have  
A *HERO's* place: or (if *that* more may move)  
Be *Deniz'd* into this *ISLE* OF *LOVE*.

End of the ninth Canto.

## Tenth Canto.

STANZA 1.

BUT now the *Lariffan* Lasses Friend  
(Who for a wealthier *Lover* did foregoe  
The *God of Verse*) his setting Steeds did bend  
O're the great *Lake* of silver *MEXICO*;  
*SOL's* burning Rays *FAVORUS* did suspend  
With that cool breath which makes, where it doth blow,  
Becalmed *Jesamines* erect their heads,  
And naked *Lillies* sit up in their *Beds*:

2.

When the fair *Nymphs* and *Lovers*, two abreast,  
Now Friends and well contented, hand in hand  
Towards the *Palace* bright their steps address,  
Which upon *Pillars* of pure *gold* did stand;  
To a most splendid and *Opiperous Feast*  
All summon'd thither, by the *Queen's* command  
Who had prepar'd it for them, to repaire  
Consumptive *Nature* with delicious *Fare*.

3.

There, in rich *Chaires* of substance *crystalline*  
They sit by *Two's* and *Two's*, *Gallant* and *dame*.  
At th'upper end, in *other* of *gold* fine,  
Sits the fair *GODDESS* with renown'd *D & GAMER*.  
With *Viands* delicate in *sawce* divine  
(Such as to *CLEOPATRA's Board* ne're came)  
Are heapt the *dishes* of red burnisht *gold*:  
Part of the *Treasure* which *their Seas* infold.

C 6

The

4.

The *fragrant Wines* not onely are above  
*Falernian Liquor* of *Italian* growth,  
 But that *choice-Nectar* sent about by *JOVE*  
 When *Rebel Gyants* felt *IMMORTALS* wroth.  
 In *Diamond-Cups* (tempting to *mirth*, and *love*)  
 The *Ruby* sparkles: bubbles the curl'd froth  
 With the pow'r'd spring. Thus, of their *Lovers* true  
 The greatest *Foe*, the *watry Nymphs* subdue.

5.

A thousand pleasant *Arguments* they touch,  
*Still-laughters* pass, quick witty *Repartees*,  
 'Twixt *dish* and *dish*, whereby, without too much  
 Of *Those*, to whet the appetite to *These*.  
*Musical Instruments* not wanting (such,  
 As to the *damm'd spirits* once gave ease  
 In the dark *Vaults* of the *Infernal Hall*)  
 Joyn'd with a *SIREN'S Voice* *Angelical*.

6.

The fair *Mus* sang, and with her shrill *Accents*  
 (Which from the lofty *Battlement* rebound)  
 In equal harmony the *Instruments*,  
 Keeping just time, their softer *Notes* confound.  
 A sudden *Silence* curbs the *Winds*, indents  
 With the hoarse *waves* to whisper under ground.  
 And the *bruit Creatures* in their *Houses* (made  
 By *Nature's* hand) asleep are *sung* and *playd*.

7.

With a sweet *Voyce* she raises to the skies  
 Rare men to come into the world; whose clear  
*Ideas* were beheld by *PROTHEUS* wife  
 In a *Diaphane* and *Phantastick Sphere*,  
 Which in a *Dream* *JOVE* shew'd to his shut Eyes;  
 And after, *He*, by *Prophecy* appear  
 Made it *humid Realms*: where this *Nymph* (took  
 Therewith) got the brave story without book.

8.

Matter for *Buskin'tis*, and not for *Sock*,  
 In the *VAST LAKE* that which the *Mermaid* heard;  
 Beyond what *POPAS* knew, or *DEMODOKE*:  
 This King *ALCINOOS*'s, That Queen *DIDO'S* Bard,  
 Now, my *CALIOPE*, I Thee invoke  
 To my *last Labour*: begging, for reward  
 Of all I write (which I in vain pretend)  
 I may come off with a good *sang* ith' end.

I

9.

I sink into the *Fale* of *years*; and, past  
 My *Summer's* pride, to *Autumn* speed amain.  
 And my *Wit* (more than *years*) *MISFORTUNES* blast;  
 Which *Wit* I own not now, nor boast my *Vein*.  
*Sighs* blow me to that *Port*, where all must cast  
 The *Anchor* never to be weigh'd again.

Yet, great *Queen* of the *Muses*, grant that I  
 May close my *NATION'S Poem* ere I dye.

10.

The *SIREN* sang, how from the *Tagan* shore,  
 Through *Seas* first open'd by *De Gama*, now  
 Should *Navies* come; which all within the *Rore*  
 Of *Indian Seas* shall to that *Empire* bow:  
 And how each *Pagan King*, who the sweet *Lore*  
 And *yeak* those *Guests* will bring, shall from them throw;  
 With *fire* and *sword* by their brave *Arm* so bit  
 Shall be, that they shall yield to *Death*, or *It*.

11.

She sang of *One*, who (being dignify'd,  
 With the *High-Priesthood* of all *MALABAR*)  
 Because, the knots of *Friendship* he had ty'd,  
 He would not break with men so singular;  
 Shall let his *Fields* and *Cities* be destroy'd  
 With *fire* and *sword*, and all the rage of *war*,  
 Before him, By the potent *SAMORIM*:  
 So hateful shall those *strangers* be to *Him*.

12.

And sings, in *BETHLEM* there, how *shipt* shall be  
 The *Sov'rain remedie* of this *Disease*;  
 The great *PACHECO* knowing not, that *He*  
 Carries with *Him* the *Pelian Lance* through *Seas*.  
 But the *Sea* shall; when, to such great *Guests* she  
 Unus'd, shall feel his *weight*: The *groaning Trees*  
 Of his *prowd ship* shall know't, which two foot more  
 Shall draw of *water*, then it did before.

13.

But, treading now the *Oriental Strand*,  
 And left, the *Pagan King* of spoyld *COCHIM*  
 Toayd, of *PORTINGALS* with a small Band,  
 Upon the salt and crooked *River's* Brim;  
 Rout shall he, at the pass of *CAMBALAND*,  
 Th' *infernal NAYRES*, That there set on *Him*:  
 Turning with fear the burning *ORIENT* cold,  
 So much done with so little to behold.

Cc 2

The

14.

The SAMORIM shall raise an Army new;  
 The Kings shall come of BIPUR and TANORE  
 From Highlands of NARSINGA; what they'll do  
 For their *chief Lord*, making large Brags before.  
 All the arm'd NORTH he shall assemble too,  
 Which lyes 'twixt CALICUT and CANANORE,  
 Of both Religions, 'gainst the True that band,  
 The MOORS by Sea, the PAGAN POWR's by Land.

15.

And once more All defeats on Land and Mayn  
 The bold PACHECO, Thunderbolt of War;  
 The multitude unnumberd of the slain  
 Amazing all the Realms of MALABAR.  
 The undespairing Emperor again  
 Shall hast to try his Fortune militar;  
 Rating his Men, pouring vain pray'rs and tears  
 To his vain Gods That have nor eyes nor ears.

16.

Your Troops shall pass now no more defend,  
 But burn the PAGAN's Houses, Towns, and Fanes.  
 The Dog (inrag'd to see they make no end  
 Of laying flat his goodly Towns) ordains  
 His Men, whom he doth prodigally spend,  
 PACHECO's then divided in two Lanes,  
 To charge between them. He together brings  
 His Jaws, and makes two Pincers of his Wings.

17.

In person then the SAMORIM shall come  
 To see what's done, and reinforce his men.  
 Dasht (by a shot which through the Aire doth humme)  
 In his high Chair with blood he shall be then.  
 That Force, nor Policy can overcome  
 This Warriour; now he shall to see begin.  
 Treasons, and Poisons base he shall invent;  
 Which Heav'n (PACHECO's keeper) will prevent.

18.

That a *seventh* time he shall return, she sings,  
 To fight the brave unconquer'd PORTINGALL;  
 Whom no Toyls tyre, who dreads no dreadful Things,  
 Yet this a little discompose him shall.  
 To horrid battail the fell Tyrant brings  
 Engines of Wood, dire and unusuall,  
 To board the Caravels upon the Mayn,  
 Which he till then shall have assay'd in vain.

19.

Mountains of Fire shall on the water float  
 The little Navy to consume with flame.  
 The great PACHICO (like himself) this hot  
 And fierce Bravade shall in a trice make vain.  
 No Master in the Art of War (That got  
 Never so high upon the wings of Fame)  
 With all his Palms can neer this WORTHY come:  
 Pardon me noble GRECE, and nobler ROME.

20.

For with a hundred men, or little more,  
 Unto the end so many Battails fought;  
 With such high Stratagems unseen before,  
 On Warlike-Hoasts so many wonders wrought;  
 Seem either Fables dreamt by men that snore,  
 Or that celestial Quires (with Pray'rs down brought)  
 Their Champion in those Exigencies Ayd  
 With Wit, Sleight, Force, and courage undismayd.

21.

He, who in Marathonian Fields of old  
 O're vast DARIUS's pow'rs victorious was;  
 Nor He, who, with three hundred SPARTANS bold,  
 Of fam'd THERMOPILE maintain'd the Pass;  
 Nor ROME's young COCLUS, who at bay did hold  
 All the prowd Tuscan pow'r, till cut he has  
 The Bridge behind him: nor old FABIVS is  
 Or wise, or valiant, when compar'd with This.

22.

But at this point, her high and ratling tone  
 The Nymph abasing, made it hoarse and sad;  
 And with low Voice (drown'd in her Tears did moan  
 Of so strange Valour a Requital bad.  
 O BELISARIUS (said she) That art One  
 Who by the MUSE will still in price be had;  
 If MARS himself affronted were in Thee,  
 Here is a man that may thy Comfort be.

23.

Here thou a Rival hast, as in thy Deeds,  
 So in their cruel and unjust return;  
 In Thee, and Him, misused VERTUE bleeds:  
 In Thee, and Him, doth begging VALOUR mourn:  
 Both Bulwarks of your KINGS, Both of your CREEDS:  
 Both dye in HOSPITALS ragged and torn.  
 This those Kings do, whose justice is their will;  
 Their Evidence what MALICE shall instill.

24.

This those *Kings* do, who (with smooth Tales misled  
Of *Flatterers*, by whom asleep th'are sung,  
Give the *Rewards* by *A J A X* merited  
Unto the fraudulent *U L T S S E S*'s tongue.  
But 'tis reveng'd at full, when, hand o'rehead,  
They deal their *Boons* those *SYCOPHANTS* among:  
By whom, of their ill choice they will be made  
Ashamed first, and afterwards betraid.

25.

But *Thou*, That such a man couldst leave, to *SCORN*  
And *WANT*, O *KING* unjust in *this alone*!  
If *Thou*, to build *his Fortunes* were't, not born;  
He was, to give to *Thee* a potent *Throne*.  
And (credit me) whilst *P H E B U S*'s locks unshorn  
To light the *Earth* and *Heaven* shall be known,  
Like that *Sun* glorious shall *P A C H E C O* be,  
And *Thou* in *this Eclipse* thy *Majesty*.

26.

Another, loe! (proceeding in her *Song*)  
Comes, with a *Regal Title*, and his *Son*;  
Who, on the *Sea* shall do such things e're long,  
As by no antient *R O M A N* were out-done.  
They *Both*, shall win by armed Hand and strong  
Wealthy *Q U I L O A*, and shall sack it, won:  
Placing therein a mild and loyal *King*  
For a false *Tyrant*, whom they out shall sling.

27.

Also, the City of *M O M B A S S A* (Crown'd  
With sumptuous *Houses*, and aerial *Spires*)  
Shall by them *Both* be levell'd with the ground,  
For an *old fault* which a *new rod* requires.  
But, afterwards, upon the *INDIAN SOUND*  
(Cover'd with *Ships* and *Artificial Fires*  
T'o'rewhelm the *P O R T I N G A L L S*) with Oare, and Sayle,  
Alone the young *L O R E N Z O* shall prevaile.

28.

The *C A R A C K S* of the potent *E M P E R O R E*  
(Peopling the scorched Ayre with *Iron Ball*  
Which from the burning *Brafs*, like *Thunder*, roare)  
Tear shall he, *Canvass*, *Rudder*, *Mast* and all.  
His *grappling-hooks* thrown resolutely o're  
Her lofty *Decks*, *Himself* their *Admiral*  
Shall enter first; and cleer, with *Lance* and *Sword*  
Four hundred *M O O R S* she will have then aboard.

But

29.

But *G O D* (whose secret *doom* is over *All* :  
Best judge, of what's his service, and *Man's* good)  
Shall bring him *then*, where *Wis* nor *Prowess* shall  
Have pow'r to stop his Foes prevailing Flood.  
Neer *C H O U L* (where cheaply yet he shall not fall :  
The purpled *Sea* *there* boyling o're with blood) .  
He will be forc't, to leave his life behind,  
By *Fleets* of *E G Y P T* and *C A M B A Y A* joy'n'd.

30.

There shall *ennumerable* *Enemies*  
(Who, with *great* force alone, great *Virtue* tire)  
The *Wind* that fails. *Danger* that multiplies,  
Upon the *Sea*; against him *All* conspire.  
Now from their *Graves* let all the *Antients* rise,  
A pattern to behold of *noble Ire* :  
They shall behold another *S C E N A*, skill'd  
How to dye piece-meal, but not how to yield.

31.

Rob'd of a *Thigh* (which an unlucky *shot*  
In splinters with it through the ayre shall beare)  
Still does he use his *Arms*; These fail him not,  
Nor his great *Heart*, incapable of *Fear* :  
Until another *Bullet* breaks the knot  
Wherewith his *Soul* and *Body* marry'd were.  
The *prison* open, she escapes : and straight  
Doth find her self in a triumphant state.

32.

*S O U L E*, go in *Peace*; from furious *War* retire,  
In midst of which *Thou* inward *Peace* shalt find.  
The *B O D Y*, *Him* who got it will inspire  
With *high revenge*, when he shall see't disjoyn'd.  
I hear a rumbling *storm*, I see the *fire*  
Of *Sacres*, *Drakes*, and *Basilisks*, combin'd  
With fell and home-destruction to rebuke  
The fierce *C A M B A Y A N* and black *M A M A L U K E*.

33.

Behold! the *Father* comes a mad man like,  
In whom for ma st'ry *Grief* with *Fury* vyes;  
Whilst at one time paternal love doth *strike*  
*Fire* on his *Heart*, pumps *water* from his *Eyes*.  
A noble *Anger* whispers him, his *Pyke*  
Shall blood his *Foes*, so that the *Tyde* shall rise  
In their drown'd *Decks* knee-deep: *N E L U S* shall bear,  
*I N D U S* shall see his *Blows*, and *G A N O N S* hear.

As

34.

As a *Corrival'd Bull*, That (practising  
For a fierce *duel*) fences with the *Oakes*;  
Or, at the Trunk of a broad *Beech*, doth fling  
In Thrusts, and with his *Horns* the Ayre provokes:  
So *DON FRANCISCO* (e're his *Fleet* he bring  
In swoln *CAMBAYA'S Gulph* to desp'rate strokes)  
On *DABUL'S* wealthy City whets his Blade,  
The *Mountain* of her *Pride* a *Level* made.

35.

Then enters (horrid with *her blood*) the *Bay*  
Of *DIO*: fam'd for *Steges*, and *pitch-Fields*.  
The great but *Coward-Fleet* his *look* doth fray  
Of *CALICUT*: which *Oars* for *Lances* weilds.  
That of *MELIQUE YAZ* (which makes away  
More slow) with *Bolts* of *VULCAN* he unbuilds;  
To the low *bottom* of the *OCEAN* sent:  
Cold *matrice*, of the *humid Element*.

36.

But that of *MIR HOZEM* (which with close *bords*  
The rowzed wrath of the *Avenger* stands)  
Shall swimming see, ith' *Ocean* of their *Lords*,  
*Hands* without *Bodies*, *Bodies* without *Hands*.  
The rage-blind *Victors*, waving their bright *Swords*,  
Shall seem to tofs so many *flaming Brands*.  
What *there* shall be perceiv'd by *Ears*, and *Eyes*,  
Will be *Smoke* onely, *Iron*, *Fire*, and *Cryes*.

37.

But ah! Of a defeat great *MARS* might boast  
(Bound for his Native-*Tagus* back again)  
The Fame and glory shall he lose almost  
By a sad traverse I foresee too plain.  
The *CAPR OF STORMS* (which in it's Desert Coast  
His *Bones* and *Memory* shall ay retain)  
Shames not to ravish from the world a *Soule*  
Whole *INDIA* could not, and *EGYPT* whole.

38.

By savage *CAPRES*, there, shall *that* be done  
Which dext'rous *Enemies* could not perform:  
And by rude *Clubbs* (hardned with fire) alone,  
What *Arrows Show'r* could not, *Bullet's* storm.  
*GOD'S* secret judgements are not to be known.  
Vain *GENTILES* (being a *Book* above their *form*)  
Call it ill *Fate*, cross *Fortune*, *star* maline;  
Being solely, purely, *PROVIDENCE DIVINE*.

O!

39.

O! What *new light* beginneth *there* to bud  
(The *SIREN* said, and rais'd her *Voyce* thereat)  
From the *Melindian* Sea, dy'd with the blood  
Of *LAMO*, *OCMA*, *BRAVA*, all laid flat  
By great *DE CUNIA*; who through all the *Flood*  
Which laves the *Southern-Isles* and *shores* (but *That*  
Of *MADAGASCAR* chiefly) the wide mouth  
Of *FAME* shall fill, and threat the unknown *South*.

40.

This *light* is of those *flames* and glitt'ring *Arms*  
Wherewith the stubborn *PERSIANS* of *ORMUZE*,  
Spurning the *yoake*, and valiant to their harms,  
Fierce *ALBURQUERQUE* afterwards subdues.  
*There* shall the hissing *Shafts* (like living swarms)  
Turn'd in the Ayre, their *shooters* *Helmets* bruize;  
That they may see, with *Eyes* though ne're so dim,  
How *GOD* will fight for *Them*, that fight for *Him*.

41.

The *MOUNTAINS* then of *SALT* will not be able  
To keep those *Bodies* from corruption  
Which on the *Coasts* shall lye out (miserable)  
Of *CALAYAT*, *MASCATE*, and *GERUN*;  
Until the easie *yoake* and honorable  
They learn (with all their fierceness) to put on:  
Forc't by the *Conquerours*, to pay to *Them*,  
Rich *Tribute* of their *Pearles* of *BAHEREM*.

42.

What glorious *Palms* do I see weaving *There*,  
With which his forehead *VICTORY* will crown  
When without shadow or least touch of fear  
He shall win *GOA'S* Isle of bright renown!  
But then (the *Storm* obeying) will not bear  
So great a *Sayle*, and takes that *Bonet* down:  
To reattempt the thing in fitter season:  
"FORTUNE and *MARS* fear *Valour* joy'n'd with Reason."

43.

And (see) he does it; charges undismay'd  
Through *walls*, through *Pykes*, through *Bullets*, and through *fire*:  
Opens the quilted *Squadrons* with his *Blade*  
Of *MOORS* and *PAGANS* knit in *Leagues* intire!  
His gallant *Soldiers* in more blood shall wade  
Then *Lyons* pin'd, *Bulls* prick't with love and Ire;  
Upon the *Feast* (as pat as by designe)  
Of *EGYPT'S* *Virgin Martyr*, *KATHERINE*.

D d

Nor



44.

Nor *Him* shalt *Thou* (though potent) scape, and flye,  
 (Though sheltred in the Bolome of the *Morn*)  
*MALACCA* (and the Apple of her Eye)  
 Prowd of thy wealthy Dow'r as her *first-born*.  
 Thy *poysen'd Arrows*, those *Auxiliary*  
*CRYSES* I see (thy *Pay* That do not scorn)  
*MALACCANS* amorous, valiant *JAVANS*,  
 Shall all obey the *LUSITANIANS*.

45.

More *Stanza's* had the *SIREN* in the praise  
 Of the illustrious *ALBULQUERQUE* sung;  
 But she remembers one harsh *Act*, which weighs  
 Him down, though through the *world* his *Fame* be rung.  
 "A great Commander (whom to crop bright *Bays*  
 "On precipitious *Cliffs* his *Fate* hath hung)  
 "Should to his *Men* a *Camrade* rather be,  
 "Then a *fudge* made up of *Severitie*.

46.

But in a time of *Famine*, and hard *Toyle*,  
 Of *Sickness*, *Arrows*, and of thund'ring *Ball*,  
 Of *Season sad*, of *discommodious* *soyle*,  
 And the poor *Soldier* patient under *All*;  
 It seems to me of *Savage Breasts* the style,  
 Of an *inhumane* and *insulting* *Gall*,  
 To make a *Man* for such a fault to dye  
 As *Love* and *humane frailty* qualifie.

47.

*Incest's* detested Brand it shall not be,  
 Nor boyst'rous *Rape* upon a *Virgin* pure,  
 Nor blot injurious of *Adulterie*,  
 But with a *Slave* lascivious and obscure.  
 Then whether fir'd with *Zeale*, or *jealousie*,  
 Or else to keep his bloody hands in *Ure*,  
 Against his *own* he give his rage the reins,  
 With a *black Action* his *white Fame* he stains.

48.

With his *CAMPASPE ALEXANDER* spy'd  
*APELLES* took, and upon *Him* bestows  
 Her cheerfully: being not his *Soldier* try'd  
 Nor serving at a *Siege* of desp'rate *Foes*.  
 That fowr *ARASPAS* in the *Rays* is fride  
 Of his fair Charge *PANTHEA*, *CYRUS* knows;  
 Having profess't to be her *Guardian* true,  
 And that no ill desire should *Him* subdue.

But

49.

But the illustrious *PERSIAN*, seeing love  
 Is in the fault ('gainst whom there's no defence)  
 Acquits him streight, and onely doth remove,  
 Where he may serve him well in recompence.  
 The *Iron BALDWIN* (much his Rank above)  
 By stealth *Espouses* *JUDITH*; yet th'offence  
 Her great *Sire* pardons (needing such a man)  
 And gives them *FLANDERS*, whence those *Earls* began.

50.

But her long *Song* the *Nymph* continuing,  
 Of *SUAREZ* (who his *Standard* doth display  
 On the *red coast* of *ARABIE*) did sing:  
*ABASIAS* hindmost shore, and *BARBORA*  
 (Neigh'ring *ZEYLA'S Emporium*) fear the Thing  
*she* feels; nor less then *Mecca*, and *GIDDA*,  
 Filthy *MEDINA* quakes, where *MAHOMET*  
 In his *Steel-Hamac* lies in a cold swet.

51.

Also the noble *Isle* of *TAPOBRANE*:  
 For by *that name* it was as fam'd of yore  
 As by *another new* 'tis *Soveraign*  
 Of the hot *fragrant Barke*, of which 't has store.  
 Of which, she to the *STANDART LUSIANE*  
 Shall pay sweet *Tribute*: when (percht proudly o're  
*COLUMBO'S* highest steeple) *that* shall be  
 More fear'd by *Her*, then by her *Neighbours, she*.

52.

Through the *Red-Sea* *SEQUYRA* a new way  
 To *Thee*, vast Land of *PRESTER JOHN*, shall show;  
*CANDACE'S* Nest, and *Her's*, who, to survey  
 The *Wisdom* of great *SOLOMON*, did go.  
 From *Cisterns* water'd, *He*, shall see *MACUA*:  
 Shall see her neigh'ring *Port* of *ARCHICE*:  
 And cause *new Isles* to be discover'd, which  
 With *Modern wonders* shall the *World* enrich.

53.

*MENBSES* comes the next, whose *sword* shall serve  
 In *AFFRICK* for the *wreaths* he here shall weare.  
 He prow'd *ORMOOZ* (That from her faith will swerve)  
 A double *Tribute* shall constrain to beare.  
 Thou *GAMA* too (who wilt it well deserve  
 Which two *exiles*) the third time thou com'st there  
 (An *Earl*, *Vice-Roy*, and *Admiral*) the *Land*,  
 Which thou hast now *discover'd*, shalt command.

D d 2

But

54.

But then that rude *Necessitie* (which none  
Can scape, who from a humane womb doth spring)  
Arrests thee in thy *Robes*, and painted Throne,  
Where thou shalt out the person of thy King.  
Streight will another *MENNES* (old alone  
In *wisdome*) have the *Sou'raign* managing  
Of the *Affairs*: (And *Happy HENRY* shall  
Behold him leave a name perpetual.

55.

For he shall quell not onely *MALABARS*,  
Razing *PANANE* and *COULET'S* walls,  
Incountring *Cannon*, clapping on *Petars*,  
And hurling *wild-fire* in sulphureous Balls;  
But (arm'd with *Vertues* past the *Sphere* of *MARS*,  
Quell the *SOULE'S* *Enemie's* sev'n *Generals*:  
Quell *Avarice*, quell foul *Incontinence*,  
In a *young man* the sum of excellence.

56.

His *Stars* now calling *Him* to tread on *Them*,  
Thou, valiant *MASKARENIA'S* shouldst succeed:  
But (if usurpt on) know, a *Diadem*  
It self, thy *brighter honor* will not need.  
Thy courage, *Admiration* and *Esteem*  
(Although not *love*) ev'n in thy *Foes* shall breed,  
If unjust *FORTUNE* shall deny the *might*,  
*VERTUE* will give the *merit*, *LAW* the Right.

57.

Great *Actions* in the *Kingdom* of *BINTAN*  
Thou shalt perform, *MALACCA'S* Foe: her *score*  
Of *Ills* in one day *paying*, which *That* ran  
Into, for many a hundred year before.  
With patient courage, more then of a man,  
*Dangers*, and *Toyles*, sharp *Spikes*, *Hills* always hoare,  
*Spears*, *Arrows*, *Trenches*, *Bulwarks*, *Fire* and *Sword*,  
That thou shalt break, and quell, I pass my word.

58.

Meane while *Ambition*, *Avarice* to boot,  
In *INDIA* setting up with open face  
Against *GOD*, and his *justice*, are a Root  
Of *discontent* to thee, but not *disgrace*.  
"To trample on *weak Right* with a *prowd Foot*,  
"Presuming on the *pow'r*, and upper place,  
"No *Conquest* is: *He* conquers with *Renown*  
"Who dares be just ev'n though it lose a *CROWN*."

Yet

59.

Yet I deny not, but *SAMPAYO* shall  
Be of rare *Valour* for all this; on *Sea*  
Shewing himself a thund'ring *GENERAL*,  
Which he shall people with *Foes Carcasses*.  
In *BACANORE* begins he to appall  
The *MALABAR*, that he may after teafe  
(Prepar'd with that rough *Prologue* to submit)  
Bold *CUTIALE*, and his num'rous *Fleet*.

40

Ev'n that of *DIO* (so *resolv'd* and *great*  
That *his* at *CHOUL* will give it self for lost)  
By *HECTOR OF SILVEYRA* shall he beate,  
And to *peccavi* turn their furious boast.  
The *LUSITANIAN HECTOR*: who shall get,  
Upon the always-arm'd *Cambayck Coast*,  
A name, that *He* doth *GUZARAT'S* annoy,  
No less then *GREEK'S* the *HECTOR* did of *TROY*.

41.

*CUNIA* is fierce *SAMPOYO'S* successour.  
The *Ship* of *State* he long doth wisely steer.  
Of *CHALE* he erects the lofty *Tow'r*,  
Whilst famous *DIO* quakes to be so neer.  
The strong *BAZAIN* shall render to his *pow'r*,  
But with much blood; *MELIQUE* groaning here  
To see a way o're his *prowd Rampire* made  
By the sole dint of *Lusitanian Blade*.

42.

After *Him* comes *NORONIA*, whose good *Star*  
From *DIO* the fierce *RUMES* packing sends:  
*DIO*, which the through-practis'd *Breast* in *War*  
Of *ANTHONY SILVEYRA* well defends.  
*Death's Writs* upon *NORONIA* served are:  
When a brave *Branch* of *Thine* (*O GAMAL*) bends  
His shoulders to the *Government*; the fright  
Of whose great name shall turn the *red Sea* white.

43.

Out of thy *STEPHEN'S* hand shall take the rain  
One in *BRAZILE* before high fame that wan;  
The great *French Pyrat* overcome and slain,  
Who shall be terror of that *Ocean*.  
Made after *Gen'ral* of the *INDIAN MAIN*  
The no less *prowd*, then fortifide *DAMAN*,  
He enters first: where, having made a *breach*,  
'Tis clos'd with *Flames*, and *Shafts*, his way *impeach*.

To

64.

To Him CAMBAYA'S King, proud above measure,  
Of wealthy DIO gives the famous Fort;  
Against the GREAT MAGUL, mighty in treasure,  
To ayd him his *Dominions* to support.  
Then doth he in his yet unquencht displeasure,  
The Pagan King of CALICUT take short  
That would have past him: with no little loss  
Sending him home again by weeping cross.

65.

Destroy shall He the City REPHIM  
Making her King with many quit the place,  
And after by the Cape of COMORIM  
Perform a deed that shall the Nine disgrace.  
The Navy Royal of the Samorim,  
That thinks it may to all the world give chace,  
With fire and sword he overcomes, and breaks.  
In BRADALA shall his Blade play Rex.

66.

INDIA, thus weeded with his Sword of Foes,  
He comes to rule with Scepter afterward;  
Finds dangers none, finds none so bold t'oppose.  
All hush, All tremble like a Lark that's dar'd.  
Onely BATICALA a longing shows  
To fare as well as BRADALA far'd.  
She's fill'd with blood and Trunks in dead heaps cast:  
With fire and Ball disfigur'd and defac't.

67.

This shall be MARTIN, or a little MARS,  
From whom his Deeds he'll take, as well as name:  
As stout for execution in all wars,  
As wise to play the fairest of his Game.  
CASTRO succeeds, advancing to the stars  
Of PORTUGAL the Standart and the Fame.  
Fit successour to MARTIN: DIO'S Fort  
The one shall raise, the other shall support.

68.

Fierce PERSIANS, Abasins, RUMS (who boast  
Their name from ROM) complexions various,  
And various Modes (for to this Leaguer post  
A thousand Nations keen and furious)  
Heav'n to the world accuse with labour lost,  
That so few men should nestle in their House.  
In blood of PORTUGALS, by their no faith  
They swear, their turn'd up whiskers they will bathe.

Drakes

69.

Drakes, horrid Basiliiks, Engines of Wood  
As bad as either, secret Mines and Plots,  
Hath MASCARENIA with his Men withstood,  
Meeting their certain Deaths with willing Throats:  
When, in the utmost stress of Flesh and Blood,  
CASTRO (their Freer) his two Sons devotes,  
That everlasting Honour they may gain,  
And Sacrifices to their GOD be slain.

70.

FERNAND (this lofty Cedar's highest Bough,  
Where with a hideous crack a close Mine sprung  
Th'unrooted Wall into the Ayre will blow)  
Shall in a sheet of Fire to Heav'n be flung.  
ALVAR, when Winter swathes the Earth in Snow,  
And hath on humid Gates cold Padlocks hung;  
These burst, through dangers to seek dangers goes,  
And fights the Elements to fight the Foes.

71.

Loe, now the Father follows with full sail,  
And the Remainder of the Lusian force!  
He with strong Hand and Head of more avail,  
Gives a brave lucky Battail to the MORRS.  
Where no way is, he makes one with his Flail;  
And where there is, the Rampires are his dore.  
Such that day's Feates, so terrible the Blowes,  
They will not stand in Verse, nor lye in Prose.

72.

Then (loe!) he to the great CAMBAYAN KING  
Presents himself a Victor in the Field:  
Pale Fear into the Face of him doth fling,  
And of his furious Horse, which ground shall yield.  
Nor HYDALCAN shall from the Conquering  
Army, with all his might, his Country shield.  
DABUL sack'd on the Coast, In Land PONDIA  
Scapes not it self, by being out of the way.

73.

These, and the like, into all Quarters hurl'd,  
(All worthy wonder, and Fame's strongest blast)  
Making themselves brave MARSHES in the World,  
The joyes of VENUS's Isle shall fitly tast;  
Trayling triumphant Standarts through the curl'd  
Amphitheater of the Ocean vast:  
And they shall find those Nymphs, these furnish'd Bards,  
Which are the Harvest of Victorious Swords.

Happ

74.

Heer the NYMPH ended: And the others *All*  
 Give their applause with an Harmonious noyse;  
 Congratulating this grand Nuptiall:  
 Where, look how many *Hearts*, so many *joys*.  
 THOUGH FORTUNE STANDS UPON A TOTTERING BALANCE  
 (They all reiterate as with one Voyce)  
 RENOWNED PEOPLE YOU SHALL NEVER LACK,  
 WEALTH, VALOR, FAME, till the WORLDS HENGES CRACK:

75.

When now Corporeall Necessity  
 Suffic'd with noble Nutriment they had;  
 And seen the Acts the *Nymphs* did prophecy  
 In *Musickall Poetick Raptures* clad:  
 THE TYES, adorn'd with grace and gravity,  
 (That she of *glory* may new *quilats* add  
 To the high blis of that triumphant day)  
 Unto the *Happy GAMA* thus did say.

76.

The SUPREME WISDOME hath vouchsaf'd thee, *Knight*,  
 The grace to see with thy corporeall Eyes  
 What the *vain Science*, what the *erring Light*,  
 Of miserable *Man* cannot comprize.  
 Thou, with the rest, up this dark *Cops* forth-right  
 Follow me, strong and constant, stout and wise.  
 This having said, shee hands him through a *Wood*,  
 Steep, thick with Thorns, and hard to flesh and blood.

77.

They marcht not long, when of the arduous *Hill*  
 They gain the top; where an inameld *Flat*  
 (In a *Field Em'rauld*) powdered *Rubies* fill,  
 Making them think old *PARADICE* was *That*  
 Heer, in the Ayre a *GLOBE*, (by wondrous skill  
 So fram'd with *Thorough Lights*) they contemplat,  
 That th'unresisted Eye the *Center* sees,  
 As plainly as the *superficies*.

78

The matter of it did their Eye-sight pose:  
 That it consisted yet discern'd they well  
 Of *Orbs*, which the *Divine Hand* did compose,  
 And in the middle did the *Center* dwell.  
 Rouling, it *sometimes fell*, and *sometimes rose*,  
 And yet it *never rose*, it *never fell*:  
 Throughout *one Face*, throughout its *period*,  
 Begins throughout. In fine, the Works of *GOD*.

Infinite,

79.

Infinite, perfect, uniform, self-poiz'd;  
 Brief, like the *ARCHITECT* that made the same:  
 Seeing this admirable *Globe*, surpriz'd  
 With wonder and desire was our *DAGAM*.  
 To whom the *GODDES* thus, Epitomiz'd  
 I shew thee heer the *UNIVERSALL FRAME*,  
 That thou maist read, in *Print* and *Volume* small,  
 Whether Thou *goest*, and *shalt* goe, and Thine *shall*.

80.

The *WORLD's* great *Fabrick* thou dost heer descry  
*Heav'nly* and *Elementall*: for just so  
 'Twas made, by that *All-wisdome*, that *All-eye*,  
 Which no *beginning* knew, no *end* shall know:  
 Which *interweaved* in each *part* doth lye,  
 And round the fair *Work* like a *Border* goe:  
 'Tis *GOD*: But what *GOD* is, poses *Man's* wit,  
 Nor can *short Line* fathome the *INFINIT*.

81.

*This*, which is *first*, and doth (as in a *Nest*  
 of *Boxes*) all the other *Orbs* comprize,  
 Darting such radiant *Beames*, as *Mortall Brest*  
 Cannot *conceive*, much less behold *Mans Eyes*:  
 Is call'd the *EMPYREAN*, where the blest  
 Enjoy that *good*, the *World* wants *smilies*.  
 To cast a shadow of, and which *good* None  
 Can understand, except it *self* alone.

82

There is no *true*, no glorious *GOD*, but *There*:  
 For *SATURN*, *JANUS*, *JUNO*, *JOVE*, and *I*,  
 Vain *Creatures* only, and blind *Figments* were  
 Betwixt *Mans pride*, and *Mans Idolatry*,  
 To stick as *Stars* in the *Poetick Sphere*:  
 From whence again w<sup>e</sup> are borrow'd, by and by,  
 For to distinguish the *true Stars* in *Heav'n*,  
 To which *ASTRONOMERS* our *Names* have giv'n.

83

As likewise because *HOLY PROVIDENCE*  
 (Which shadow'd is by *JUPITER* in *Verse*)  
 Doth by a thousand *Ministers* dispence  
 His *Gifts* to the supported *UNIVERSE*,  
 And sacred *Prophets* oft impart their sence  
 In mystick *Parables* which they reherse;  
 And tell us *Men* are favoured by the *good*,  
 By the *ill spirits* hurt, unless withstood.

E c

Now

84.

Now comes THE PORT, who would teaching please,  
 And pleasing teach, and mix variety;  
 And He the self-same Names bestows on These  
 The HEATHENS did upon their *Genii*  
 And feigned Gods; for I can shew with Ease,  
 That ANGELS ev'n in *holy* Poetry  
 Are called Gods; nor Sacred Writ denies  
 That ev'n the *ILL* this glorious Name belyes.

85.

In fine ALMIGHTY GOD (who rules the round  
 World, by his *Second Causes*) He commands.  
 But (to return to open the profound  
 And heav'nly *Operations* of his *Hands*)  
 Within this *Spheare*, where the pure *Soules* abound  
 In endless Bliss (which sphere *unmoved* stands)  
 Another runs so *swiftly*, and so *still*,  
 'Tis not perceiv'd: 'Tis the FIRST MOVABLE.

86.

The motion rapt of this FIRST MOBILE draws  
 All the rest after, which with it are linkt.  
 The hurried Sun from his own bent and laws  
 Makes Night and day by this RAPT ORB'S instinct.  
 The NINTH moves next, so cutb'd, with so great pawse,  
 That whilst SOL'S lamp (which never is extinct)  
 Ends it's true course about the ZODIAKE  
 Two hundred times, *Thw* but one step doth make.

87.

Behold the EIGHTH goes under *That*, imboist  
 With sleek and radiant Bodies! These likewise  
 Besides the motion rapt with which they post.  
 Move on their proper *Axe* with twinkling Eyes.  
 See with how rich a Belt this Orb is cost!  
 How broad, how glitt'ring with Embroideries!  
 Where the twelve *Starry Animals* do make  
 The Sun's twelve Houses in the ZODIAKE.

88.

Behold in other Parts what Knors of Gold  
 This FIRMAMENT displays! the DRAGON there  
 Behold! CHARLES-WAYN, and CYNOSURA cold!  
 ANDROMEDA, and her old sire's feyre!  
 CASSIOPEA's sparkling eyes behold!  
 And turbulent ORION, Sea-men's feare!  
 Behold the SWAN, which dying is not mute.  
 The HARE, the DOG, the SHIP, and the sweet, LUTE.

Under

89.

Under this great and spangled Canopy,  
 Loe, in the SEVENTH dull SATURN takes his place!  
 Propitious JOVE inthron'd in the SIXTH sky:  
 Next (Foe to Man) MARS rides with fiery Face:  
 Plac't in the MIDDLE is the WORLD'S GREAT EYE:  
 The QUEEN OF BEAUTY the THIRD ORB doth grace:  
 Eloquent HERMES rules the SECOND SPHEARE:  
 Three-shapt DIANA marches in the Rear.

90.

In all these PLANETS motions different  
 Thou maist perceive, some *speedy*, and some *slow*:  
 Now climbing nearer to the FIRMAMENT,  
 Now stooping closer to the Earth below,  
 As seem'd best to the OMNIPOTENT,  
 Who made the Fire and Ayre, the Wind and Snow:  
 Those (clos'd within the Heav'ns) each other enter,  
 And both the Waves, and Earth: the common Center.

91.

Upon this Center is the seat of MAN:  
 Who, not content in his presumptuous pride  
 T' expose to all Earth's Mischiefs his life's span,  
 Trusts it to the unconstant Ocean wide.  
 Behold the various Parts that Ocean  
 With interfused dangers doth divide!  
 Where various Nations dwell, various Kings reign,  
 Who various *Worships*, various *Laws* maintain.

92.

See CHRISTIAN EUROPE, higher by the head  
 In Arms and civill Arts then all the rest!  
 See untill'd AFFRICK, coverous, ill-bred,  
 Wanting ev'n things whereof shee is possest,  
 With her great CAPE (by you discovered)  
 Which NATURE towards the South-Pole address'd  
 See all this Neck with People infinite  
 Almost, who neither *doe* nor *know* what's right!

93.

See the great Empire of MONOMOTAPÉ,  
 With naked savage People black and grim;  
 In which the good GONSALVO shall not scape  
 A cruell death for CHRIST, who dy'd for Him!  
 In this blinde HEMISPHERE (short of the CAPE)  
 The Mettle grows for which pale Mortals swim  
 Through Seas of Sweat, and Blood. See that great Lake  
 From whence, with QUAMA, NYLE this way doth make!

E e 2

Behold

94.

Behold the NEGROES Houses, without doores,  
Whom both the Poverty of their *Straw-nests*,  
The *Laws*, and *justice* of their King secures,  
And the black *Candor* of their Neighbours Brests.  
Loe, a vast Army of these brutish MOORES,  
Like a dark Band of *Ssares* (devouring Guests)  
Against SOFALA's batter'd Fort will bend  
Their strength, which NAYA bravely shall defend.

95.

See there the very Spring, and Head of NYLE,  
Which fled (though dearly fought) the ANTIENT: eyes!  
See how it laves (spawning the CROCODYLE)  
The ABBA SIN, who upon CHRIST relies!  
See where (a better Fence then Walls) a File  
Of Hills they man against their Enemies!  
See MEROE, an Isle of antient Fame:  
Which now NOVA the Natives of it name!

96.

In this In-land a Son of Thine great fame  
Shall win against the proud CIRCASSIAN;  
And DON CRISTOVAL shall be that Son's name:  
But against Fate can stand no mortal man.  
See, see, that way thy shatter'd Navy came  
MELINDE's dear and hospitable fran!  
Mark well the RAPTO (Natives call't OBE)  
Which at QUILMANCER rous into the Sea.

97:

See the CAPE call'd of old AROMATA,  
But GUARDAFU which now the Dwellers call;  
Where the RED-SEA (so famous) doth Embay,  
Dy'd with her Bottome's shade! This is the Wall  
Or running Boundarie, which ASIA  
Divides from AFFRICK: And the principal  
Cities, that on the Affrick-side are seen,  
Are ARCHICHO, MACUA, and (chief) SUANQUEN.

98.

See farthest SUEZ, HEROPOLYS of old,  
City of Heroes (so do some conceive)  
Others, that this was the ARSINON hold:  
But EGYPT's Navies it doth now receive!  
The very place great MOSES past, behold,  
When with his Rod he did the Waters cleave!  
ASIA begins. Her self she doth present  
In limits vast, in Kingdoms opulent.

Mount

99.

Mount SINAI see, and tremble ev'ry lim,  
From whence when MOSES came his face did shine!  
See TORO, and GIDDA, in wealth that swim,  
Yet want Spring-water pure and crystalline!  
See the Streigh's other jaw, having for Brim  
The Realm of dry ADEN; which doth confine  
With Mountains of ARZIRA, which (they tell)  
Are all one Rock, whereon Raine never fell.

100

Behold the THREE ARANIAS, so wide-spread,  
All Tawny-Moors, All Thieves therein that dwell:  
Whence come the Horses for the Warriour bred,  
Of noble Race, Fleet, lasting, terrible.  
Behold the Coast by which thine Eyes are led  
T'another Gulph (the Persian) there to swell  
Into a CAPE; which by FARTAQUE's name  
(Ow'd to the there known City) shuts the same.

111.

See famous DO FAR, which did ever boast  
The sweetest smoke to make the Altar steam.  
Mark here (where ROSOLGAT your eye hath lost  
And barren shores) begins ARMUZA's Realm!  
It lyes extended all on the Sea-Coast,  
And shall fit FAME with an immortal Theam,  
When TURKS's fierce Fleet, and blushing Moons dismayd,  
Shall see unsheathed CASTELBRANCO's Blade.

112.

Behold the CAPE OF ASABOR, they call  
At present MOSANDAN who sail that way;  
At bottom of the Gulph, which hath for wall  
Rich PERSIA here, There BLEST ARABIA!  
Mark well BAREM, an Island bord'ed all  
With Pearls, whose colour mocks the springing day.  
In the salt waves commanded by her eye  
The famous TIGRIS and EURRATES dye.

113.

The noble Empire of great PERSIA see;  
Always on horse-back, always in the War:  
Who think it base to have Artillerie,  
Or Hands not hardned with the Cymetar!  
But mark the Isle GRUN, what a proof she  
Is of the pow'r of TIME to make, and mar!  
Of ORMUZ City (which was once elsewhere)  
She now the glory and the name doth bear.

Here

104.

Heer DON PHILIPPO OF MENESES shall  
 Approve himself a glorious *Man at Arms*,  
 When with a very few of PORTUGALL  
 He shall at LARA quell whole *Persian* swarms.  
 Likewise shall SOUSA on their Quarters fall,  
 Give them bold *charges*, give them sharp *Allarms*,  
 And the *Reverses* of that *Sword*, whose dint  
 Struck fire before; on raz'd AMPAZA's flint.

105.

But let us leave the *Streights*, and *Cape* well known  
 Of JASQUES (call'd CARPELLA anciently)  
 With all that *Land* (which *Nature* doth not own  
 By any Act of *Liberality*)  
 Whilom CARMANIA, *Habitation*  
 Of the old ITIOPHAGUES: Now wipe thine Ey,  
 And see fam'd INDUS, born in yonder Mountain,  
 Near which flows GANGES from a higher Fountains

106.

See 'heer, where *Nature* prodigall hath bin,  
 The *Kingdom* of ULCIND; and the long  
*Bay* of JAQUETE, where the *Waves* flow in  
 With speed incredible, as fast out-throng!  
 CAMBAYA see, where this *Gulph* doth begin,  
 In *wealth* and *people* infinite and strong!  
 A thousand *Cities* here un-nam'd I leave,  
 Which shall the *yoake* of PORTUGALL receive.

107.

See where the celebrated *Indian* shore  
 Runs *Southward* to the CAPE of COMOREE  
 (Call'd in old time CORRE) which lyes right ore  
 Against CRYLAN (TRAPROBANE anciently)  
 Along this Sea the LUSIAN (who, with more  
 Forces shall be dispatched after Thee)  
 Lands, *Victories*, and *Cities* shall obtain,  
 In which they many *Ages* shall remain.

108.

Behold in various *Countries* (plac'd betwixt  
 These *Rivers*) *Nations* almost infinite:  
 Some *Pagans*, some *Mahumetans* (well mixt)  
 To whom the *Devil* did their *Laws* indite!  
 Behold NARSING's Realm, to which is fixt  
 A *holy Relique* of a blessed Wight,  
 St THOMAS's body, who was not deny'd  
 To thrust his *Fingers* into JESUS's side!

Here

109.

Heer stood the City call'd MELIOPORE,  
 Beautifull, wealthy, and magnificent;  
 The *Idols* ancient she did adore  
 As still doe those of her prophane descent:  
 Far was she seated then from the Sea-shore,  
 Whenas the *Gospel* through the whole world sent,  
 THOMAS came preaching there; and did the same  
 In all the *Provinces* through which he came.

110.

Arrived preaching, and administering  
 Life to the dead, and health unto the sick;  
 The sea chanc'd hither on a day to bring  
 A floating Tree, unmeasurably thick.  
 For a vast Pyle in hand desires the King  
 To frame a *Beame* of this prodigious stick;  
 And makes accompt on shore to drag it then,  
 By force of *Engines*, *Elephants*, and *Men*.

111.

So heavy 'tis, All these have not the might  
 To stir the Log that on the Water lyes.  
 But the true CHRIST's true *Nuntio* hath a flight  
 To doe it without trouble, without noyse.  
 He draws it to him like some Matter light  
 With a small Cord, which to the Trunk he tyes:  
 Wherewith a sumptuous House for GOD to raise,  
 To stand a pattern for succeeding days.

112.

Full well he knew, with lively faith if Hee  
 Should say unto a Mountain deaf, *Remove*;  
 Ev'n that deaf Mountain would removed bee:  
 As CHRIST once said, and THOMAS now doth prove.  
 This doe the people stand aghast to see,  
 The BRAHENS know it must be from Above:  
 Seeing his *Miracles*, seeing his life,  
 These fear the fall of their prerogative.

113.

They are the HEATHENS PRIESTS, in whom alone  
 Envie the bowels of her Gall hath shed.  
 A thousand plots and Trains they think upon,  
 How THOMAS may be silenc'd, or be dead.  
 A horrid Act performs, as ere was known,  
 The Chief of These that wear the Triple-shred:  
 Which proves, "No Fox so bloody, so severe,"  
 "As Hypocritick Vertue to sincere."

He

114.

He murders his own Son, and charges it  
Forthwith on THOMAS who was innocent:  
*False witness* brings (*There* nothing hard to git)  
Through which, the *Man's* condemn'd incontinent.  
The *Saint* (having no way to be acquit,  
But by *Appeal* to the OMNIPOTENT)  
Resolves, in presence of the *King* and *Court*,  
To work a *Miracle* of the great fort.

115.

He bids the *Corps* be laid in view of *All*,  
That it may rise and be examin'd There  
Touching the question'd Fact, and whom *that* shall  
Accuse, let *him* be held the *murderer*.  
In name of JESUS crucifi'd, i' th' *Hall*  
They see the *Youth* stand up, record to bear:  
Who (thanking THOMAS for his life) descride  
His *Father* to have been the *Homicide*.

116.

This struck such fear, that streight his *Christendome*  
The *King* receives, and *many* with the *King*.  
*Some* kiss the *Hem* of THOMAS garment, *Some*  
The praises of the *God* of THOMAS sing.  
The *BRAMENS* swell with such an *odium*,  
Through *Envy's* now imposthumating sting,  
That (thereunto perswading the blind *Rout*)  
They vow to put so bright a *Taper* out.

117.

One day, as preaching to the same he was,  
They feign'd a quarrell 'mongst the multitude  
(For CHRIST himself hath sign'd him now his *Past*  
To climbe to *Heav'n* by way of *Martyr-hood*)  
A shoure of Stones, which GOD's commission has,  
Flies in his Face: who all their Tempest stood.  
*One* (whose *Bloud-thirstiness* could not abide  
Delay) with cruell *Spear* did broach his side.

118.

GANGES and INDUS did Thee, THOMAS, weep,  
Wept thee the Countreys all which thou hadst trod:  
But, *holy Shepherd*, wept thee most thy *sheep*,  
Whom thou didst deck with *Faith*, (the *Cloth* of GOD).  
Only the ANGELS holy-day did keep  
For Thee, whom God did comfort with his Rod:  
Laughing, and Singing, These thy *Soule* transport  
With golden *sails* to her *celestiall Port*.

Ten

119.

Thou then, who claim the honor (like this *Saint*)  
To be the great *Ambassadors* of GOD;  
(Pray give me leave) why are ye lame, and faint,  
When with your *Errand* ye should go abroad?  
If, *ye are the Salt* o' th' *Earth*, and at home taint  
(No *Prophet* being esteem'd in his *Abode*)  
Who now shall salt (I bayte you *Paganism*)  
So much of *Heresie*, so much of *Scism*.

120.

But tread we light a bog so dangerous,  
Returning to the *Coast* from whence we stray'd.  
With this great *City* and illustrious,  
Begins the GULPH GANGETICK to be made;  
NARSINGA, next, lies rich and populous;  
Next ORYXA her cloth of gold doth lade,  
Fam'd GANGES at the bottom of the *Bay*  
To the *Salt Realm* doth *Silver Tribute* pay:

121.

GANGES, in which his Borderers dye lav'd;  
Holding it as a certain principle  
That (be they ne're such *Sinners*) they are sav'd,  
Bath'd in those streams that flow from *Sacred Well*.  
The City CATHIGAN would not be wav'd,  
The fairest of BENGALA: who can tell  
The plenty of this *Province*? but *it's past*  
(Thou seest) is *Eastern*, turning the *South-Coast*.

122.

The *Realm* of ARRACAN, *That* of PEGU  
Behold, with *Monsters* first inhabited!  
*Monsters*, which from a strange commixtion grew:  
Such ill effects oft *Solitude* hath bred.  
*Here* (though a barb'rous misbegotten Crew)  
Into her way was erring *Nature* led  
By an invention rare, which a *Queen* fram'd,  
To cure the *Sin*, that is not to be nam'd.

123.

Behold the City of TAVAY, with which  
The spacious *Empire* of SIAN begins!  
TENASSERI! QUEDA: with pepper rich  
For which the praise she from all other wins!  
MALACCA see before, where ye shall pitch  
Your great *Emporium*, and your *Magazines*:  
The *Rendezvous* of all that *Ocean* round  
For *Merchandizes* rich that there abound.

Ff

From



124.

From *this* ('tis said) the Waves impetuous course,  
 Breaking a passage through, from *Main* to *main*,  
 SAMATRA'S noble *Isle* of old did force,  
 Which *then* a Neck of Land therewith did chain:  
 That *this* was *CHERSONESE* till that divorce,  
 And from the wealthy *mines*, that *there* remain,  
 The *Epithite* of *GOLDEN* had annex:  
*Some* think, it was the *OPHYR* in the *Text*.

125.

But, at that *Point* doth *CINGAPUR* appeare:  
 Where the pinch'd *Streight* leaves *Ships* no room to play.  
*Heer* the *Coast*, winding to the *Northern Beare*,  
 Faces the fair *AURORA* all the way.  
 See *PAN*, *PATANE* (ancient *Realms* that were)  
 And long *SYAN*, which *These*, and *more*, obey!  
 The copious *River* of *ME NAM* behold,  
 And the great *Lake* *CHIAMAY* from whence 'tis roll'd!

126.

In this vast *Traet* see an *Infinite*  
 Of *Names* and *Nations* to your *WORLD* unknown!  
*LAOS*, in *Land* and *men* That potent bee!  
*AVAS*, *BRAINAS*, in those long *Hills* o'regrown!  
 In yon far *MOUNTAINS* other *Nations* see  
 (*GUEROS* they're call'd) and savage ev'ry one!  
 They eat *Mans flesh*, and paint their *own* in knots  
 With *fire*, as ye doe *Rooms* with *watering-pots*.

127.

The *River* *MECON* (which they *Captain* style  
*Of Waters*) see; *CAMBOYA* on his brink!  
 He overflows the *Land* for many a mile:  
 So many other *Rivers* doth he drink.  
 Set times he hath of *flowing* (like cool *NYL*):  
 The near *Inhabitants* *brutishly* think,  
 That *pain* and *glory*, after this *Life's* end  
 Ev'n the *brute Creatures* of each kind attend.

128.

Upon his soft and charitable *Brim*  
 The wet and ship-wrackt *SONG* receive shall *Hee*  
 Which in a lamentable plight shall swim  
 From shoals and *Quickfands* of tempestuous *Sea*,  
 (The dire effect of *Exile*) when on *Him*  
 Is executed the unjust *Decree*:  
 Whose repercussive *LYRE* shall have the *Fate*  
 To be *renowned* more than *Fortunate*.

129.

*Heer*, (mark it!) runs the *Coast* that's call'd *CHAMPA*,  
 Whose *Groves* smell hot of *Calambuco* wood:  
*Heer* *CAUCHINCHINA*, and *heer* *AYNAM'S* Bay;  
 Both *One* and *Other* little understood.  
*Heer* the great *Empire* (famous for *large sway*,  
 And its vast *Wealth's* unfathomable *Flood*)  
 Of *CHINA* runs: calling *all this* her *Own*  
 From *burning Cancer* to the *frozen Zone*.

130.

See the stupendious *Monster* of a *WALL*  
 'Twixt *this* and the *TARTARIAN EMPIRE* set:  
 A witness to the *World* perpetuall  
 Of *Regall Pow'r* immeasurably great!  
 The *KING* these have, was *born* no *Prince*; nor shall  
 Reign after him the *Children* he shall get:  
 But one chose by the *People* of *Renown*  
 For *qualities* proportion'd to a *CROWN*.

131.

*Much* of the *WORLD* being now conceal'd from *You*  
 A time will come when it shall *all* be show'd.  
 But by all means the *Islands* thou must view,  
 Where *Nature* seems most cost to have bestow'd.  
*This*, shadow'd *half*, which *CHINA* answers to,  
 (By which, at distance flanking it, 'tis *Wood*)  
*JAPAN* is, yeelding the best *Silver-mine*:  
 Which th'*Evangellick Furnace* shall refine.

132.

Through all these *Oriental* Seas behold,  
 Sown infinite of *Isles* that have no name!  
*TIDORE* see! *TERNATE*, whence are roll'd  
 (Holding black *Night* a *Torch*) thick *Plumes* of *Fame*!  
 See *Trees* of burning *Cloves*, that shall be sold  
 For *LUSIANS* blood, and water'd with the same!  
*Heer* are those *golden Birds*, which to the ground  
 Never descend, and only *dead* are found.

133.

See *BANDA'S* *Isles*, inameld curiously  
 With various *Colours* which the *red fruit* paints;  
 With various *Birds*, from *Tree* to *Tree* that fly,  
 To take their *tribute* of the *NUTMEG-PLANTS*!  
 Behold *BORNEO* likewise, in which dry  
 Coagulated *Liquor* never wants  
 From a fat *Tree* which *CAMPORA* they name,  
 For which this *Isle* is in the *Book* of *FAME*!

F f 2

There

134.

There (look you!) is *TIMOR*, that feeds the Wood  
 Call'd *Saunders*, *Physicall* and *Odorous*.  
 See *SUNDA*, painted at half face, so broad  
 That the *South-side* lies now quite hid from *Ust*.  
 The *Natives* here (and *Those* who from abroad  
 Travail the *Land*) of a miraculous  
*River* report; which, where it slides alone,  
 The wood that falls therein, converts to *Stone*.

135.

In *that* (which *TIME*, I told you, made an *Isle*;  
 Which likewise trembling flames with smoke expels)  
 Two wonders see, a *Fountain* that runs *Oyle*;  
 And *Balsamum* that from *Another* wells,  
 Sweeter then *that*, *ADONI*: Mother vile  
 Weeps in the *BLEST ARABIA* where she dwells.  
 And see, how having *these* (which none else have)  
*Shee* with soft *silk* too, and fine *Gold* is brave!

136.

See in *CEYLAN* a *mountain* whose proud Head  
 Above the Cloudy Region doth appear!  
 The *Natives* count it *holy* for the tread  
 Of a *Man's* foot which on a *Stone* is there.  
 In the *MALDIVA ISLES* a *Plant* is bred  
 (Of vertue under-water) which doth bear  
 The *COCO-APPLE*, against working *Bane*,  
 An *Antidote* approved Sovereign.

137.

Against the *RED-SEA'S* mouth *SOCOTORA*  
 Fam'd for the bitter *Aloes* behold!  
 See other *Isles* of sandie *AFRICA*,  
 Whose Coast too ye shall conquer! Hither roll'd  
 That *Lump* is, which Divine *PANCHAYA*  
 Out-smells: of unknown birth, more rare then *Gold*.  
 Behold *St LAWRENCE* his renowned *Isle*,  
 Which otherwise they *MADAGASCAR* stile!

138.

Thus hast thou all the *Regions* of the *EAST*,  
 Which by *Thee* giv'n unto the *WORLD* is now:  
 Opening a way with an undaunted Brest  
 Through that vast Sea which none before did plough.  
 But it is likewise reason, in the *WEST*  
 That of a *LUSIAN* too one Action Thou  
 Shouldst understand; who (angry with his *King*)  
 Atchieves a great and memorable Thing.

139.

See there another *WORLD*, which from the *North*  
 Extends it self to the oppos'd *Pole*,  
 And shall be one day proud to have brought forth  
 The *Ore*, that imitates the beams of *Sun*!  
 Your Friend *CASIMIR* (as guardian of her worth)  
 Shall throw the *Collar* on this ragged *State*:  
 Where various *Nations* dwell, various *Kings* reign,  
 Who various *ships*; various *Laws* maintain.

140.

But *PORTUGALL* shall have her share there too,  
 Mark't with *red wood*, and *SANTACRUZ* call'd then;  
 Descry'd by the first Fleet, she after you  
 Shall send, by Tempest thrown upon that *stream*.  
 Alongst this *Coast* (to find out, and to view)  
 The end thereof) shall wander *MACELLIAN*;  
 Who in reality of *Fact* shall be  
 A *PORTINGALL*, but not in *Loyalty*.

141.

When he shall thus have past above half way  
 Towards the *POLE ANTARTICK* from the *LINE*;  
 Men of *Gigantick* bulk he shall survey,  
 Inhabiting the *parts* which *there* adjoin;  
 And (farther on) that *STREIGHT*, which shall for ay  
 Be honor'd with his name. *This* leads in fine  
 To a new *Sea*, and by a new *Land* brings,  
 Which the *South-wind* will hide with his cold wings.

142.

Thus farr, O *PORTINGALES* ye are allow'd  
 Your *Nation's* future *Actions* to survey,  
 Which through the *Sea* by you left ope, her proud  
 And never wearied *Ensigns* shall display.  
 Now then, since ye have found not to be bow'd  
 Under *Herculean labours*, is the way  
 To please your *Angell-Spouses* bright and fair,  
 That knit immortal *Garlands* for your *Hair*.

143.

Ye may embarque (for *Wind* and *Weather* fit,  
 And the *Sea* courts you) for your *Country* dear.  
 Thus said *shee* to them; and *they* forthwith quit  
 The *Isle* of *Love*, the *Harbour* of good cheer.  
 Noble *Provisions* they take out of *It*;  
 Take their desir'd desirous *Nymphs* to bear  
 Them company: *Whom* nothing shall divorce,  
 Whilst in the *Heavens* the *Sun* shall run his course.

Thus

144.

Thus went *They* ploughing the *appealed* MAIN  
 With always *prosp'rous* Gale, and always *fair*;  
 Till fight long with'd, much long'd for, they obtain  
 Of that dear *Earth* where first they suck't the *Agr.*  
 Sweet *T A O N I S*'s Mouth they enter once again:  
 Where to their *King*, and *Master* (whom they fear  
 And *love*) for having sent them, the *Renown*  
 They give; and add *new titles* to his *CROWN*.

145.

No more, my *Mus*; no more; my *Harp*'s ill strung,  
 Heavy, and out of tune, and my *Voyce* hoarse:  
 And, not with *singing*, but to see I've sung  
 To a deaf people and without remorse.  
*Favor* (that wont t'inspire the *P O E T*'s tongue)  
 Our Country yeilds it not, she minds the *Purse*  
 Too much, exaling from her *gilded Mud*  
 Nothing but *gross* and *melancholy* blood.

146.

Nor know I by what *fate*, or duller *Chance*,  
*Men* have not *now* that *life*, and gen'rall *gust*,  
 Which made them with a cheerfull countenance  
 Themselves into perpetuall *Action* thrust.  
*You* then, O *K I N G*! whom *Heav'n* reserv'd t'advance  
 At this time to the *Throne* to scoure our *Rust*;  
 Behold (mark else what other *Nations* doe)  
 The Best of *Subjects* doe belong to *You*!

147.

Behold how cheerfully, a thousand ways,  
 Like *fearlesse Lions* and *wilde Bulls* they run;  
 Expos'd to *watch* whole *Nights*, to *fast* whole *days*,  
 To *fire* and *sword*, the *Arrow* and the *Gun*:  
 To *terrid Regions*, and to *frozen Bays*,  
 To *M O O R*s, and People that adore the *Sun*;  
 To unknown perils a *new World* to find,  
 To *Whales*, to *shipwracks*, to *tempestuous Wind*!

148.

To *doe* and *suffer* All for *You* prepar'd;  
 And to obey in the remotest *Land*  
 (Though ne'r so *bitter*, and though ne'r so *hard*,  
 Without *Reply*, or *stop*) what *You* command.  
 With *You* they'll charge the *Deuill* and his *Guard*  
 Ev'n to the *Gates of Hell*, did *You* but stand  
 A meer *Speculator* by: and never feare  
 But they will make you too *Victorious there*.

149.

Then warm and glad them with your *present* *Rayes*,  
*Sweetly majestic*, and severely kind:  
 Their shoulders of their heaue *Taxes* ease:  
 Thus, thus, the path to *Honour* you shall find.  
 Men of *Experience* to your *COUNCELL* raise,  
 If with *Experience* they have goodness joyn'd:  
 For such have a more certain *Rule* to tell  
 The *How*, the *When*, the *Where* to do things well.

150.

In their respective *PLACES* count'nance *All*;  
 But choose Men rightly qualifi'd thereto.  
 Let *REV'REND CHURCHMEN* to their *Prayers* fall,  
 That *G O D* would bless the *Government* in *you*;  
 And (for the *NATION*'s fins in generally)  
 To *Disciplines* and *Fastings*: for the true  
*CHURCHMEN* (exempted from *Ambition's* heat)  
 Seeks neither to be *Rich*, nor to be *Great*.

151.

Your *N O B L E S* and your *G E N T R Y* highly prize,  
 For *they* their boyling blood undaunted spend,  
 Thereby not only *Christianitie's*,  
 But ev'n your *Empire's* limits to extend:  
 And *He* who to a *Clyme* so distant flies  
 Your *Royall Service* duely to attend,  
 O'recomes *two Enemies*; the *Living first*,  
 Excessive *Toile* the *second* and the worst.

152.

*Great Sir*, let never the astonisht *GALL*,  
 The *ENGLISH*, *GERMAN*, and *ITALIAN*,  
 Have cause to say, the fainting *PORTUGALL*  
 Could not *advance* the *GREAT WORK* he *began*.  
 Let your *ADVISERS* be *experienc'd All*,  
 Such as have seen the *World*, and studied *man*.  
 For, though in *SCIENCE* much contained bee,  
 In speciall Cases *PRACTICE* more doth see.

153.

*PHORMIAN* (an elegant *Philosopher*)  
 You may have read how *HANNIBALL* did foole;  
 When, in *his presence*, of the *ART OF WAR*  
 He made a long *Discourse* by *Square* and *Rule*.  
 No, no, the brave *PROFESSION MILITAR*  
 Is not learnt, *SIR*, by *Fancy* in the *Schoole*,  
*Dreaming*, *contemplating*, to *spelling* held;  
 But *seeing*, *sweating*, *fighting* in the *F I E L D*.

154

But I, who speak in rude and humble *Ryme*,  
 Not known nor dreamt of by my *L i n e* at all;  
 Know yet from *mouths of little ones* sometime  
 The praise of *G R E A T O N E S* doth compleatly fall.  
 I want not *honest studies* from my *Prime*;  
 Nor *long Experience* since to mix withal;  
 I want not *Wit* (such as in *this* you see)  
 Three things, which rarely in *Conjunction* be.

155.

An *Arm* (to serve you) trayn'd in *War* have I,  
 A *Soul* (to sing you) to the *Muses* bent:  
 Onely I want acceptance in your *Eye*,  
 Who owe to *V E R T U S* fair encouragement.  
 If *H E A V ' N* afford me, *This*; and *you*, some high  
 And brave *E X P L O Y T*; worthy a *Monument*  
*of Verse*, as my *prophetick* Thoughts presage  
 By what I see now in your tender *Age*:

156.

Making *M O U N T - A T L A S* tremble at your fight,  
 More then at *that* of dire *M E D U S A*'s Head;  
 Or putting in *A M P L E U S I A N F I E L D S* to flight  
 The *M O O R S* in *F E Z* and black *M O R O C C O* bred;  
 I'll gage my *M u s e* (then in *esteem* and *plight*)  
*You* in such manner through the *W O R L D* shall spread,  
 That *A L E X A N D E R* shall in *you* respire,  
 Without envying the *M E O N I A N L Y R E*.

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 F I N I S .  


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